★ May 22, 1948

THE NEW YORKER

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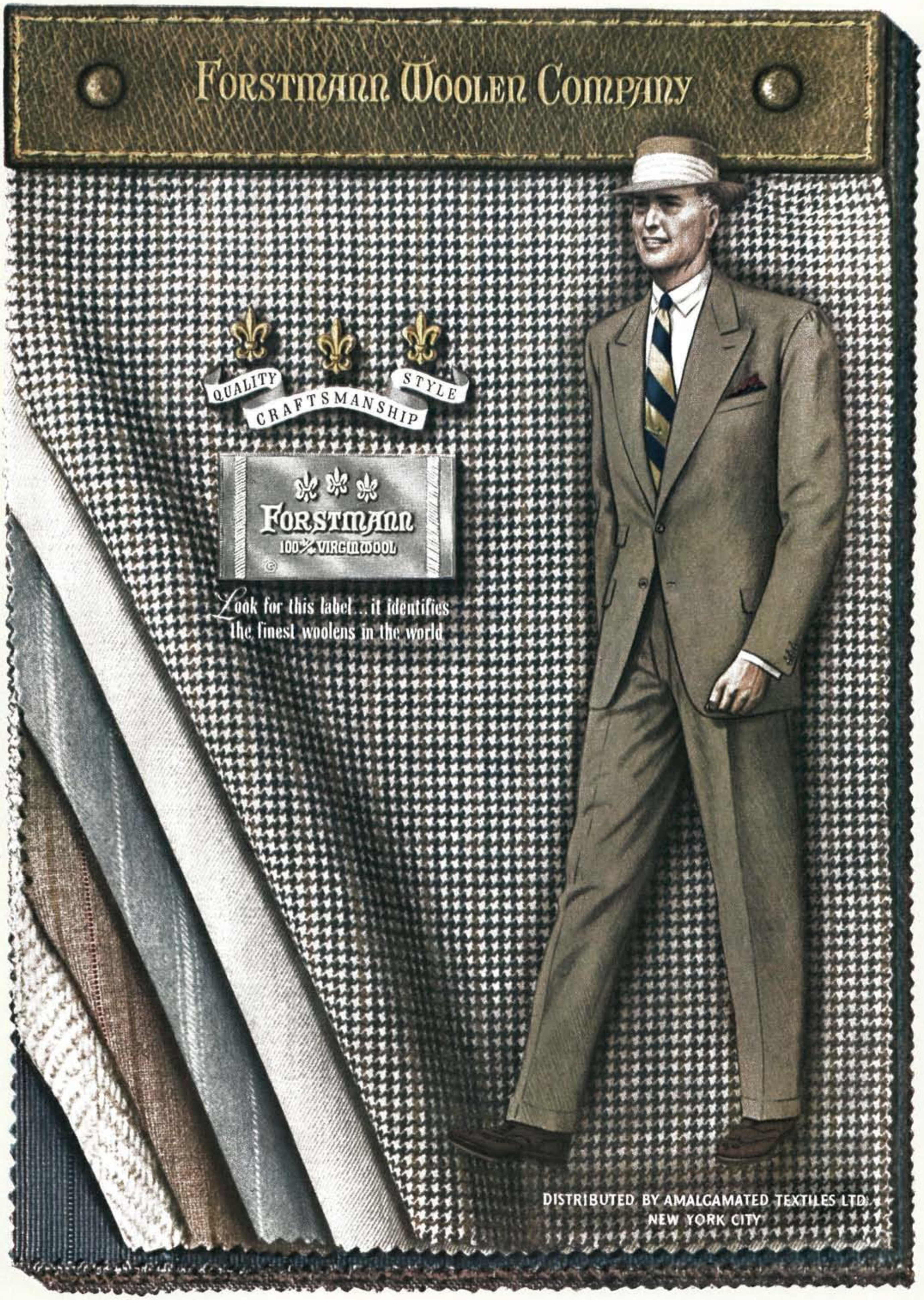
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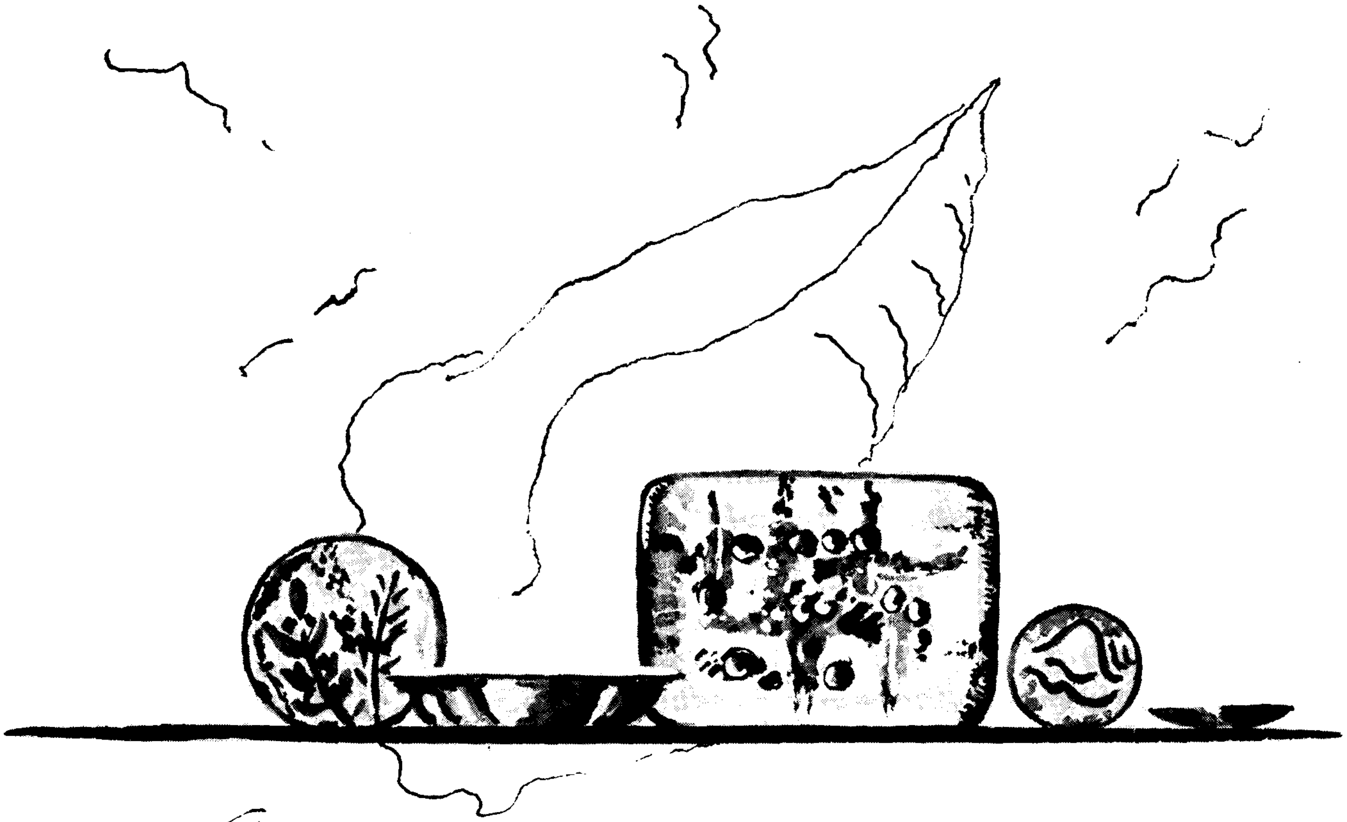

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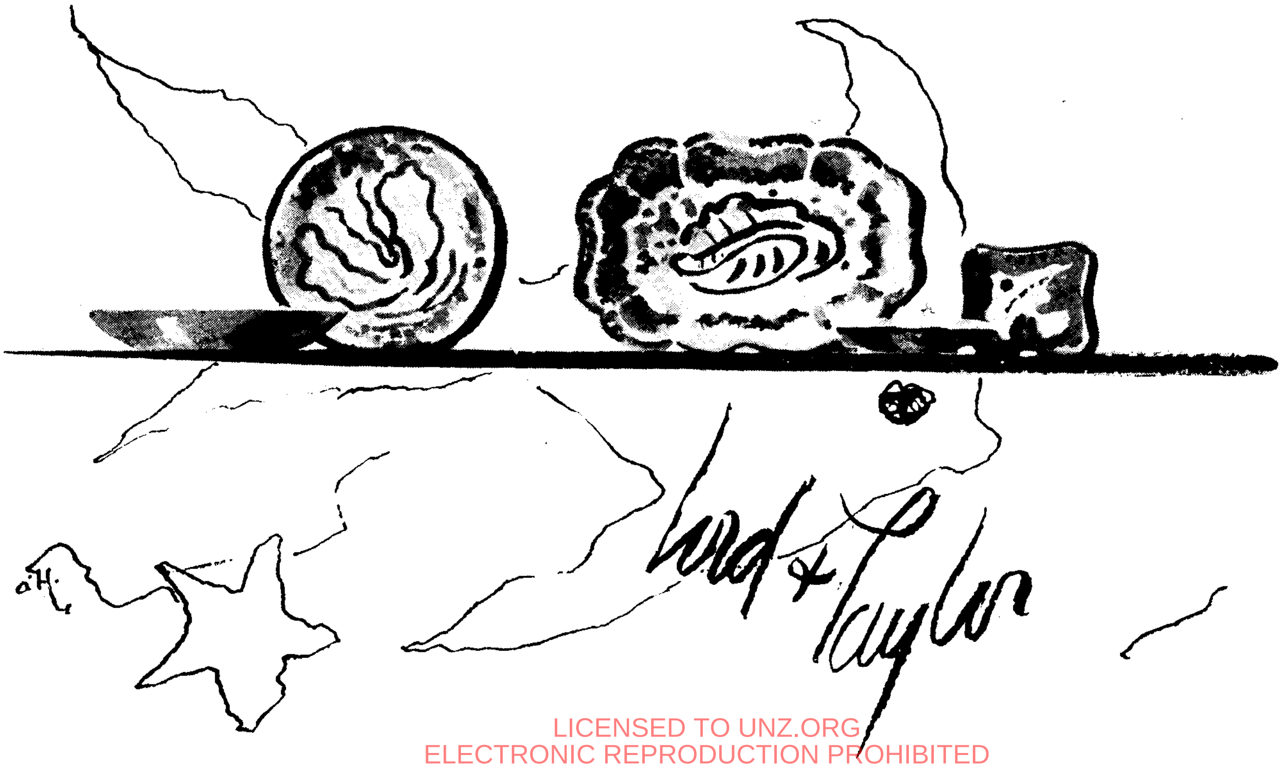

Lord & Taylor

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Command Decision—A taut and expert drama having to do with our Air Forces in England and their difficulties with the boys in the Pentagon. Paul Kelly, Jay Fassett, Paul McGrath, and Edmon Ryan. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

For Love or Money—June Lockhart's unusual charm is about the only alleviating note in this somewhat mechanical play. Also with John Loder, Vicki Cummings, Paula Trueman, and Mark O'Daniels. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Habimah—This Hebrew company's offerings are a little hard to follow, even with the synopsis in English thoughtfully furnished by the management, but you'll see some very fine acting. The schedule for this week and next is as follows: "The Golem," Thursday, May 20.... ¶ "Oedipus Rex," Saturday through Thursday, May 22-27.... ¶ "The Dybbuk," starting Saturday, May 29. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-2887. Nightly, except Fridays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, May 20.)

The Heiress—An adaptation of Henry James's "Washington Square" that is both a penetrating study of New York society in 1850 and a heady play. Wendy Hiller is magnificent in a cast that includes Basil Rathbone and Patricia Collinge. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. CI 6-9353. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Joy to the World—Standard but quite funny ribbing of Hollywood, combined with a social message that could hardly be delivered more childishly. Alfred Drake and Marsha Hunt do nice, decorative jobs as the hero and heroine, and Morris Carnovsky, Myron McCormick, and Mary Welch are also on hand. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Man and Superman—It's probably no news these days that women chase men, but Maurice Evans has given this Shaw play devoted to the theme a very pleasing production. He also stars in it, and is aided by Frances Rowe, Carmen Mathews, Malcolm Keen, and Chester Stratton. (Hudson, 44th St., E. BR 9-5641. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Me and Molly—A comedy distilled from a radio serial. It still sounds too much like a radio serial for its own good, but it may entertain you spasmodically. The cast is led by Gertrude Berg, who wrote it, and Philip Loeb. (Belasco, 44th St., E. BR 9-2067. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Mister Roberts—A fine, funny, compelling job, by Joshua Logan and Thomas Heggen, based on Mr. Heggen's book. Henry Fonda is at the top of a remarkable cast, which includes David Wayne, Robert Keith, and William Harrigan. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

New York City Theatre Company—This repertory company, whose members include José Ferrer and George Coulouris, is currently offering four one-act plays by Eugene O'Neill, "The Moon of the Caribbees," "In the Zone," "Bound East for Cardiff," and "The Long Voyage Home," under the collective title "S.S. Glencairn." (New York City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

The Play's the Thing—A rather fetching revival of Molnar's comedy about sex on the Italian Riviera and a play within a play. Louis Calhern, Arthur Margetson, Faye Emerson, Ernest Cossart, and Claud Allister are in the highly satisfactory cast. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Respectful Prostitute—Sartre's melodrama concerning a harlot who is driven to betray a Negro and, consequently, herself has its weaknesses, but it has more to say than most plays on the subject of lynching in the South. Meg Mundy's performance is superlative. "The Happy Journey," a monotonous bit by Thornton Wilder, serves as a curtain-raiser. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45.)

Strange Bedfellows—Ladies of tolerance and suffragettes are wildly mixed up in this comedy, and the total effect, regrettably, is quite strained. Joan Tetzel and John Archer lead the big, enormously active cast. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:40 and Sundays at 3.)

A Streetcar Named Desire—Tennessee Williams' play about a woman's disintegration is one of the best things to appear this season. Jessica Tandy gives a lovely performance in the major role, and Marlon Brando, Karl Malden, and Kim Hunter assist her superbly. Winner of this year's Pulitzer Prize and Drama Critics Circle Award. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—BORN YESTERDAY: Judy Holliday as an enlightened tramp and Paul Douglas as a scheming junk dealer. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. CH 4-4256. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **HARVEY:** Jack Buchanan (who may or may not be appearing after May 22), Josephine Hull, and that invisible, now aging rabbit. (48th Street Theatre, 48th St., E. CI 5-4396. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

Allegro—A play with music, and two jokes, about the first thirty-five years of a doctor's life. Richard Rodgers' score is all right, but Oscar Hammerstein's book and Agnes de Mille's ballets don't help at all. Annamary Dickey, John Battles, John Conte, and Roberta Jonay. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Angel in the Wings—Paul and Grace Hartman have six extremely amusing numbers in this revue, but the rest of the program is discouraging. With Hank Ladd, Nadine Gae, and Peter Hamilton. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

High Button Shoes—Some nonsense concerning the 1913 Rutgers football team and a couple of confidence men, turned into a most agreeable confection by Nanette Fabray's stylish performance and Jerome Robbins' wonderful Mack Sennett ballet. With Phil Silvers, Lois Lee, and Joey Faye. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hold It!—A good, compact example of how not to write a musical show if you can possibly avoid it. With Red Buttons, Johnny Downs, and Jet MacDonald. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Inside U.S.A.—In spite of fairly uninspiring material, Beatrice Lillie is extremely comic in this big, handsome revue. She is assisted by Jack Haley and by Valerie Bettis, one of the best dancers you ever saw. Arthur Schwartz, the producer, wrote the music, Howard Dietz wrote the lyrics, and Arnold Auerbach, Moss Hart, and Arnold B. Horwitt contributed sketches. (New Century, Seventh Ave. at 59th St. CI 7-3121. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Look, Ma, I'm Dancin'!—This comedy about a wandering troupe of ballet dancers is handicapped by a silly story, but some of Jerome Robbins' choreography is very attractive, and Nancy Walker is a nice, indignant comic. Also with Harold Lang, Janet Reed, and Katharine Sergava. (Adelphi, 54th St., E. CI 6-5097. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance, for the Actors' Fund, Sunday evening, May 23.)

Make Mine Manhattan—Arnold B. Horwitt's

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29

sketches, a couple of which are marvellously funny, make a really engaging evening out of this revue. Richard Lewine wrote the songs, and the leading comedians are David Burns and Sid Caesar. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Sally—Willie Howard, plus quantities of beautiful Kern tunes and neat Wodehouse lyrics from other shows, makes this revival seem a little better than analysis and logic would confirm. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE GET YOUR GUN**: The renowned Miss Oakley, polished to a shine by Ethel Merman and Irving Berlin. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **BRIGADOON**: Fanciful doings in a Scottish village. (Ziegfeld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FINIAN'S RAINBOW**: The one about a leprechaun. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-6075. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OKLAHOMA!**: Now and, apparently, forevermore. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Tuesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30; Sunday evenings at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2:40.)

OPENINGS

(Since there are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, it's a good idea to investigate further before going to the theatre.)

The Vigil—Henry Wilcoxon, Maria Palmer, and Ian MacDonald in a play by Ladislas Fodor, produced by Alexander Markey. Opens Friday, May 21. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Seeds in the Wind—A play by Arthur Goodman, with a cast comprised mostly of children. Directed by Paul Tripp and produced by Eunice Healey and Harald Bromley. Opens Tuesday, May 25. (Empire, Broadway at 40th St. PE 6-9540. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MISCELLANY

Ballet Ballads—Three ballets, "Susanna and the Elders," "Willie the Weeper," and "The Eccentricities of Davey Crockett," with music by Jerome Moross and lyrics by John La Touche. The principal dancers are Sono Osato, Katherine Litz, and Paul Godkin, and there are vocal soloists. Directed by Mary Hunter and produced by T. Edward Hambleton and Alfred R. Stern. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Dance Repertory Series—Jean Erdman and Pearl Primus, with their companies, along with Sophie Maslow, Jane Dudley, Hadassah, and other dancers, in a series of programs. (Mansfield, 47th St., W. CI 6-9056. Sunday evening, May 23, through Thursday evening, May 27, at 8:40. Matinée Sunday, May 23, at 3.)

Society of American Magicians—The society's annual bewilderment of the customers. (Barbizon-Plaza Theatre, Sixth Ave. at 58th St. CI 7-7000. Saturday evening, May 22, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you'll find dance music and/or other entertainment. They are open every evening, unless otherwise indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador Garden, Park Ave. at 51st St. (WI 2-1000)—A subterranean place, almost as big as the Carlsbad Caverns and a lot more accessible from Manhattan. Jules Lande's orchestra. No music on Sundays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Carlos Molina's rumba band and Harold Nagel's orchestra supply dance music all evening in the Bowman Room, which closes Saturday, May 22, for the summer.

Diamond Horseshoe, 235 W. 46th St. (CI 6-6500)—The entire violin choir of Musicians' Local 802 at work on a relentless hearts-and-flowers repertoire. Mata and Hari's dances will make you laugh, though. Billy Banks' band for dancing.

Le Directoire, 128 E. 58th St. (MU 8-2150)—Kay Thompson and the Williams Brothers, proving incontrovertibly that if they'd been around twenty years ago, vaudeville wouldn't be dead. Elegant dance music by Ted Straeter's orchestra, bustling dance music by Gao's rumba band, and a stage that wanders in and out now and then.

Larue, 45 E. 58th St. (VO 5-6374)—A luxurious country-club atmosphere, with cuisine and dance music (Eddie Davis's and Bernie Dolen's orchestras) of a superior grade. Closed Sundays.

Monte Carlo, Madison Ave. at 54th St. (PL 5-3400)—Hollywood exploding on your doorstep. Peter Walters is at the piano during cocktails and Dick Gasparre's orchestra and José Curbelo's rumba band play for dancing after nine except on Mondays.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—New York's oldest peacock farm. Chauncey Gray's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—There's an unassuming dinner-and-supper show in the Cotillion Room, along with Charles Reader's orchestra and a rumba band. Closed Mondays. . . . ¶ In the Café Pierre, a small orchestra plays daily for tea dancing and during dinner and supper.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 3-1740)—In the period-piece Rendez-Vous Room, the show, a good one, is provided entirely by the dressy clientele. Payson Ré's and Nycola Matthey's orchestras alternate for dancing. Closes for the summer on Saturday, May 22.

Ritz-Carlton, Madison Ave. at 46th St. (PL 3-4600)—The serenity of the expansive Oval Room is ruffled only slightly by the dinner music of Emery Deutsch's string orchestra; no dancing. Closes for the summer on Monday, May 24.

St. Regis Roof, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—This handsome dowager is receiving again every evening but Sunday. Milt Shaw's and Pepito Arvelo's bands.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (VO 5-2600)—Irving Conn's orchestra, playing for a rather Continental audience in the Café Lounge. There's a brief and not especially noticeable show, too. Tea dancing every afternoon. No show on Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—At eve, some very young stags drink their fill here. Ernie Warren's orchestra and a rumba band. Tea dancing Sunday afternoons.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—Suzy Solidor, that eminent Parisian torchbearer, is in full cry. Bob Grant's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band for dancing after nine.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—At suppertime, on the Starlight Roof, Donald Richards sings and the dance team of Pierre d'Angelo and Vanya goes berserk. There is richly inlaid dance music all evening by Emil Coleman's orchestra. Mischa Borr's band helps out around suppertime. No show Sundays. . . . ¶ Michael Zarin's orchestra is in the Flamingo Room. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (WI 2-0600): Sparkling piano playing by Les Crosley in a pretty regal drawing room. On Sundays, John Kelly does the honors. . . . **COQ ROUGE**, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): Dance music after eight-thirty by Dick Wilson's orchestra and Oscar Calvet's rumba trio, and songs by Beverly Paterno, in this pleasant corner. Closed Sundays. . . . **DORSET BAR**, 30 W. 54th St. (CI 7-7300): A high-style background for (after eight-thirty every night but Sunday) Ralph Strain at the piano. . . . **1-2-3 CLUB**, 123 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9131): Dimly lighted and sedate, which is just right for Roger Stearns' piano music. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY ROOM**, 19 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Earl Fox at the piano after ten-thirty, when things have quieted down here. No music Sundays. . . . **PENTHOUSE**, 30 Central Park S. (PL 9-3561): Maxine Sullivan, twinkling ever so brightly, from ten-thirty on except Sundays, in this mountain bower; and George Kreisler, at his piano, touching lyrically on a few odd American folkways. . . . **CAFÉ TROUVILLE**, 112 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-9234): Mary McNally plays piano at cocktail time; Harry Taylor takes over later in the evening. Closed Sundays. . . . **LITTLE CLUB**, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): A halfway house between Broadway and Park Avenue, with Faconi, playing his violin at dinnertime, and the Sonny Kendis Trio in action after ten. . . . **PERROQUET**, Second Ave. at 58th St. (PL 5-7761): Around ten every night except Monday, Hugh Shannon tees off at his piano with some neat torch songs. . . . **LITTLE CASINO**, 243 Sullivan St. (OR 4-9583): Jimmy Daniels, the old Left Bank chanticleer, shepherding Garland Wilson and Norene Tate, at the piano, and Mae Barnes and her fairly florid songs. Closed Mondays. . . . **ARMANDO'S**, 54 E. 55th St. (PL 3-0760): Jacques Thaler at the piano after nine-thirty in this prehistoric but comfortable glade. Closed Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO**, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Spain on a folksy, neighborly level, with spirited indigenous dances by both cast and customers. Closed Sundays. . . . **ONE FIFTH AVENUE**, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Hope Emerson sings about the horrors of life and Tony Craig sings about the tender moments thereof. No show Sundays.

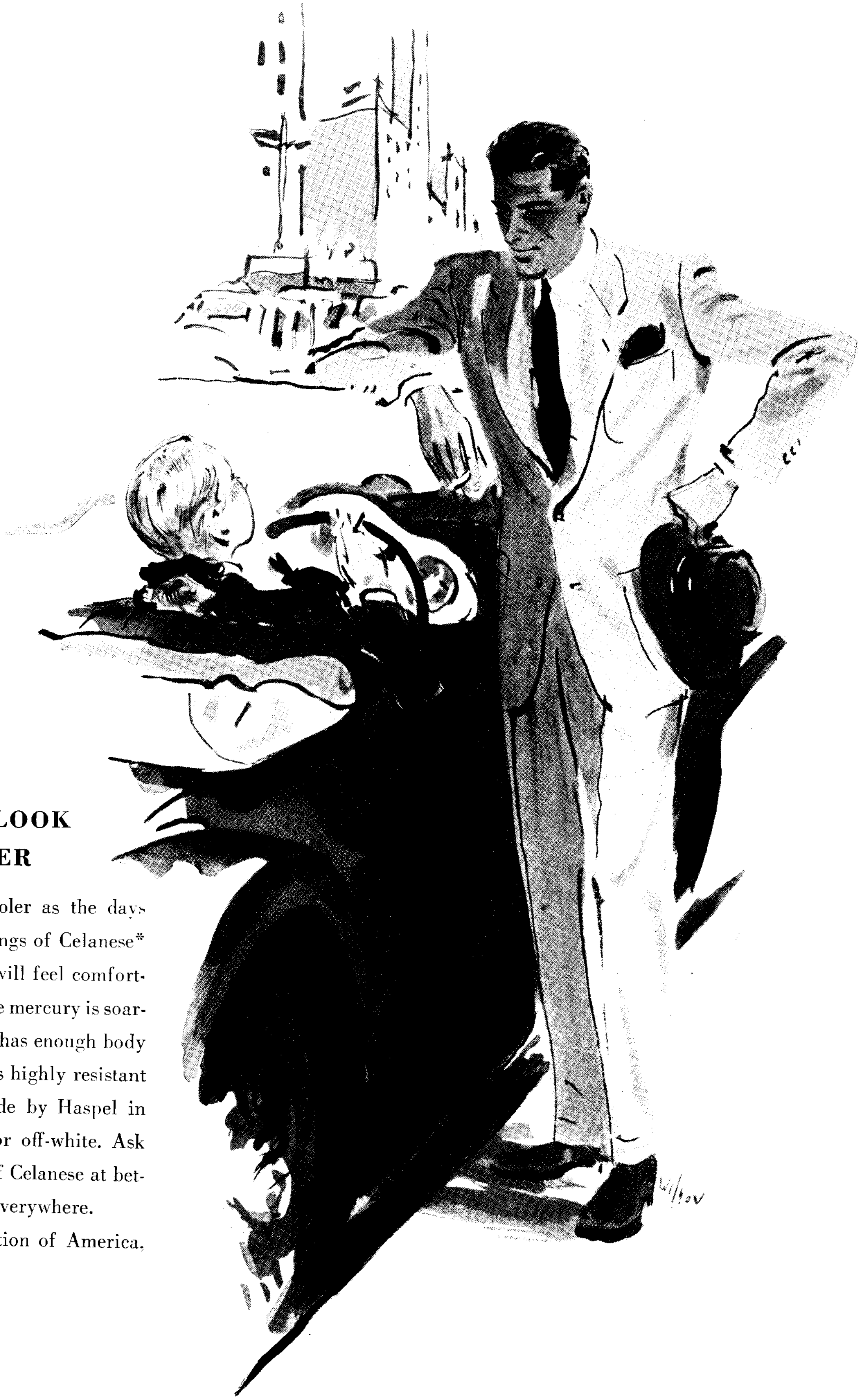
BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-1060): The Broadway song-and-gag routine at its funniest, thanks to Jerry Lewis and Dean Martin. For those with a sweet tooth, there is Lisa Kirk, singing. Dance music by Michael Durso's orchestra and a rumba band. . . . **CLUB EBONY**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (PL 7-5314): Billie Holiday reigns supreme over a scene suggesting a very stormy night between Scylla and Charybdis. Closed Tuesdays.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Phil Gordon and June Richmond, skylarking; Nan Wynn, looking beautiful and singing even better; and Robert Lamouret, in the toils of his prop duck. Background music by Harold Cook and the Ellis Larkin Trio. . . . **RUBAN BLEU**, 4 E. 56th St. (EL 5-9787): The Ruban Bleu as it was in its palmiest days, with



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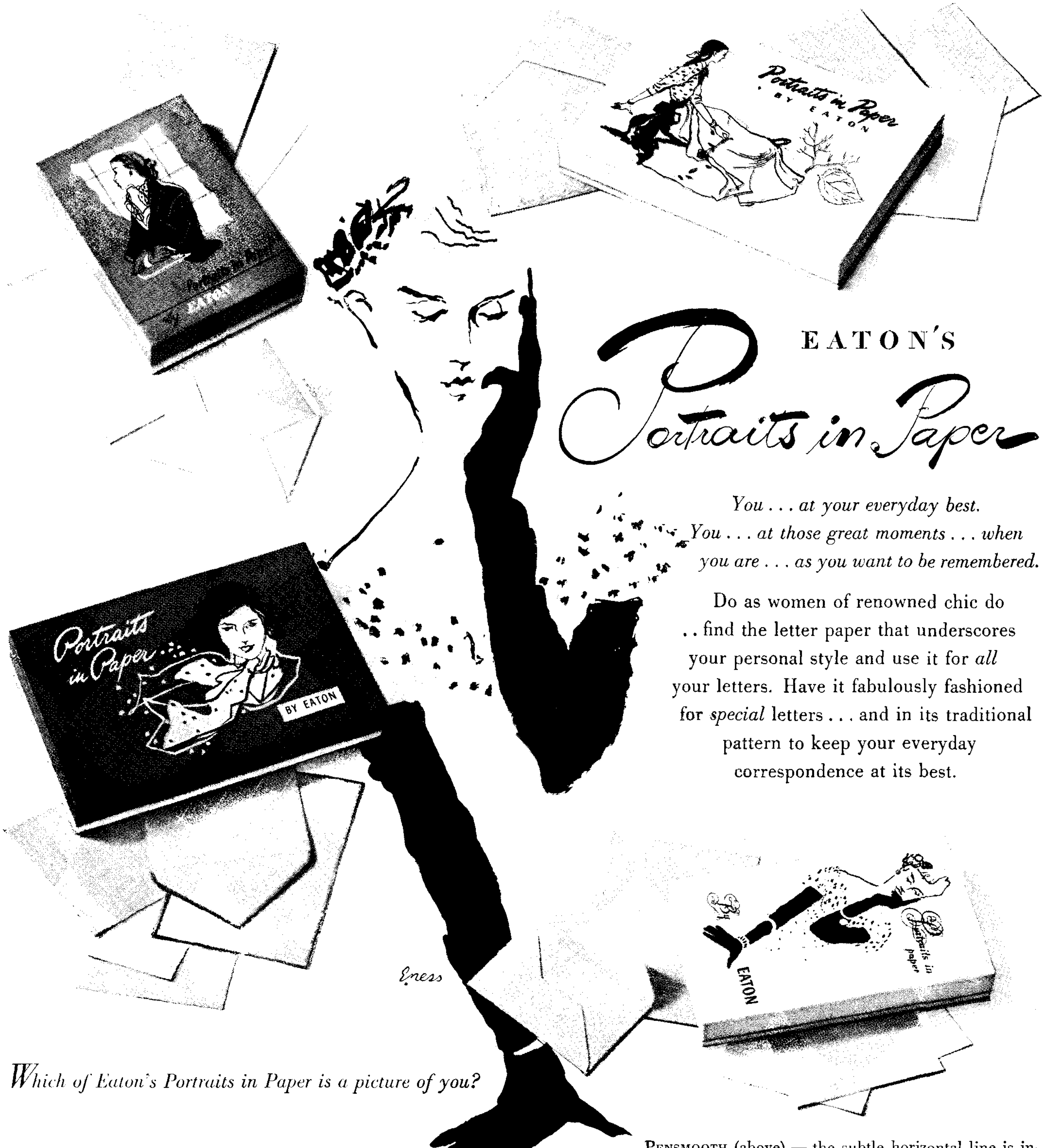

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Julius Monk overseeing Patricia Bright, Muriel Gaines, a lush new Brazilian songbird named Delora Bueno, and two comical Yale men called Fletcher and Sheidy. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE VANGUARD,** 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Humor by the reliable Jay Marshall and Louise Howard, blues singing by Melrose Colbert, and dance music by the Ram Ramirez Trio. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ SOCIETY DOWNTOWN,** 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): A triphammer show, made up of Timmie Rogers (through Sunday, May 23), Gene Rodgers, Kay Starr, and the dazzling dance band of Ed Hall. Cliff Jackson is the interlude pianist. Closed Mondays. . . . **SPIVY'S ROOF,** 139 E. 57th St. (PL 3-9322): There's a tiny terrace outside, and inside you get Sheila Barrett and Spivy. Closed Sundays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8630): Wild Bill Davison and his Admiral Farragut, or damn-the-torpedoes, trumpet style, plus Georg Brunis, Peanuts Hucko, and other noisemakers. Now and then, Joe Sullivan plays piano, in enviable fashion. On Tuesday nights, eminent visitors add to the uproar. Closed Sundays. . . . **NICK'S,** Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Ernie Caceres, Bob Haggard, Billy Butterfield, and their colleagues, making the neighborhood welkin ring. A jam session on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S,** 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Art Hodes' trio, hopping up this ancient landmark every night except Sundays. There's a jam session every Monday night. Dancing. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-0440): Every night but Monday, the Harlem rhythms of the ingenious dance band headed by Wilbur de Paris, which also affords Buster Bailey and Sidney de Paris. . . . **FAMOUS DOOR,** 56 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-8148): Art Tatum, playing piano as though he had at least three hands. Closed Tuesdays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Inside the oval bar, the Mary Osborne Trio at work after ten. . . . **THREE DEUCES,** 72 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-0861): A trio made up of Errol Garner, J. C. Heard, and Oscar Pettiford, which should make almost anyone happy.

MOSTLY FOR DANCING

COMMODORE, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (MU 6-6000): Boyd Raeburn's orchestra. On Mondays, dance music only until nine, by a fill-in orchestra. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Ted Steele's orchestra. No dancing on Mondays and only after eight-thirty on Tuesdays and Wednesdays. . . . **NEW YORKER,** Eighth Ave. at 34th St. (LO 3-1000): Ray Eberle's orchestra and an ice show. . . . **PENNSYLVANIA,** Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000): Larry Clinton's orchestra will be replaced by Elliot Lawrence's on Monday, May 24. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROOSEVELT,** Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200): Lawrence Welk's orchestra. Closed Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries open around 10 A.M. and close between 5 and 6 P.M. Mondays through Saturdays.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—A rather rambling retrospective, from 1909 to the present, of works by this important abstract sculptor. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., through May 22.)

BEN-ZION—Paintings, some of them slightly sombre, simplified almost to the point of abstraction. (Bertha Schaefer, 32 E. 57th St.; through June 5.)

EUGENE BERMAN—Some new pieces by one of the leaders of the Neo-Romantic school, mainly Mexican in theme and more powerful and less mannered than his previous ones. (Knoedler, 14 E. 57th St.; through May 22.)

BEAUFORD DELANEY—First full-scale exhibition of paintings, vividly Expressionist in style, by an artist who has already excited considerable attention in group shows and elsewhere. (Artists, 61 E. 57th St.; through May 21.)

DRAWINGS—Outstanding work by Peter Blume, Kurt Seligmann, Stephen Greene, and other moderns. (Durlacher, 11 E. 57th St.; through May 28.)

GROUPS—At the **JACQUES SELIGMANN,** 5 E. 57th St.: The second annual group showing of Americans "Twenty-Five and Under," this time national in scope; through May 29. . . . **SALPETER,** 128 E. 56th St.: Rosalyn Stern, Harry MacDonald, and Arnold Herstand, all under thirty (a middle-aged artist doesn't seem to have much of a chance this week), with some remarkably dexterous canvases; through May 20. . . . **ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS,** 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.: Paintings by Herbert Lindholtz, Leon Marcus, and others, all students of William Gropper; through May 22. . . . **BIGNOU,** 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings by contemporary French and American artists; through June 25.

PAUL KLEE—Forty paintings, most of them recently brought to this country, by this master of delicate simplification. (Buchholz, 32 E. 57th St.; through May 22.)

LE CORBUSIER—Paintings, very purist in style, done chiefly in the nineteen-twenties, when he was still using the name of Jeanneret. (Rosenberg, 16 E. 57th St.; through May 22.)

JACK LEVINE—First one-man show in nine years of paintings by a man who has made quite a name for himself as a social satirist. (Downtown, 32 E. 51st St.; through May 28.)

RENÉ MAGRITTE—Oils, drawings, and gouaches by one of the leading European Surrealists, whose clarity and wit ought soon to make him better-known than he is in this country. (Hugo, 26 E. 55th St.; through May 29.)

MODERN FRENCH—At the **NIVEAU,** 63 E. 57th St.: Utrillo, Bombois, Vlaminck, and other contemporary painters; through May 28. . . . **CULTURAL DIVISION OF THE FRENCH EMBASSY,** 934 Fifth Ave., at 75th St.: Recent prints by Matisse, Picasso, Braque, and others; through May 22. . . . **BINET,** 67 E. 57th St.: Etchings, lithographs, and prints by Rouault, Vlaminck, and others; through May 26. . . . **CARLEBACH,** 937 Third Ave., at 56th St.: Bombois, Vivin, and other primitives; through May 22.

ROBERT MOTHERWELL—Abstract paintings, done with extreme refinement and taste and an economy of statement that at times approaches parsimony. (Kootz, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 29.)

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION OF WOMEN ARTISTS—The annual exhibition of paintings, drawings, and sculptures. (National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Daily, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

FREDERICK PAPSDORF—The Detroit primitive, in his first exhibition here in some years, shows paintings that are almost Dutch in their neat-

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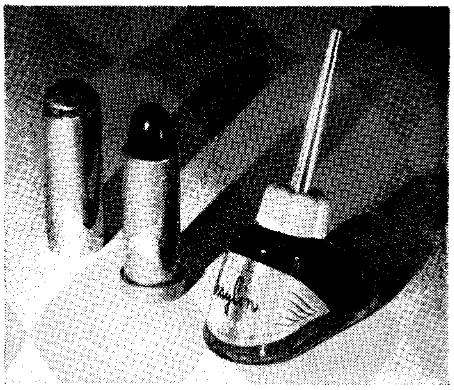

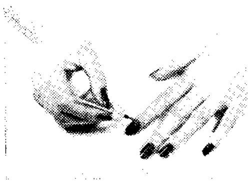

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ness. (Perls, 32 E. 58th St.; through May 22.)

Picasso—Paintings, all dating from the war years and all *just arrived in this country.* (Durand-Ruel, 12 E. 57th St.; through May 29.)

Sculpture—At the **clay club sculpture center,** 4 W. 8th St.: Leo Amino, Jean de Marco, *Cleo Hartwig, and a good many others.* (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 5 and 7 to 10 P.M.; Saturdays, 2 to 5 P.M.; through June 12.) . . . **sculptors guild,** 18 Washington Square N.: The first outdoor show since 1942. Among the exhibitors are José de Creeft, Lu Duble, Hugo Robus, and William Zorach. (Daily, 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; through June 30.)

Sonia Sekula—Cobwebby, fragile abstractions, some of them a little reminiscent of the work of William Stanley Hayter. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.; through May 28.)

Sibley Smith—Abstract paintings in pale tones and delicate lines, and a technique that sometimes recalls Feininger's. (Willard, 32 E. 57th St.; through June 5.)

Rudolph Weisenborn—Well-integrated, if somewhat harsh, abstractions. (Levitt, 16 W. 57th St.; through May 29.)

Note—The semiannual art exhibit in Washington Square is taking place daily through Sunday, June 6, from noon until dark.

Some of This Week's Openings—At the **whitney museum,** 10 W. 8th St.: Paintings by contemporary American artists, owned by the War Assets Administration; starting May 21, through June 18. . . . **american british art center,** 44 W. 56th St.: Emily Wilkinson; through May 29. . . . **van diemen,** 21 E. 57th St.: John Agell; through June 1. . . . ¶ Group shows at the **matisse,** 41 E. 57th St. (through June 5), and **passedoit,** 121 E. 57th St. (through June 12).

MUSEUMS

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—The Museum's second annual show of prints. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sunday, 1 to 5 P.M.; through May 23.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—Some Ben-Zion paintings on Biblical subjects, done with force and sincerity. Also, a group by contemporary Jewish artists, including the Palestinian painter M. Ardon-Bronstein. (Sundays, Mondays, and Wednesdays, 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Tuesdays and Thursdays, 2 to 9 P.M.; through August 31.)

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—A hundred and forty-eight of the paintings from Berlin museums that were found by the Third Army in the salt mines at Merkers, Germany; a benefit for the relief of German children in the U.S. Zone. (Weekdays, 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 1 to 9 P.M.; through June 12.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A large retrospective of paintings and other works by Pierre Bonnard, including many items brought over from France for the occasion; through July 25. . . . ¶ A show by eighty photographers; through July 11. . . . ¶ Art work by children of eight countries, including Jewish children who were in concentration camps; through May 23. (Weekdays, 12 noon to 7 P.M.; Sundays, 1 to 7 P.M.)

Museum of Non-Objective Painting, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Kandinsky, Hilla Rebay, and others. (Weekdays, except Mondays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sundays, 12 noon to 6 P.M.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall it's BR 9-9447. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Carnegie Hall Pop Concerts—Thursday, May 20: A program of Spanish dances. . . . ¶ Friday, May 21: Duke Ellington and Bill Robinson, playing around with Fats Waller's music. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 22: A program of Victor Herbert, Rudolf Friml, and Sigmund Rom-

"You and I speak the same language, Donald..."

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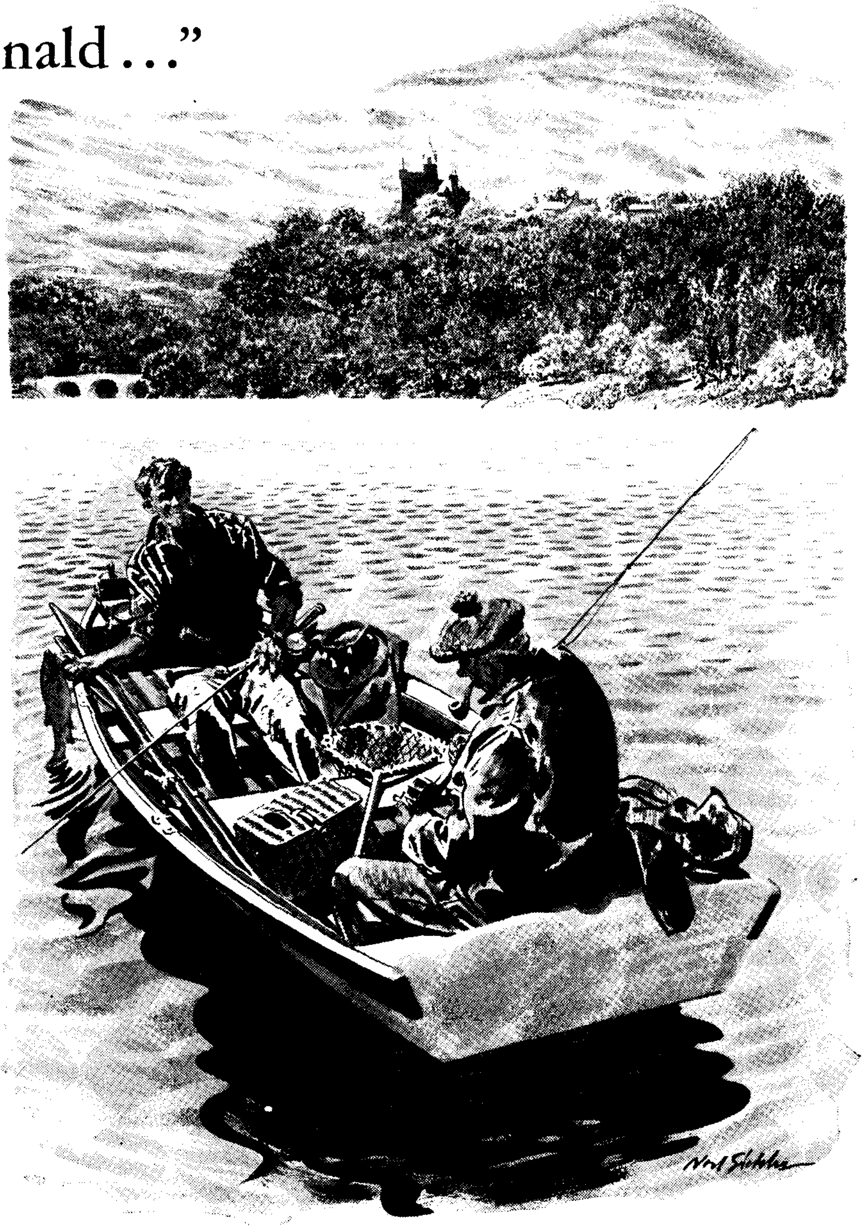

- "There may be a burr in your speech and a twang in mine, but we understand each other perfectly.

"So I know you won't get me wrong when I tell you I often think the British—for all you've been through—have so much one might envy.

"Sure, we've wonderful cities and scenery back home. But yours have a different *sort* of fascination. There's a special 'feel' about fields and villages and moors and mountains that have seen 2,000 years of history in the making.

"My wife and I are glad, too, we came in the late summer—to see your traditional Highland Games, and attend the great Music Festival at Edinburgh. They'd be worth a visit, alone.

"And what sport you've shown me this August, Donald, with the grouse and these fighting loch trout!

"Yes, here everything's made so easy for us tourists. Four weeks without ration cards—extra gasoline for our own or our rented car—and the privilege of buying so many good British things.

"Now we know the British people better, Donald. We've had a real sense of being *welcome*. We'll be back."

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MAY: Exhibition—Royal Academy Summer Art—1st (till August 8th) • British Industries Fair—3rd-14th • Royal Windsor Horse Show—13th-15th • Golf—Ladies' International Match (Curtis Cup), Southport—21st-22nd • Chelsea Flower Show—26th-28th.

JUNE: London Music Festival • Racing, The Derby, The Oaks—2nd-5th • Royal Horse Show—10th-12th • Antique Dealers' Fair—10th-25th • Racing—Royal Ascot—15th-18th • Pageant, St. Albans—21st-26th • Lawn Tennis Championships—21st (till July 3rd).

JULY: Athletics-Amateur Championships, London—2nd-3rd. • Cricket, England vs. Australia, Manchester—8th • Musical Festival, Harrogate—5th-10th • Racing, Newmarket—13th-15th • International Air Rally, Southend—17th • Racing, Goodwood—27th-30th • Olympic Games, London, etc—29th-Aug. 14th • Cowes Regatta—31st-Aug. 7th.

AUGUST: Welsh National Eisteddfod, Bridgend—2nd-7th • International Horse Show, London—16th-20th • Olympic Games activities throughout Britain—till 14th • Sailing Regatta, World Championship, Hayling Island—13th-14th • International Festival, Music & Drama, Edinburgh—22nd-Sept. 12th • Engineering Exhibition, London—26th-Sept. 11th. • Yachting, Cowes—28th-Sept. 4th.

SEPT.: International Festival, Music & Drama, Edinburgh, to Sept. 12th • Three Choirs Festival—5th-10th, Worcester • Royal Braemar Gathering, Scotland—9th • Highland Games—11th & 16th, Scotland • Widdecombe Fair—14th, Dartmoor • Racing—St. Leger, Doncaster—11th • Newmarket—28th-Oct. 1st.

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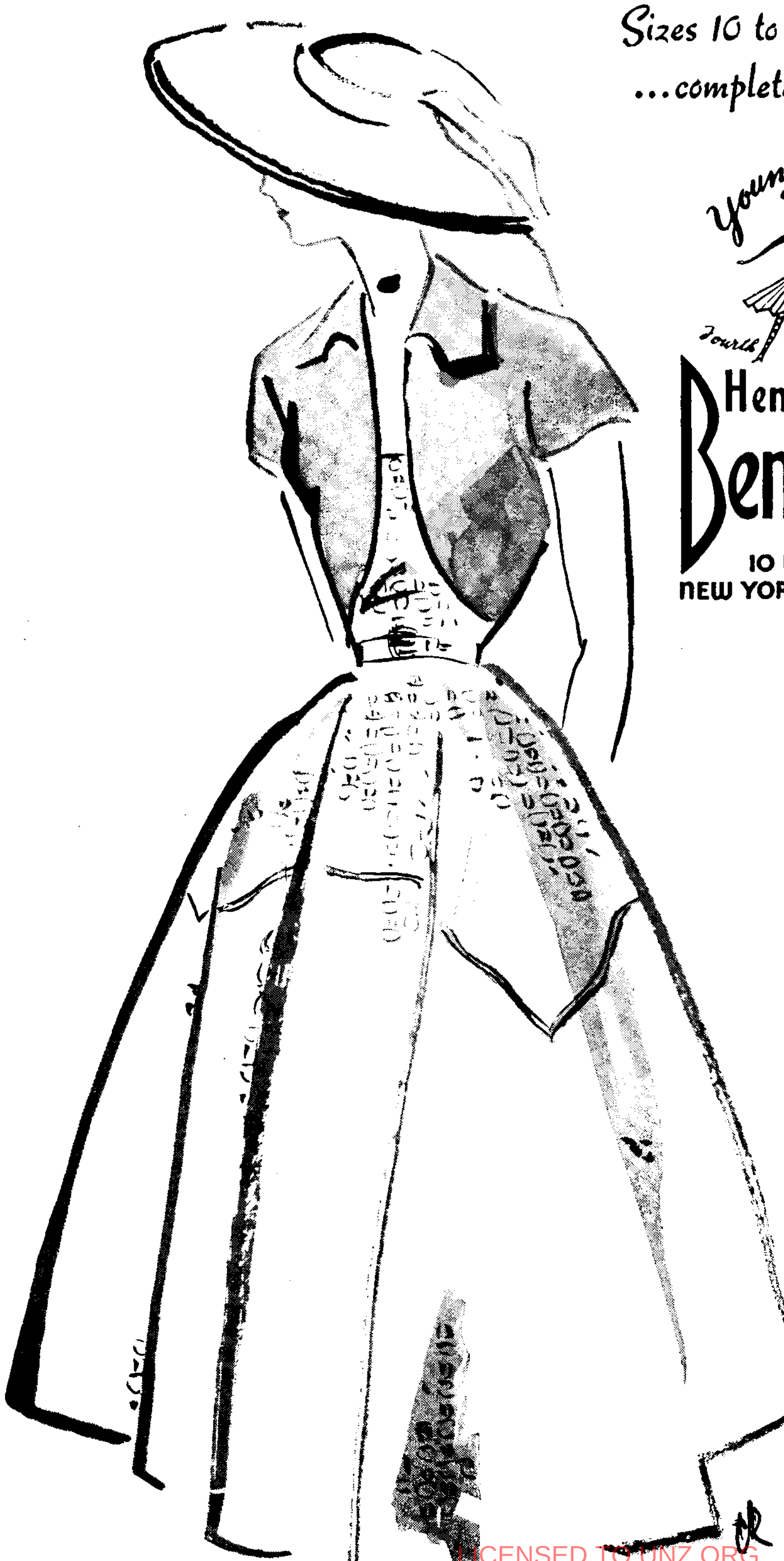

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Emanuel Balaban, with Alexander Kipnis, bass, and the Radischev Chorus and Dancers. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 25: D'Artega conducting, with vocal soloists. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 26: An evening of ballet, with Maria Gambarelli. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 27: Music from "Die Fledermaus" and "Countess Maritza," conducted by Siegfried Landau. . . . ¶ Friday, May 28: Latin-American music, conducted by D'Artega. . . . ¶ An all-Tschaikowsky program, conducted by Richard Korn. (Nightly at 8:30.)

St. John's University Glee Club—Cosimo di Pietto directing. (Town Hall. Thursday evening, May 20, at 8:30.)

Ukrainian Folk Chorus—George Kirichenko directing. (Town Hall. Saturday evening, May 22, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music—Broadus Erle, violin; Ray Lev, piano; and others. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-1048. Tuesday evening, May 25, at 8:40.)

All Veterans Orchestra—Sascha London conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Thursday evening, May 27, at 8:30. *For tickets, call EL 5-0190.*)

RECITALS

Paul Robeson—Bass, with Ray Lev, piano, in a program sponsored by the National Council of American-Soviet Friendship, Inc. (Town Hall. Tuesday evening, May 25, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Jazz Concert—Muggsy Spanier, Georg Brunis, Wild Bill Davison, Jess Stacy, and others. (Town Hall. Saturday afternoon, May 22, at 5:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At **EBBETS FIELD:** Dodgers vs. St. Louis, Thursday, May 20, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Cincinnati, Sunday and Monday, May 23-24, at 2 P.M. . . . ¶ Dodgers vs. Chicago, Tuesday and Thursday, May 25 and 27, at 2 P.M., and Wednesday, May 26, at 8:30 P.M. . . . **POLO GROUNDS:** Giants vs. Cincinnati, Thursday, May 20, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Chicago, Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Pittsburgh, Sunday, May 23, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. St. Louis, Tuesday, May 25, at 8:30 P.M., and Wednesday and Thursday, May 26-27, at 2:30 P.M. . . . ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia, Friday, May 28, at 8:30 P.M., and Saturday, May 29, at 2:30 P.M.

Boxing—Smuggy Hursey vs. Anton Raadik, middleweights, 10 rounds; and Henry Flake vs. Lee Oma, heavyweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Friday, May 21. Preliminaries at 8:30 P.M.; main bouts start at 10.)

Crew—Carnegie Cup Regatta. (Lake Cayuga, Ithaca, N.Y. Saturday, May 22.)

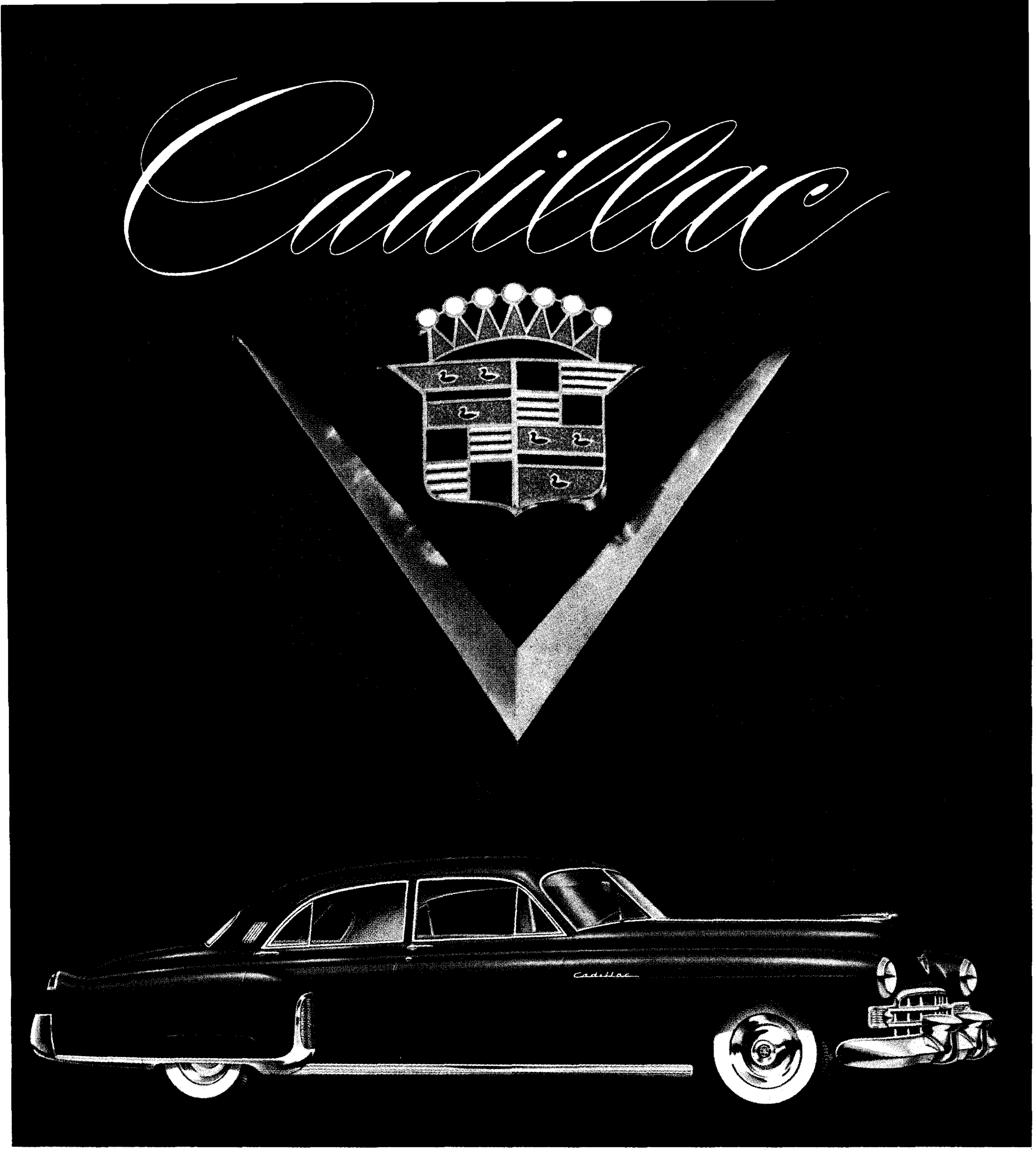
Dog Shows—Morris and Essex Kennel Club. (Madison, N.J. Saturday, May 22.) . . . ¶ Plainfield Kennel Club. (Plainfield, N.J. Sunday, May 23.) . . . ¶ Rockland County Kennel Club. (Orangeburg, N.Y. Saturday, May 29.)

Horse Shows—Newburgh Saddle and Bridle Club. (Newburgh, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, May 22-23.) . . . ¶ Hutchinson Show. (New Rochelle, N.Y. Sunday, May 23.) . . . ¶ Devon Show. (Devon, Pa. Wednesday through Monday, May 26-31.) . . . ¶ Rock Spring Show. (West Orange, N.J. Saturday through Monday, May 29-31.)

Hunt Racing—Fairfield and Westchester Hounds. (Harrison, N.Y. Saturday, May 29.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30 P.M.—At **BOSTWICK FIELD,** Westbury, L.I. . . . **MEADOW BROOK CLUB,** Westbury, L.I. . . . **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase, N.Y.

Racing—At Belmont Park: Weekdays at 1:30 P.M. The Metropolitan Handicap, May 22; the Withers and the Juvenile, May 29. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11:15 A.M. and 1:10 P.M. and Saturdays between 10:47 A.M. and 1:25 P.M.)



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Track and Field Meet. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Saturday, May 22, at 12 noon.) . . . ¶ I.C.A.A.A.A. Meet. (Triborough Stadium, Randalls Island. Friday, May 28, at 3 P.M., and Saturday, May 29, at 2 P.M.)

TROTTING—At Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I. Weekdays at 8:40 P.M., starting Friday, May 21. (A special train leaves Penn Station weekdays at 7:03 P.M.)

YACHTING—New York Yacht Club championship races on Long Island Sound. (Larchmont, N.Y. Saturday and Sunday, May 22-23, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Block Island Race. (Larchmont, N.Y. Friday and Saturday, May 28-29.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—At Lake Success, about two hundred visitors are admitted to open meetings of the Security Council, the Trusteeship Council, and various other bodies. For tickets, call FIeldstone 7-1100, Ext. 2126, early on the morning of the day you want to go. Frequent trains from Penn Station to Great Neck are met by buses to headquarters at Lake Success.

GREEK LITERATURE—Documents and books in Greek, including ancient papyri, manuscript books used in the Dark and Middle Ages, and early printed editions. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Weekdays, 9 A.M. to 5 P.M.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM—The current show is called "Men and Stars." (Central Park W. at 81st St. Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30 P.M.; Saturdays and Sundays at 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30 P.M. Extra performances Fridays and Saturdays at 11 A.M.)

AUCTIONS—Parke-Bernet Galleries, 30 E. 57th St.—Paintings, drawings, and prints by Segonzac, Rouault, Monet, Grosz, and Matisse, owned by the late Frank W. Crowninshield and the late Harris Whittemore. (Auction, Thursday, May 20, at 8 P.M.) . . . ¶ French and English eighteenth-century furniture and decorations, owned by the late Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt. (Exhibition, Thursday, May 20, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Friday and Saturday, May 21-22, at 2 P.M.) . . . ¶ Seventeenth-century tapestries, collected by the late John R. McLean. (Exhibition, Saturday, May 22, and Monday through Wednesday, May 24-26, from 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; auction, Thursday, May 27, at 3 P.M.)

ON THE AIR

UNITED NATIONS—The most important open meetings are broadcast over WNYC. . . . ¶ Résumés of the day's proceedings can be heard Mondays through Fridays, at 6:45 P.M. over WNYC and at 10:45 P.M. over WMCA.

MUSIC—N.B.C. Symphony, Jacques Rachmilovich conducting, Saturday, May 22, at 6:30 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ Eastman School Symphony, Howard Hanson conducting, Saturday, May 22, at 3 P.M., WNBC. . . . ¶ C.B.S. Symphony, Erich Leinsdorf conducting, Sunday, May 23, at 3 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ The Juilliard String Quartet, Friday, May 21, at 8:30 P.M., WNYC. . . . ¶ Bidu Sayao, soprano, Monday, May 24, at 9 P.M., WNBC.

SPORTS—Racing: The Metropolitan Handicap, at Belmont, Saturday, May 22, at 4:20 P.M., WOR, WCBS.

DRAMA—Ona Munson, Arlene Francis, and Walter Abel in "Wednesday's Child," presented by the Theatre Guild, Sunday, May 23, at 9:30 P.M., WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—Elmer Davis, Mondays through Fridays at 7:15 P.M., WJZ. . . . ¶ Edward R. Murrow, Mondays through Fridays at 7:45 P.M., WCBS.

TELEVISION—Harold E. Stassen, Thursday, May 27, at 9 P.M., WCBS. . . . ¶ Newsreel, daily, except Saturdays, at 7:50 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ "Author Meets the Critics," Sunday, May 23, at 8 P.M., WNBT. . . . ¶ Baseball: All home games of the Dodgers are shown on WCBS, of the Yankees on WABD, and of the Giants on WNBT. . . . ¶ Boxing: At Madison Square Garden, Friday, May 21, at 9:25 P.M., WNBT.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

The Brothers—An English film dealing with life on an island in the west of Scotland, where the citizenry busies itself making illicit whiskey and watching the progress of a bitter feud between two prominent families. The scenery is handsome, the acting is excellent, and the dialogue is often wonderfully eloquent. Among those on the moors are Patricia Roc, Will Fyffe, Duncan Macrae, and Finlay Currie. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 3-5520.)

Call Northside 777—A pseudo-documentary recording the efforts of a scrubwoman to get her son out of a penitentiary. Not as taut as some films of this type, but often exciting. With James Stewart, Richard Conte, Lee J. Cobb, and Betty Garde. (Normandie, Park at 53rd, PL 8-0040; May 20. . . . ¶ 68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through May 23.)

The Fugitive—A disappointing picture, in spite of the eminence of its makers. (Dudley Nichols adapted a novel by Graham Greene for the screen play, and John Ford directed it.) It deals with the story of a harried priest in an anti-clerical Latin-American country. Henry Fonda is the cleric. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through May 22. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through May 23. . . . ¶ Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; May 22-24. . . . ¶ Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; May 24-26.)

Gentleman's Agreement—An attempt to corner the problem of anti-Semitism, and not much of an improvement on the novel. With John Garfield, Gregory Peck, and Dorothy McGuire. (Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th, CI 5-9800; R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th, VO 5-3577; R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th, AT 9-8900; R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-3440; Riverside, B'way at 96th, RI 9-9861; Nemo, B'way at 110th, AC 2-9406; and Coliseum, B'way at 181st, WA 7-7200; through May 25. . . . ¶ Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; starting May 26.)

Marius—Raimu in the first part of the fine French trilogy about Marseille that Marcel Pagnol produced fifteen years ago. Assisting M. Raimu are Charpin, Orane Demazis, and Pierre Fresnay. (Elysée, 202 W. 58th, PL 7-4294.)

Mr. Blandings Builds His Dream House—Cary Grant, Myrna Loy, and Melvyn Douglas caught in various comical housing dilemmas, urban and rural. (Astor, B'way at 45th, CI 6-4642; through May 26.)

Nicholas Nickleby—A brisk, entertaining English adaptation of the Charles Dickens novel, well mounted and superbly enacted by a large cast, which is headed by Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Derek Bond, Bernard Miles, and Alfred Drayton. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; May 24-26.)

MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION AND APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE IN THE PROGRAM SCHEDULES THAT FOLLOW.

Not Guilty—A diverting French trifle about a doctor who commits three perfect crimes and then can't get anyone to believe that he is capable of such sanguinary cleverness. Michel Simon, as the frustrated protagonist, is, as usual, highly competent. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-0583; May 20.)

Paisan—Six dramatic episodes that might have taken place during the invasion of Italy, pieced together by Roberto Rossellini, the director of "Open City," to make an altogether remarkable film. The cast is predominantly amateur, and the dialogue is in English, Italian, and German. Produced in Italy. (World, 153 W. 49th, CI 7-5747.)

Sitting Pretty—Something about baby-sitting, with Clifton Webb and Richard Haydn helping enormously to make a funny item out of a thin screen play. (Colonial, B'way at 62nd, CO 5-0484; through May 25. . . . ¶ Palace, B'way at 47th, PL 7-2626; through May 26. . . . ¶ Yorktown, B'way at 89th, SC 4-4700; and 77th Street, B'way at 77th, TR 4-9382; starting May 26.)

To Live in Peace—An Italian film that, without any preaching, considers the brotherhood of man, as expressed by a peasant who befriends a pair of G.I.s, one of them colored, in an Italian village during the war. Humorous, compassionate, and altogether satisfactory. Aldo Fabrizi is magnificent as the peasant, and the others in the cast are almost as good. (Granada, 2nd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through May 26. . . . ¶ Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; starting May 26.)

REVIVALS

Brief Encounter (1946)—A British cinema expansion of Noel Coward's one-act play "Still Life." With Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 20.)

Camille (1937)—Greta Garbo, coughing delicately and looking fragile. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-1365.)

Henry V (1946)—Laurence Olivier's version of Shakespeare's historical drama. An English picture. (Carlton, B'way at 100th, AC 2-3862; starting May 25.)

I Know Where I'm Going (1947)—Wendy Hiller and Roger Livesey, stormbound in the Hebrides. An English film. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; starting May 24. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd, PL 3-2434; starting May 25.)

A Night at the Opera (1935)—The Marx Brothers mixed up with the musical world. (Gotham, B'way at 47th, CI 5-9516.)

One More Tomorrow (1946)—Philip Barry's "The Animal Kingdom." With Dennis Morgan, Ann Sheridan, and Jack Carson. (Terrace, 9th Ave. at 23rd, CH 2-9280; May 23-24.)

Tawny Pipit (1947)—An English piece that deals with bird watchers. With Bernard Miles. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; May 20.)

The Women (1939)—The Clare Boothe play. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, and Rosalind Russell. (Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th, LO 4-0583; starting May 21.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—The Museum (11 W. 53rd) is presenting movies from its collection on the following schedule. Through May 23: "Wuthering Heights" (1939), with Laurence Olivier and Merle Oberon. . . . ¶ Starting May 24: "Citizen Kane" (1941), with Orson Welles. Showings are daily at 3 and 5:30 P.M. Reservations can be made at the Museum.

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THE BIG HOUSES

Astor, B'way at 45th. (CI 6-4642)
Through May 26: **MR. BLANDINGS BUILDS HIS DREAM HOUSE.**

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (CO 5-1250)
"Homecoming," Clark Gable, Lana Turner.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (BR 9-3839)
"Big City," Margaret O'Brien, George Murphy.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (CI 6-0800)
"Arch of Triumph," Ingrid Bergman, Charles Boyer.

Gotham, B'way at 47th. (CI 5-9516)
A NIGHT AT THE OPERA, revival.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
Through May 25: **GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT.**
May 26, at 9 P.M.: The première of "The Time of Your Life," James Cagney, William Bendix, and Jeanne Cagney; a benefit for the Wiltwyck School. For tickets, call CI 6-6000, Ext. 173.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"The Pirate," Judy Garland, Gene Kelly.

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through May 26: **SITTING PRETTY**; and "My Girl Tisa," Lilli Palmer, Sam Wanamaker.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (BR 9-8738)
"The Sainted Sisters," Veronica Lake, Joan Caulfield, Barry Fitzgerald

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
"Another Part of the Forest," Fredric March, Dan Duryea, Florence Eldridge.

Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"The Iron Curtain," Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney.

State, B'way at 45th. (BR 9-1957)
May 20: "The Fuller Brush Man," Red Skelton, Janet Blair.
From May 21: To be announced.

Strand, B'way at 47th. (CI 7-5900)
May 20: "The Woman in White," Eleanor Parker, Alexis Smith, Sydney Greenstreet.
From May 21: "Silver River," Errol Flynn, Ann Sheridan.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-4966)
"Berlin Express," Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan, Paul Lukas.

Winter Garden, B'way at 50th. (CI 5-4878)
"River Lady," Yvonne DeCarlo, Dan Duryea.

FOREIGN, SPECIAL, ETC.

Ambassador, 215 W. 49th. (CI 7-0760)
May 20: "Frankenstein," revival, Boris Karloff; and "Dracula," revival, Bela Lugosi.
From May 21: "They Are Not Angels" (in French), Pierre Blanchar

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Meet Me at Dawn," William Eythe, Hazel Court.

Avenue Playhouse, 6th Ave. at 47th. (PL 7-4295)
"Jenny Lamour" (in French), Louis Jouvet.

Elysée, 202 W. 58th. (PL 7-4294)
MARIUS.

5th Ave. Playhouse, 5th Ave. at 12th. (GR 5-9738)
"Dreams That Money Can Buy," Hans Richter Surrealist film.

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (CO 5-9438)
"Beauty and the Beast" (in French), Jean Cocteau film.

Golden, 252 W. 45th. (CI 6-6740)
"This Wine of Love" (in Italian).

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-1365)
CAMILLE, revival.

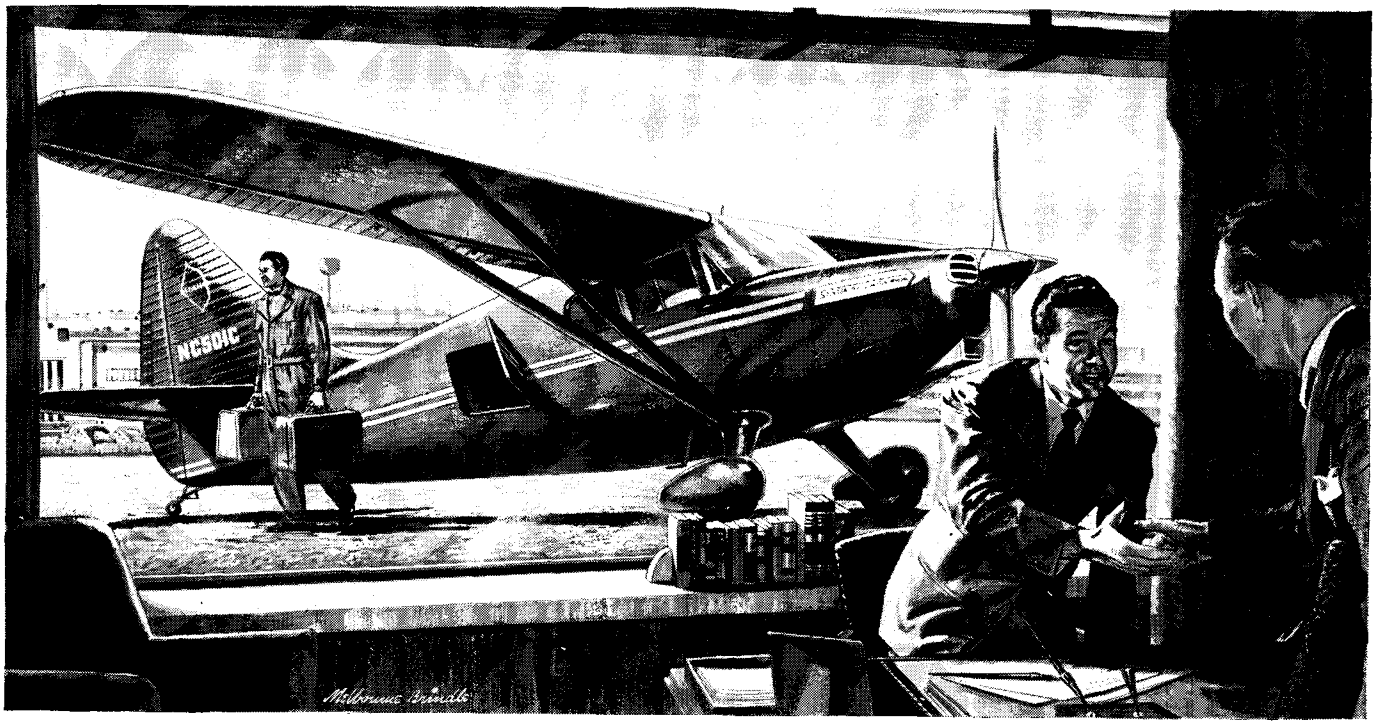
Little Met, 6th Ave. at 39th. (LO 4-0583)
May 20: **NOT GUILTY.**
From May 21: **THE WOMEN**, revival.

Park Avenue, Park at 59th. (PL 9-7242)
"Showtime," Ann Todd, Richard Greene.

Rialto, B'way at 42nd. (WI 7-0206)
"Will It Happen Again?," documentary film about Hitler.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 3-5520)
THE BROTHERS.

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
PAISAN.



The great new '48 Stinson. Cruising speed: 130 m.p.h. at 5000 feet. Non-stop flying range, 554 miles.

How a famous personal plane became America's No. 1 Business Plane

WE LIKE IT when people ask us, "*Why does Stinson outsell all other 4-place planes combined?*"

The answer is so simple: The great new Stinson for '48 is America's most *useful* personal plane.

Day in, day out, more and more men—especially in the "over 40" group—are using this dependable, easy-to-fly plane to save valuable time and help them carry on their business activities more efficiently and more profitably.

It's such a *practical plane!* On family or business trips, 4 people fly in deep-cushioned, roomy comfort, with 100 pounds of luggage. With pilot, and full fuel tanks, Stinson will carry 640 pounds of cargo.

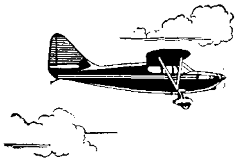
Above all, the Stinson is an extraordinarily *safe* plane, designed so that anyone can learn to fly it—quickly and easily.

So, see your Stinson dealer today for a demonstration flight in the new Stinson Voyager or the Flying Station Wagon.

For literature, write Stinson Division, Dept. Y, Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corp., Wayne, Mich.

Stinson

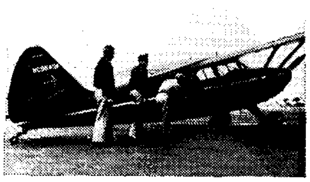
For 22 years, builders of
America's most useful personal planes



"Using my one Stinson convinced me we needed two"

Frank Querry, 44-year-old manufacturer of chain link fencing, bought a Stinson and learned to fly it for pleasure and relaxation. He soon discovered it had *business* value, too.

"I fly my installation crews to location in a hurry," he says. "What used to be a full day's trip now takes only a couple of hours. Jobs 500 miles away are now as profitable as jobs 100 miles away used to be."



"I soon decided that a second Stinson, flown by my sales manager, would easily pay for itself. And it did—by saving time and transportation costs, and by expanding the territory we could serve."

FREE FLIGHT INSTRUCTION

IF you are a business or professional man interested in learning to fly, we invite you to inquire about your Stinson dealer's free flight instruction plan. Write W. H. Klenke, General Sales Manager, Stinson, Wayne, Michigan. No obligation.

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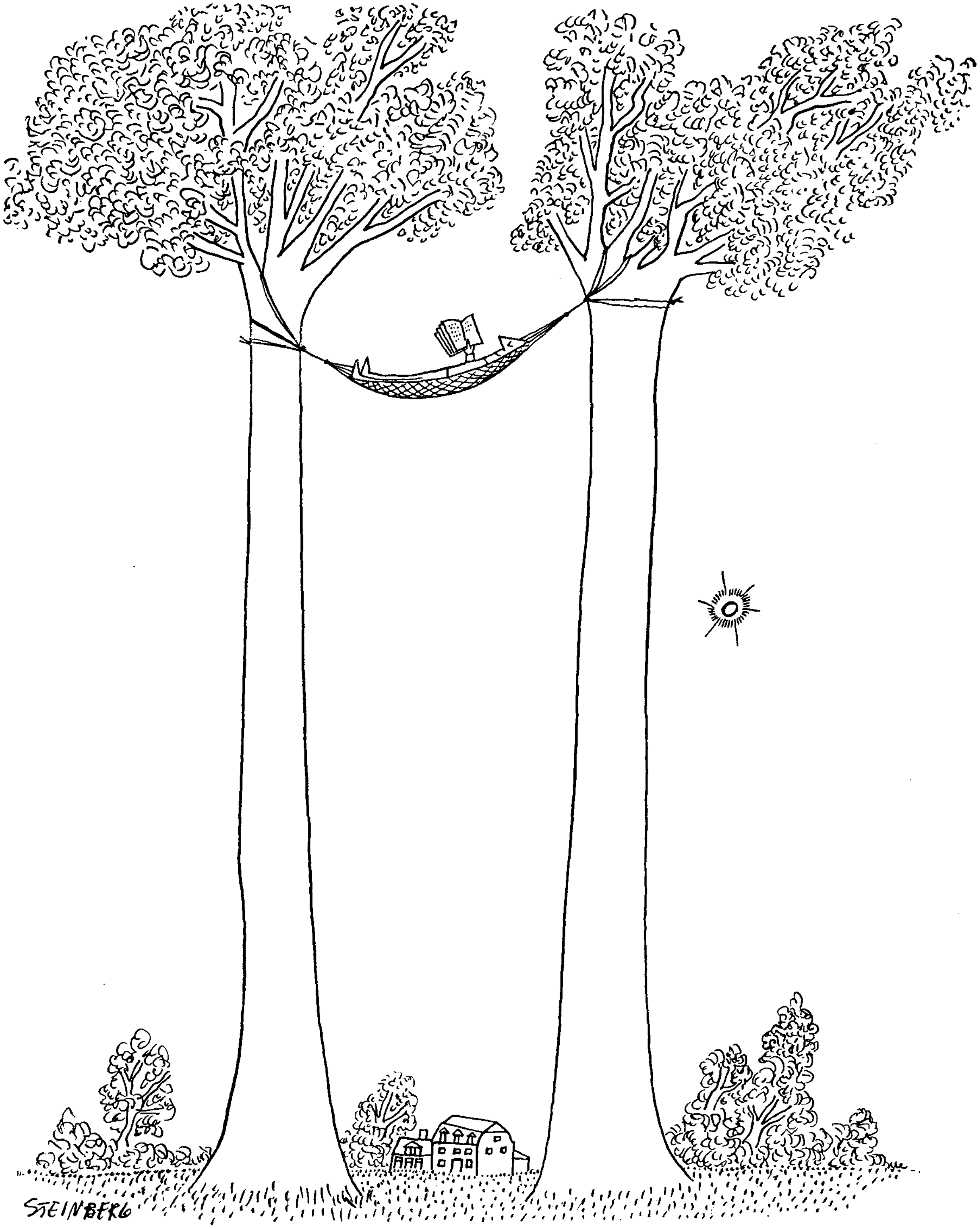


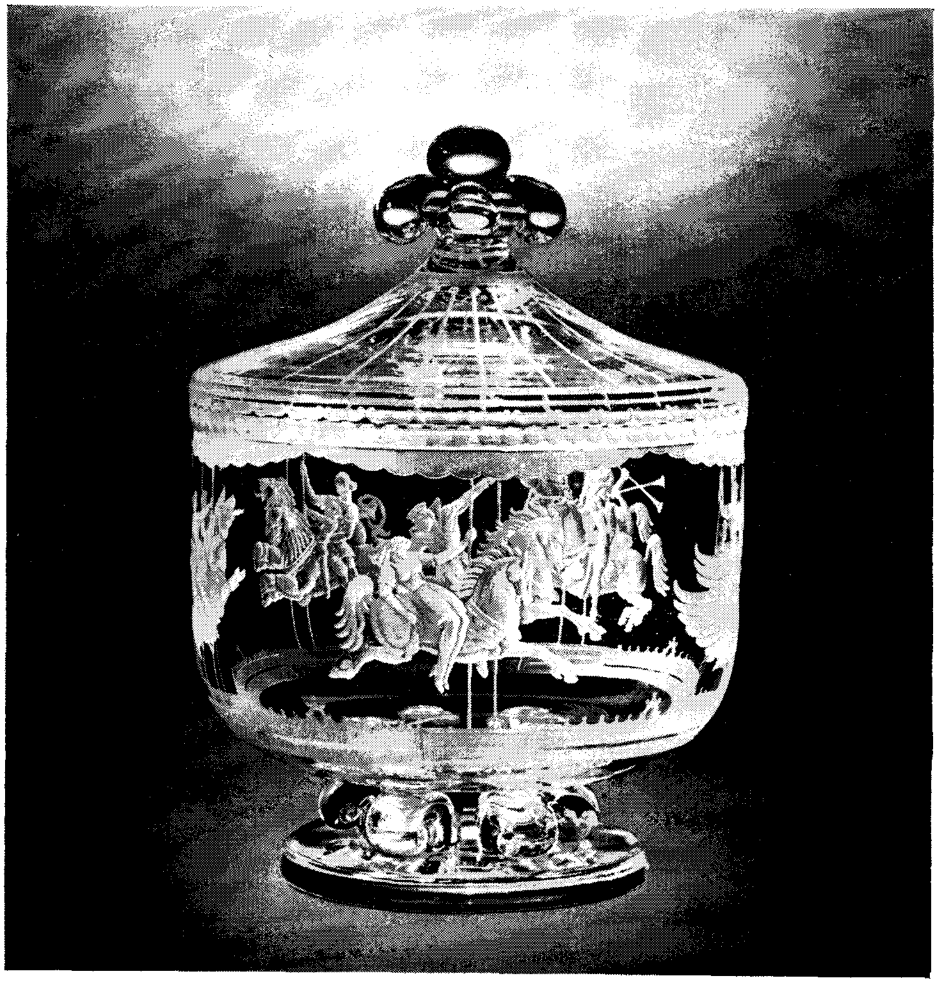
for the House-Proud

House & Garden

A Condé Nast Publication

voted "best authority" in its field
by architects, decorators and landscape architects.

STEUBEN GLASS



THE MERRY-GO-ROUND BOWL
(In the collection of H. R. H. Princess Elizabeth)

Steuben Crystal is the finest in the world. . . Its very nature—restricted facilities, fierce pride of workmanship, exquisite perfection of design—limits the number of pieces produced each year.

On the following pages are a few unequalled sets of drinking glasses for the distinguished home, or as a gift for the privileged bride.

Mail, telegraph, or telephone orders are promptly handled by Steuben. All articles are carefully packed in the famous Steuben boxes. No shipping charges within the United States.

Complete catalogues of drinking glasses and drinking accessories will be sent upon request. STEUBEN GLASS, a beautiful 46 page illustrated brochure about this famous crystal, is likewise available.

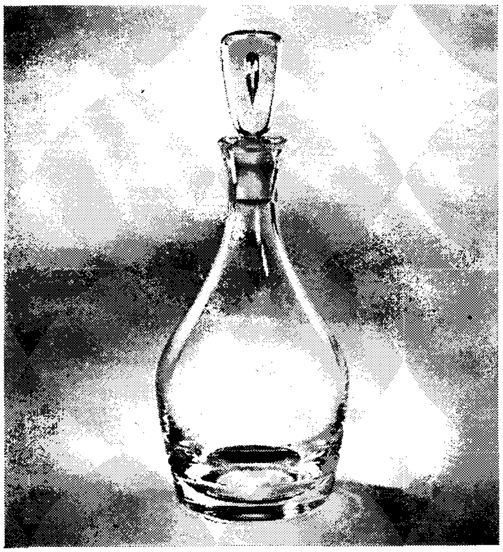
STEUBEN GLASS
718 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.
Telephone Circle 6-8280

STEUBEN

Above:

Shaped by hand from Steuben's molten lead crystal, these brilliant *heavy highball glasses* are a triumph of the glassmakers' art. Generous in size (16 oz. capacity)—modern in simplicity—and timeless in immaculate form.

No. 7711 $90 the dozen



DECANTER

A single lustrous bubble, steady and strong, shaped into a perfect whiskey decanter. Inside the polished stopper is trapped a teardrop of air. . . To complete the highball tray.

No. SP 663 $35 each

Below:

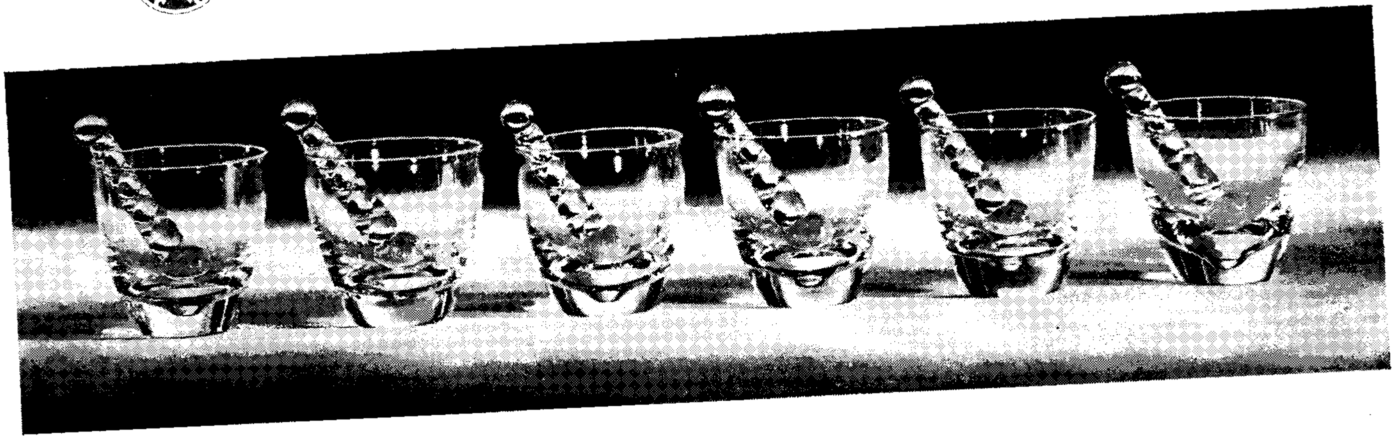
No machine can duplicate the subtle form of these glasses. Graceful, with a luminous clarity that suggests coolness. For the tall drink or the evening highball (15 oz. capacity). . . A glass for mellow moments.

No. 7923 $96 the dozen

STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE

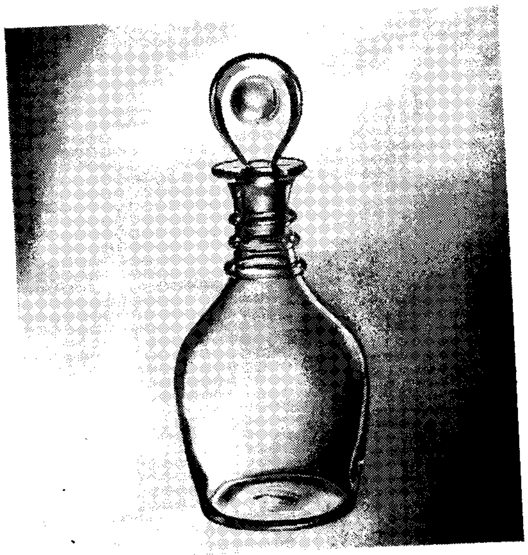
STEUBEN



Above:

Old Fashioned glass with heavy base and softly curving sides (9 oz. capacity). A joy to hold in one's hand, and a beautiful example of crystal form.

No. 7933 $84 the dozen



DECANTER

Keep your Rye or Bourbon in this crystal decanter. Three rings "laid-on" the neck, and bull's eye stopper, add sophistication to a pure and sparkling design. Matched pair, $70.

No. 7712 $35 each

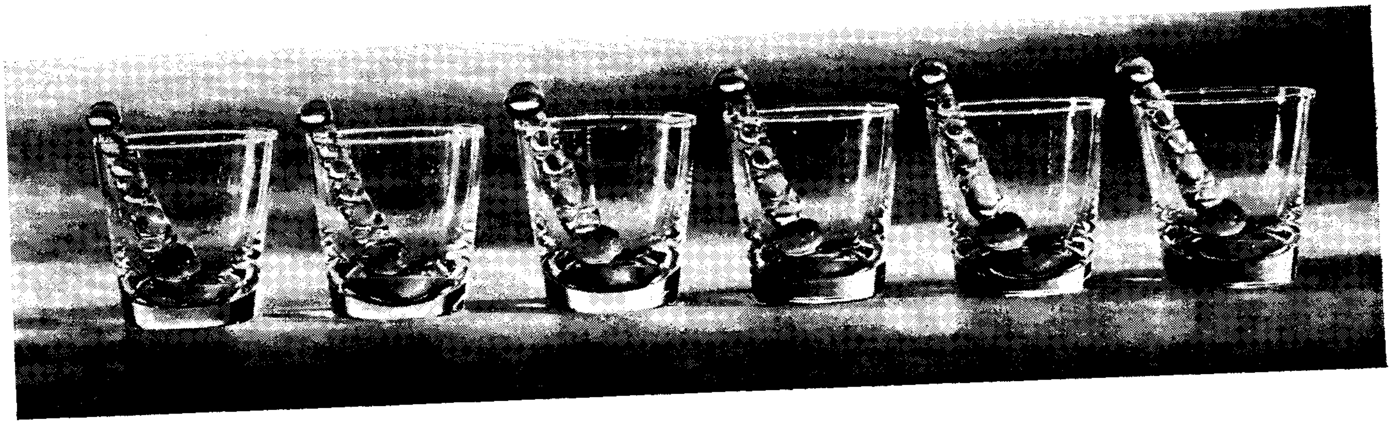
Below:

Chaste and sheer in form. Old Fashioned glass of liberal capacity (11 oz.). An impeccable example of Steuben's perfect crystal.

No. 7889 $84 the dozen

Muddlers such as one has never seen before. Rope-twist of crystal. Strong and shapely. Victory of the glassmaker and pride of the connoisseur.

No. 7888 $72 the dozen

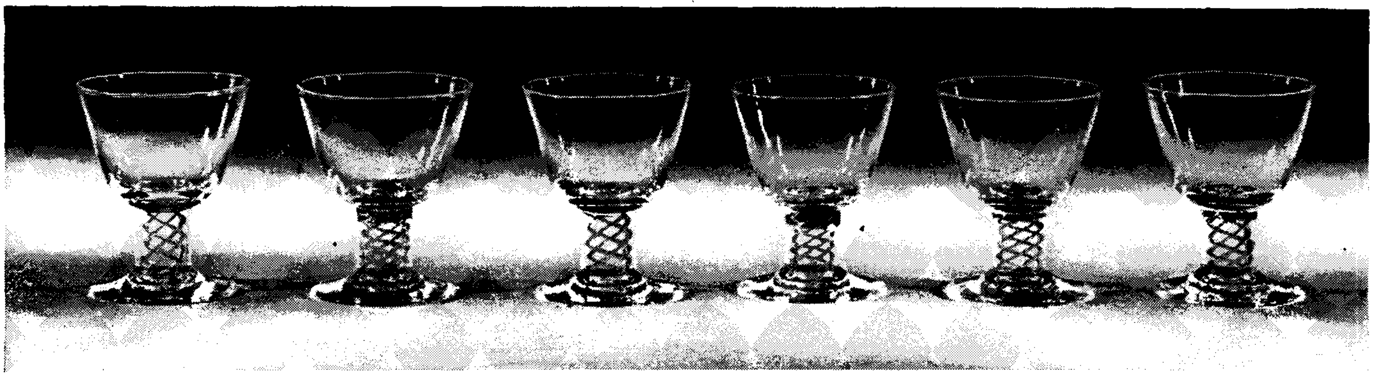


STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE

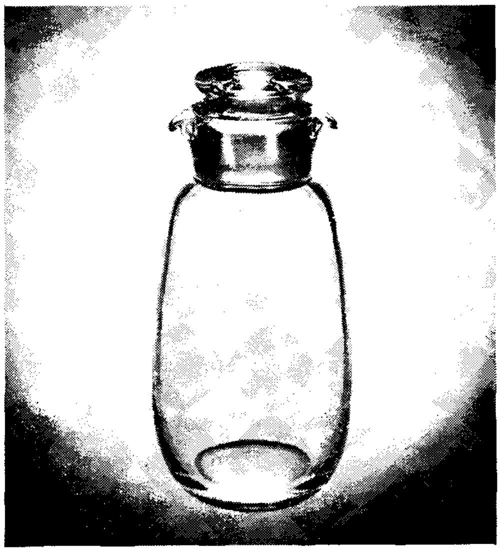
NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

STEUBEN



Above:

Subtle in form, exuberant in design, the delicate "air-twist" in the stem is within the glass itself. . . For the perfect Martini or the perfect Manhattan.
No. 7917 $90 the dozen

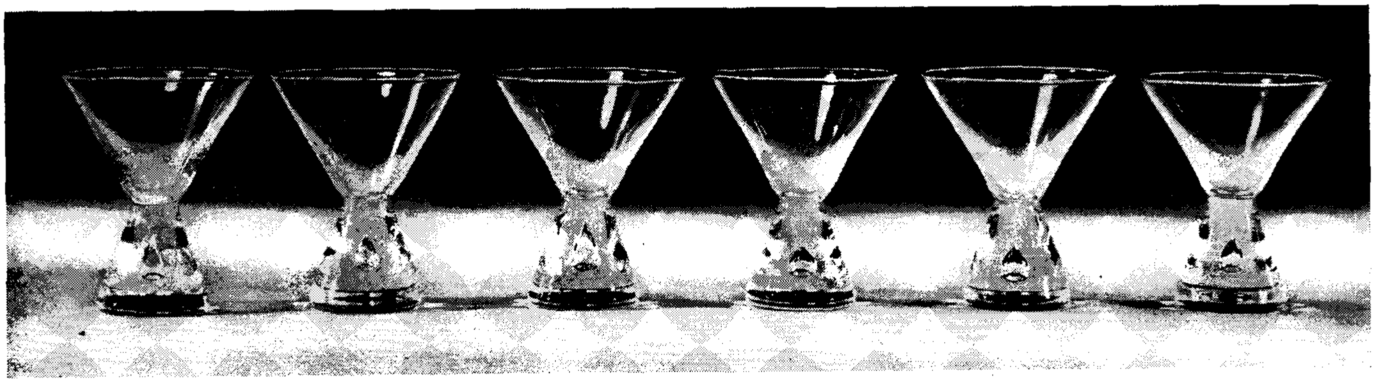


COCKTAIL SHAKER

Exquisitely refined in design. This all-glass cocktail shaker adds charm and refinement to the cocktail hour. A trapped airdrop in the polished top.
No. 7835 $40 each

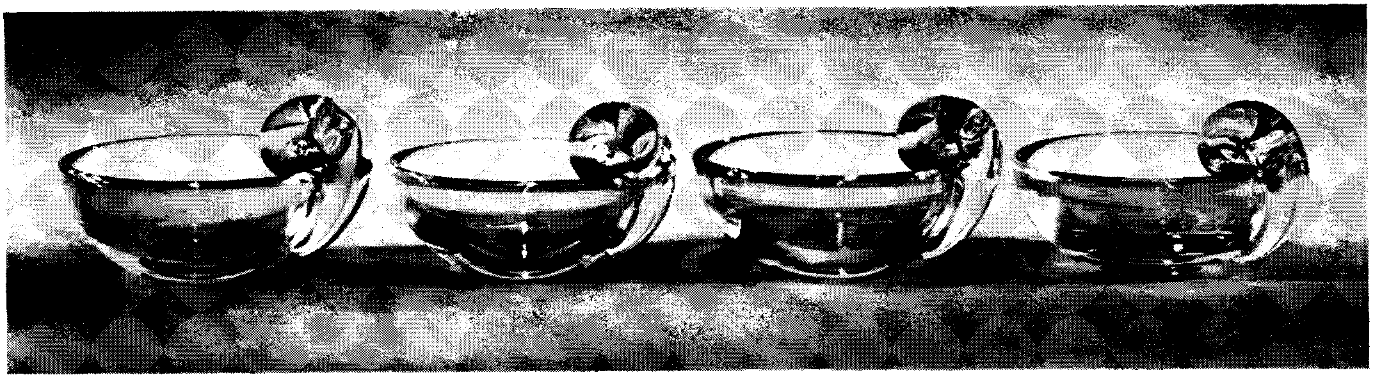
Below:

Recognizable in a flash as only Steuben. Others have tried to make such a cocktail glass and failed. Cool starlike crystal with teardrop base. How does the craftsman make the teardrop? That is the glassmaker's secret!
No. 7826 $84 the dozen



STEUBEN GLASS
718 FIFTH AVENUE

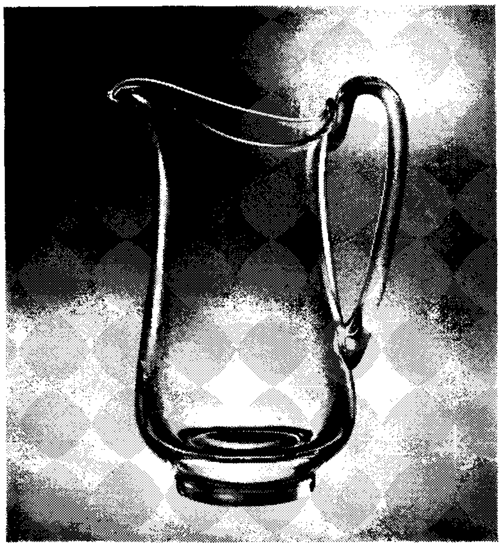
STEUBEN



Above:

Nuts or tidbits? To go with your Steuben glasses on the cocktail tray. Pure crystal of flowing form. A charming gift in sets of 2 or 4.

No. 7857 $12.50 each



BAR PITCHER

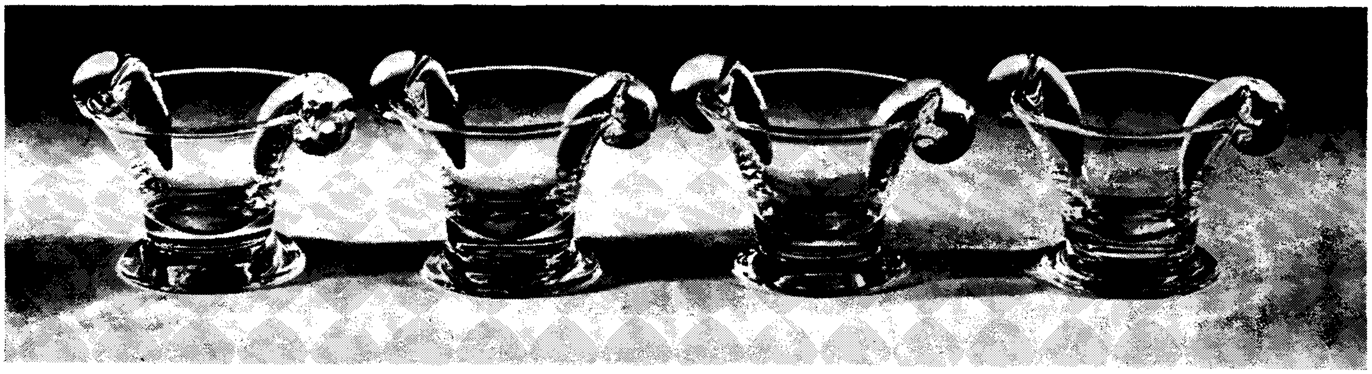
This little Steuben pitcher is just 8 inches high. Designed for those who like a dash of water in their Old Fashioneds. Or, to hold lemon juice or your favorite ingredient on the cocktail tray. Crystal perfection in miniature.

No. SP 712 $22.50 each

Below:

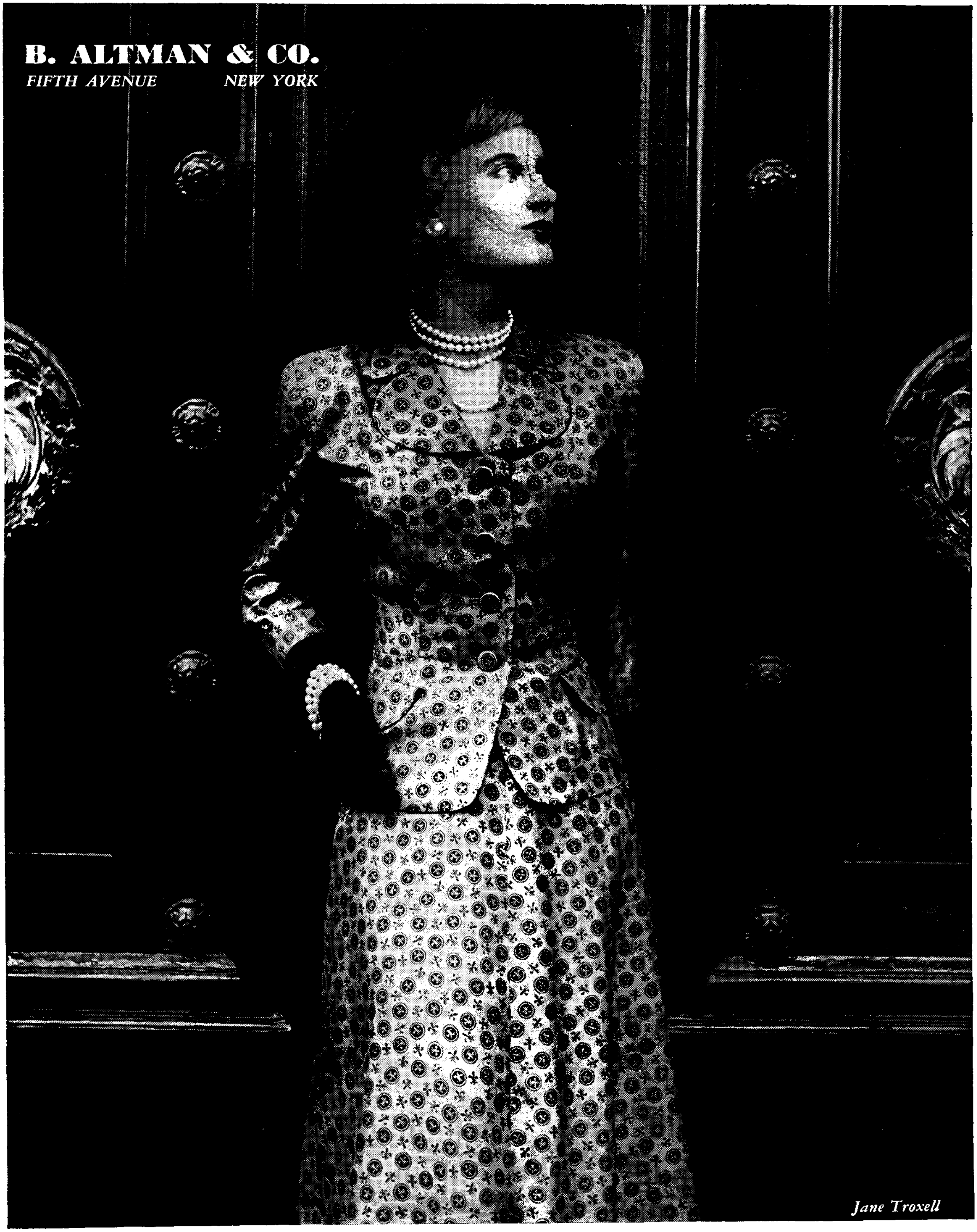
Difficult for us to make but full of enjoyment for you, these deep little dishes hold olives or nuts for your guests. Sparkling and graceful. A matched pair, $30.

No. 7801 $15 each



STEUBEN GLASS

718 FIFTH AVENUE



B. ALTMAN & CO.
FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

Jane Troxell

Tie-Silk Print . . . *pure silk in a fleur-de-lis print of unusual coloring. Green or blue with black; tortoise beige with navy. Sizes 10 to 18, at 49.95.*

Altman misses' dresses, third floor

THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

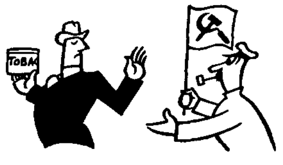
Notes and Comment

SIGN OF THE TIMES NOTE: Two Brooklyn boys found the body of a woman on the Belt Parkway early the other morning and notified two newspapers before they sent for the police.

TOTAL NIRVANA NOTE: There's a restaurant on Lenox Avenue, at 110th Street, called Dreamland in Paradise.

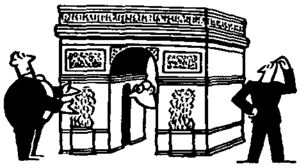
UNSWERVING DEVOTION TO THE AMERICAN WAY OF LIFE NOTE: The Kippy-Kit Company, of Ohio, makes a folding travelling brush called Packy-Doo.

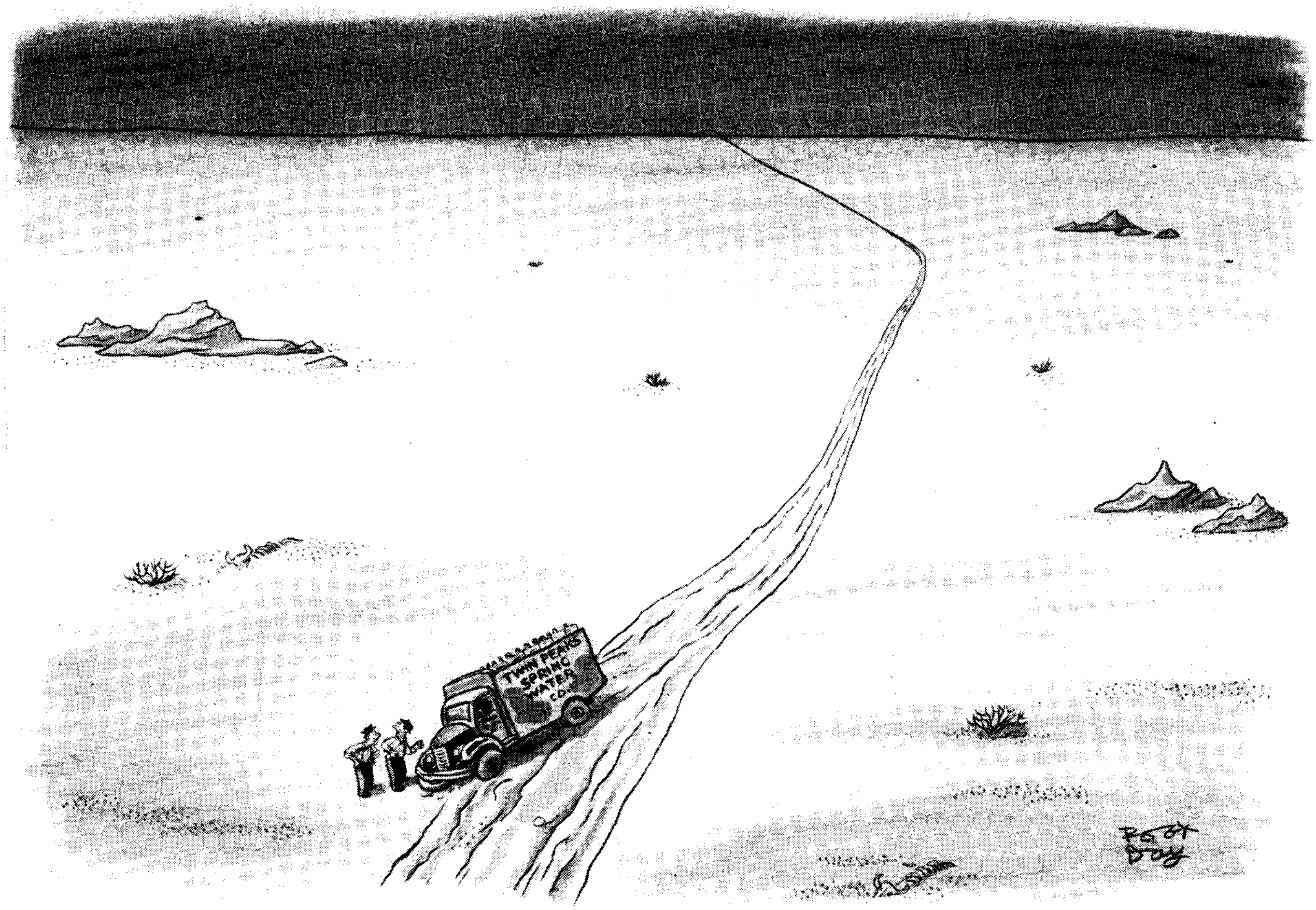
A GENTLEMAN named William G. Manning, of Centerville, New Jersey, recently wrote a letter to the *Times* protesting the allocation of a hundred and ten million dollars—or, in fact, of one red cent—of E.R.P. funds to tobacco for Europe. He concluded, "A determination on the part of such peoples to forgo the luxury of tobacco until such time as they can afford it would be the best indication that they may also have the will to overcome another vice—Communism." This sentence seemed the salient one of Mr. Manning's letter, making a point that could effect a revolution in our approach to Europe. If Communism is actually a vice, like smoking or drinking, there are already tried and tested means of combatting it. It's just a matter of the proper slogans: You Can't Taper Off—Stop Cold, Remember the Wife and Kiddies, Lay Off the Stuff—It's Poison, Think of the Morning After, What Would Mother Say If She Could See You Now?, Reach for an American Sweet Instead, Try the Marshall Cure, Lips That Touch Marxism Shall Never Touch Mine.



WE learn from the *New Republic* that Langston Hughes, the well-known Negro poet, is the victim of what appears to be an organized campaign of defamation, as a consequence of which a number of bookings for his current lecture tour have been cancelled. Letters are written to the editors of newspapers in towns in which he is scheduled to appear, denouncing him as "Communistic and atheistic," and then American Legion posts and other organizations put pressure on the sponsors to cancel his engagement. Mr. Hughes is quoted as having said, in support of his contention that the harassments are entirely unjustified, that he is "giving the same lecture I've been giving for years, about poetry and writing." We think that this sort of campaign is disgraceful and that such slanderous attacks on a prominent American poet should be stopped. We also think that it is about time Mr. Hughes got a new lecture.

THE Arch of Triumph, in replica, sank dismally into a swamp bordering Bruckner Boulevard near 163rd Street, in the Bronx, one gloomy day last week, extinguishing a mock-eternal flame lighted a couple of years ago in Hollywood. The reproduction of the French memorial came into being on the lot of Enterprise Studios, to provide a background against which Charles Boyer and Ingrid Bergman could hold tête-à-têtes with a Gallic flavor in the movie that bears its name. It was quite an item. It was four tons of lath and plaster, roughly ten feet high, nine and a half feet wide, and four and a half feet thick. It cost thirty-five thousand dollars and glowed with a *flamme du souvenir* fuelled by a tank of butane gas. It was a vital property during the shooting of "Arch of Triumph," but it became a white elephant on the Enterprise lot as soon as the picture was completed. After brooding for several weeks about what to do with it, Enterprise turned the matter over to a New York publicity man named Fred Polangin, with a vague conviction that the Arch would be useful in exploitation somehow. From Mr. Polangin, we heard the rest of its history. "An item like this," he said, "needs something better than the typical circus approach. My feeling when I took over the Arch was to install it in a park. Quiet dignity about the installation and only an incidental tieup with the film. For months I thought about what I could do with the Arch. Then, last month, just before the picture was finally released, I learned that there was to be an American Overseas Aid parade to raise funds for hungry kids in Europe and Asia. I suggested to the sponsors of the parade that the Arch would make a fine float for it, and they agreed. The trouble with that was that nobody could figure out how to get the thing here, until the Ford Company promised a trailer big enough to take it across the country. Right away, we put an Enterprise man on the job in California, to figure out a route for the Arch. He found that it would have to go six thousand miles, mostly along back roads and through wilderness, to get to New York without violating various town ordinances, so we said the hell with that. Next, Tom Slick, who operates an air-freight line, said he'd fly the thing in if we'd cut it up into three





"Well, there's one thing we don't have to worry about."

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pieces. We cut it up, and two pieces got here all right, but he couldn't get the third into a plane. After chopping that piece in half, he got one part of it into a plane, but the other part had to be sent by railway express. Five days before the parade, three hunks of the Arch were at the Newark Airport and the fourth was on a siding in Buffalo. We got the damned thing assembled, though, but by that time it was so beaten up that we had to call in a sign company that specializes in replicas to shine it up. It made the parade, barely, and then we were right back where we'd started. Some United Nations people had said that they liked it as a float, but when we offered it to them for a decoration in Turtle Bay, they offered *us* a statue of Evangeline Booth. We asked the Heart Fund if they wanted it, but they couldn't see it, either. All this time, we've got the Arch on a truck over by Pier 73, on the North River. Winds and rains are eating away the details of it. If it becomes thirty-five thousand dollars' worth of soggy plaster, every Frenchman that lays eyes on it will be resentful, and the French Line isn't so very far from where we have it parked. What can we do?" Mr. Polangin shook his head dolefully. "I tell you," he went on, "we were sad when we called the sign people again and told them to knock the Arch to pieces so soon after they'd fixed it up. Ah, well," he concluded brightly, "it was a nice try to do something in the cultural line, even if it ended up dumped in a swamp, and we came out a lot better than that outfit that stranded a model of an ocean liner near Indianapolis a few years ago." "What outfit was that?" we inquired. "I don't remember," said Mr. Polangin, "but it certainly wasn't Enterprise. We weren't in business then."

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INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The treasurer of the Young Democratic Clubs of America is E. Hoover Taft.

There is a sign in the window of a barbershop in Milwaukee that reads, "Personal Appearance Is No Longer a Luxury, It's a Necessity."

Among the two hundred and fifty-seven Oriental dishes listed on the menu of the Chinese Lantern, Washington, D.C., is Never Old Vegetable Soup.

Open

THE swimming season at Jones Beach officially gets under way this Saturday, and to mark the happy occasion we've had a talk with the two men chiefly responsible for the operation of that practically boundless wonderland —Chester Blakelock, executive secretary of the Long Island State Park Commission, and Stanley Polek, superintendent of the Jones Beach State Park. We found them crammed with heady statistics, this being the time of year when they can't help but be aware of, for example, the precise number of beach chairs and beach umbrellas they're prepared to rent to the public (4,760 and 2,179, respectively), the number of miles of lines that have been freshly painted to denote parking places (94), and the number of rescues they can count on the lifeguards' making in the course of the summer (1,800 is par).

The season ends the Sunday following Labor Day, but the park is open the year around, and Yosian-type strollers, their chins tipped with rime, may be seen trudging through sand and snowdrifts on the boardwalk or gathering icy sea shells by the seashore even in January, though it makes us shiver to say so. They may also swim, as far as that goes, but at their own risk.

During the comparatively quiet winter months, the maintenance crews get in their best licks, planting and pruning bayberry, beach plum, Japanese pine, and other wind-resistant bushes and trees; clearing flotsam and, you may be sure, jetsam from the beach; touching up signs; and seeing that all of the 966,200 nails in the boardwalk are securely hammered down. This spring, they made several improvements. The parking area has been increased from 80.3 to 91.3 acres, a field has been set aside for lacrosse, the beach sand in the traps on the golf course has been replaced by builders' sand, which is heavier and less likely to blow over the greens, and the traps themselves have been made smaller, so that duffers won't spend so much time in them, holding up better players. The air-conditioned boardwalk café, which was closed in 1942, is being reopened, and in the Adult Play Area what is thought to be an adequate supply of pogo sticks has been laid in. Only three pogo sticks were available to adults last year, and they were so ardently and inexpertly used that they were almost always in the repair shop.

Jones Beach was first opened in August, 1929, and to date nobody has drowned in any lifeguard-protected area there. This remarkable record is due mainly to the thorough training of the lifeguards, who never wait until a swimmer actually is in trouble before going out to him. Their practice is to keep a sharp eye on people who merely look as if they were *about* to be in trouble. A doctor and eight nurses are in attendance, and last year gave first aid to just over ten thousand people, most of whom were suffering from indigestion, too much sun, or splinters picked up while padding barefoot along the boardwalk. Oddly, nobody has ever sued the park for injuries caused by splinters. Blakelock and Polek are gratified that Jones Beach has more trash receptacles per square foot than any other beach park in the world and that experts come from as far away as Russia and India to marvel at how clean it is. Matter of public coöperation, Blakelock and Polek told us. Such is their pride in the cleanliness of the park that they're considering rigging up wires to keep gulls from dropping clams on the concrete parking areas, which the gulls do to break the shells and get at the meat. Gulls are leery of wires, and if the stunt works, it will not only make the park that much cleaner but save automobile tires from being cut by clamshells, which, when broken, are as sharp as razors.

Final statistic: Engineers estimate that in sixty years an ocean current that is constantly pushing the sand westward will have moved the beach two miles. Nobody's worried about it, however.

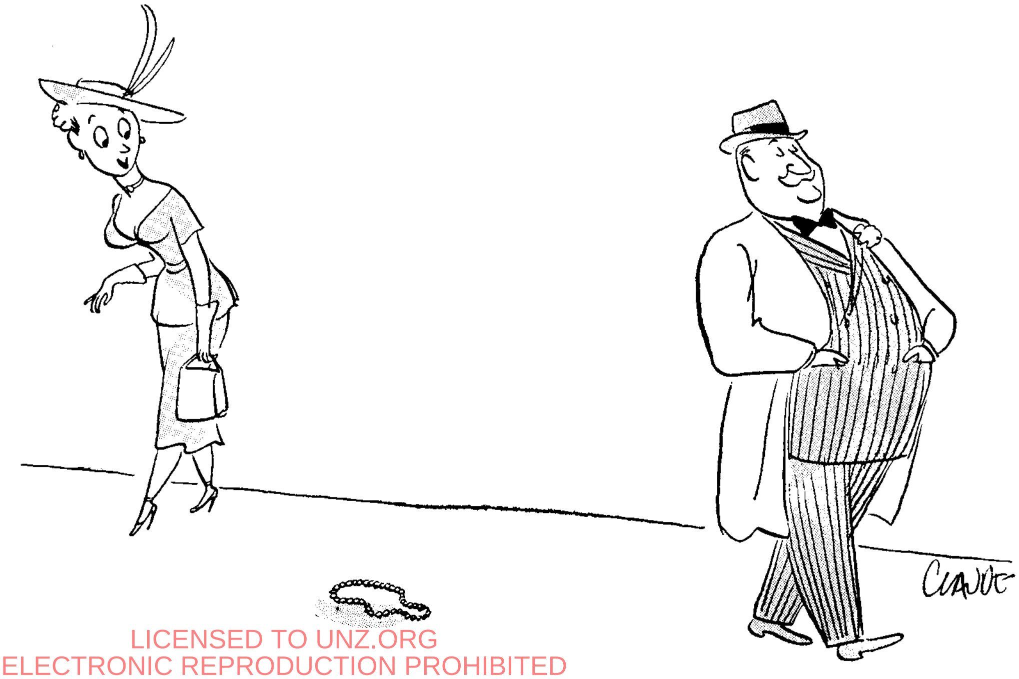
Deadlock

THE registrar of Brown was somewhat unsettled the other morning upon opening a letter from a high-school senior that read as follows:

> Please send me your catalogue and an application blank. I am interested in attending Yale.

New Publisher

BARTLEY C. CRUM, the head of *PM*, and the city's newest newspaper publisher, is a short, sociable, incisive San Francisco corporation lawyer with a vibrant voice, a habit of calling his friends "kid," and a reformed outlook on the legal profession. This last came to him when he found himself closeted in session after session with his California law partner, Philip Ehrlich, who represented him in the *PM* purchase, and Louis Weiss, *PM's* lawyer. "I suddenly realized why everyone since Plato has hated lawyers," he told us. "They talk, talk, talk." We urged Mr. Crum to do likewise, and he revealed that he was born forty-seven years ago in Sacramento, the son, grandson, and great-grandson of big-time ranchers. On his mother's side—whence came his middle name, Cavanaugh—he is descended from Irish potato-famine Forty-eighters. One of his great-grandfathers, George Washington Crum, left Virginia for the West in the eighteen-thirties, and eventually acquired seventy-five thousand acres of cattle-ranching land in Nevada, along with a farm near Sacramento. "My mother's father, who was sheriff of Sacramento County," he said, "went in for politics of the most corrupt kind. He used to register voters from cemeteries. My cousin Bart Cavanaugh is the boss of Sacramento today." When Bartley Crum was twenty, vacationing in Carmel, California, after a winter at the University of California, he ran into a more ennobling influence—Lincoln Steffens, a fellow-Sacramentan. "Steffens had a terrific effect on me," he said. "He had an enormous faith in human beings as long as they were given a chance." Crum got a law degree at the University of California in 1924 and then joined the San Francisco office of John Francis Neylan, general counsel for William Randolph Hearst. "Hearst was a crusader for Tom Mooney in those days," he observed, a touch defensively, it seemed to us, "and for public ownership of power companies." Neylan was publisher of the *Call-Bulletin* for Hearst. Its editor was Fremont Older, who became another great Crum influence, and who, around



1933, introduced him to *another* big influence, Clarence Darrow. "Darrow taught me more law than I had known before," Crum told us.

Mr. Crum left Neylan in 1938 and became a partner of Ehrlich. Their clients include Crown Zellerbach paper, Consolidated Milk Producers, and Colgate-Palmolive-Peet. Crum helped run Willkie's campaign in 1940, and thus met Joseph Barnes, *PM's* new editor, then a Willkie lieutenant. Under the new *PM* setup, Crum said, Barnes is in sole control of the paper's editorial and news policy. "There will be no interference, running or otherwise," he said, and added, "It will be a hard-news paper—no editorializing in the news columns, unsigned opinions on the editorial page." He said that there will be a change in the format, that he couldn't tell us yet whether the name will be retained, and that his relations with the Newspaper Guild are amicable. "The Guild knows that I believe very deeply that a powerful trade-union movement is vital to a democracy," he said. "It builds up purchasing power. If we could increase the per-capita income of the Chinese people by ten cents a day, there could be no depression in the United States." Crum told us that he considers protecting the editor from interference the principal job of a publisher, and that while watching Neylan publish the *Call-Bulletin* he learned how easy it is to be a publisher if you have the right people to run the paper. "A publisher is actually like a vermiform appendix—unnecessary," he said.

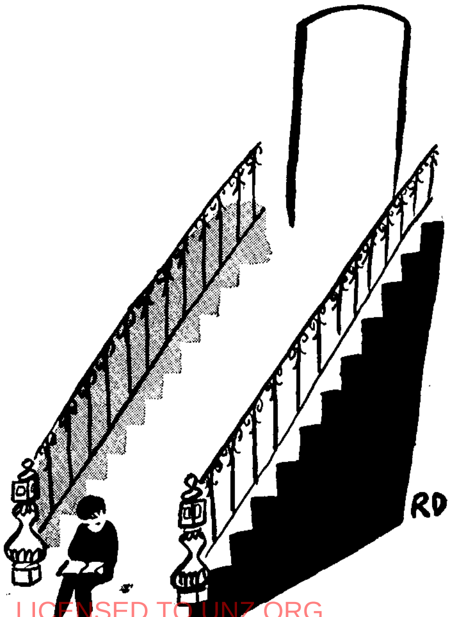
Despite this viewpoint, Mr. Crum is moving from California to New York with his wife and two children. He will, to a certain extent, retain his San Francisco practice but will not practice here. He is the West Coast attorney for Dorothy Thackrey, the owner of the New York *Post*. "I met Dolly through Elsa Maxwell at a party for Russell Davenport," he told us. It's a small world.

Marvel

R.C.A. has a varied collection of scientific wonders on display in a permanent exhibition hall it operates on Forty-ninth Street, in Rockefeller Center, such as a map of the world that, at the pressure of a button, lights up to indicate the path of a radiogram on its way to London and points east; a map of the United States that flashes on to locate all the R.C.A. stations in the country; and a television camera that instantly projects a visitor's image onto an adjoining television screen. The feature of the show we liked best is a pair of facsimiles of Victor phonograph records that are really two large grilles. You speak into one of the grilles (which of the two depends on whether you want popular or classical music), mention a record you want to hear played, and, presto, you hear it. No buttons to press, no dials to twirl. It's all done by means of a microphone concealed behind each grille, and a man in the basement, with a pair of sharp ears, a steady hand, and two old-fashioned turntables.

Garden Tour

EARLY one morning last week, we set out for Wilmington on a seven-car special train engaged by the New York Botanical Garden. Our objective was a tour of the Henry and Pierre du Pont gardens, our companions some four hundred stoutly oxforded ladies, members to a woman either of the Garden Club of America or of the Federated Garden Clubs of New York State, and six or seven men. We were greeted at Penn Station by Mrs. J. Henry Harper, assistant to the president of the Garden, a fashionable sprite carrying a paper bag full of small megaphones and brandishing a polo referee's whistle, a wandlike instrument nearly three feet long. "My husband's," she said. "It's to rally everyone to the train on the way back." On the train, we fell in with a number of ladies wearing hostesses' armbands, among them Mrs. John G. Winchester, Mrs. Blake L. Lawrence, Mrs. John D. W. Churchill, Mrs. Donald B. Straus, Mrs. Henry L. Pierson, and Mrs. Stephen M. Etnier. Mrs. Etnier was wearing a hat with lilies of the valley and Mrs. Churchill two pairs of glasses, one colorless, one green. The tour had been arranged by the Botanical Garden, at nine dollars a head, following a similar one last May. "Much snappier-looking bunch than last year," said Mrs. Winchester. The train picked up a detachment of horticultural enthusiasts in Philadelphia, and Mrs. Harper observed that it was absolutely packed. She had us meet Miss Elizabeth Hall, the Garden's librarian, and Mrs. Charles Burlingham. "Mrs. Burlingham, Mrs. Grafton Pyne, and Mrs. O'Donnell Iselin have done a wonderful job arranging the displays in our museum building—wild flowers, mushrooms, and so forth," she said. "Also toadstools," said Mrs. Burlingham. Miss Hall presented us to Dr. P. P. Pirone, the Garden's plant pathologist; E. J. Alexander, an associate curator ("He's our plant-identification wizard"); P. J. van Melle, a Poughkeepsie nurseryman ("Quite a keen plantsman as far as woody plants are concerned"); and James B. Jack, superintendent of the Alfred A. Cook place in Mt. Kisco. "Now you must meet our horticulturist," said Mrs. Harper, introducing us to T. H. Everett, an implausibly healthy-looking young man. "He's a wonderful speaker, who has done much to raise the level of horticultural education," she said. Mr. Everett told us that Henry du Pont is one of the most skillful horticulturists in the country. "I value his judgment highly," he said. "His taste in arrangements is exquisite."

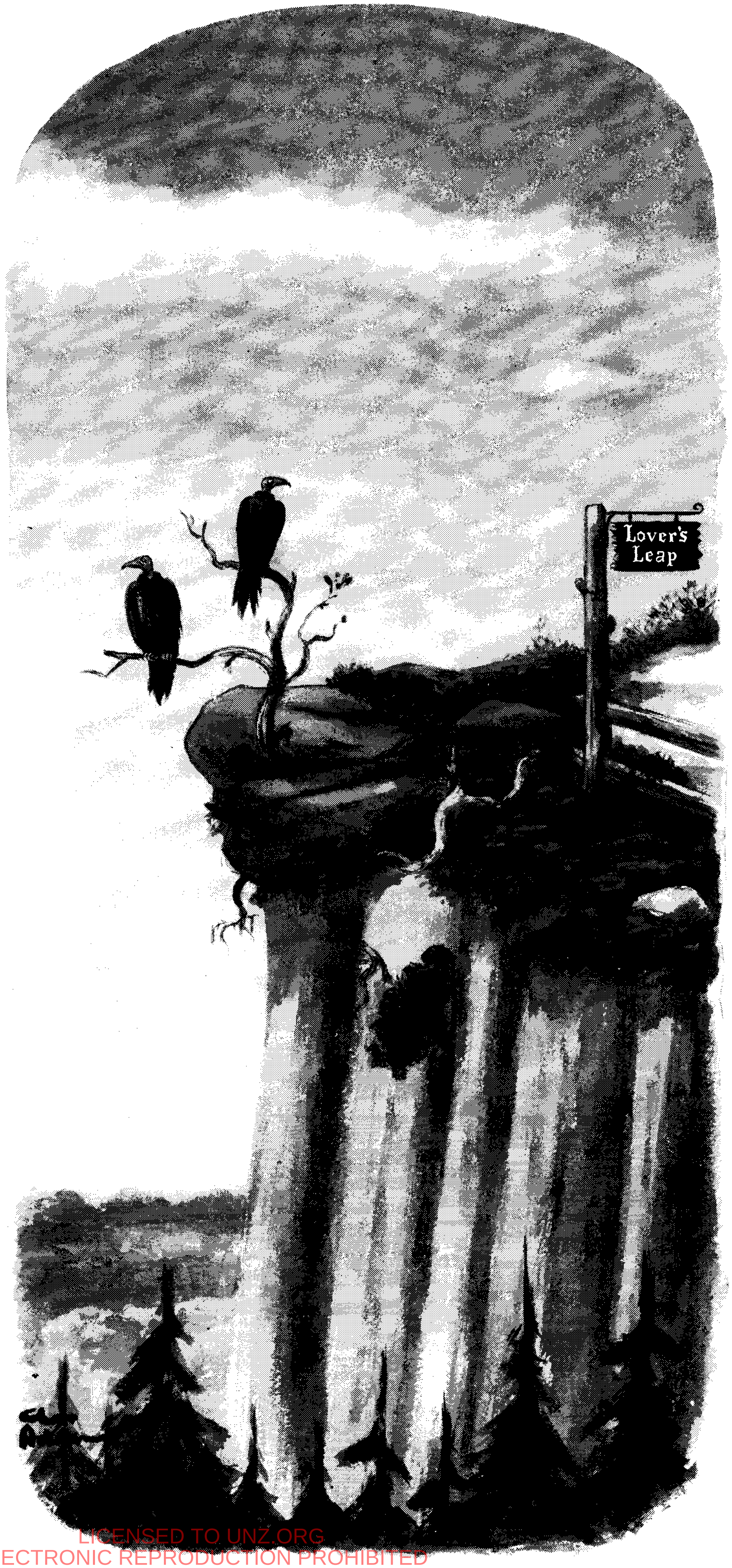


We were inclined to concur, an hour or so later, when, after a bus trip from the Wilmington station to Winterthur, the Henry du Pont place, we found ourself treading a tanbark path through a forest of azalea bushes and lofty tulip trees. "The late E. H. Wilson, of the Arnold Arboretum, discovered those in Japan," said Mr. Everett, pointing to a sea of white azaleas. He turned to some vermilion and pink azaleas, growing on adjacent bushes. "A daring color combination but nice," he pronounced. "We're just gloating in the colors!" one of a clump of passing ladies exclaimed. "We don't care *what* their Latin names are." Everett identified a single-flowered form of the double-snowball bush for the benefit of an inquiring group. Another query, "Would this grow near Plymouth, Massachusetts?," involving a small plant and levelled at Mr. van Melle, drew from him a measured glance and a reassuring affirmative. "*Davidia*, an unusually large specimen of dove tree," Mr. van Melle remarked, a few hundred yards farther on, to no one in particular. "It's a no-good damn tree, a publicity tree. Supposed to look like flying doves, for heaven's sake." Buses presently whisked us to Longwood, the Pierre du Pont place, a few miles off. There, in a farm-office building, we all settled down to tasty box lunches, provided by a Philadelphia catering firm. "Last year, we ate in the grand ballroom," a lady at our elbow said, disconsolately chewing a tuna-fish-paste sandwich. The Pierre du Pont gardens are formal, with thirty fountains, and a huge conservatory and propagating greenhouse, through which we dutifully traipsed, in the wake of such remarks as "Hazel, want to see some teentsy-weentsy orchids?" and "Of course, it isn't the thorn family at all."

Mrs. Harper blew her polo whistle eleven times, a couple of hostesses shouted through megaphones, Mr. Jack advised us that Longwood's late superintendent had left an estate high up in six figures, and there we were on the train back, conversing easily with Lawrence E. Fox, a passenger representative of the Pennsylvania Railroad, who had arranged for the day's transportation. "I take care of special groups," he said, "mostly grocers. You got to hand it to these women. A few of them wanted to know if there would be violence on the train—on account of the called-off railroad strike, you know—but they all stuck to their posts."

Bootleg

A Boston housewife who places a weekly order with the stately firm of S. S. Pierce phoned them a few Tuesdays ago, we are advised, to place an order for Thursday delivery. Everything went along fine until she mentioned a case of canned beer. The Pierce man interrupted her apologetically and said he was afraid they'd have to skip that item. "Today is Primary Day," he explained, "and we are forbidden to sell alcoholic beverages." The lady pointed out to him that by Thursday, when the beer would be delivered, the polls would long have been closed, and the Pierce man asked her uncertainly if she would mind holding on for a moment. When he came back on the wire, he told her, in a low, conspiratorial tone, that he had found a way out of the difficulty. "I won't write the order down until tomorrow," he said.



LUNCH WITH GIDE AT THE DIME STORE

ACCORDING to the War Diary Most Boring to Read in 1948, I once had lunch with André Gide, France's ranking writer and last year's winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature, who is now lecturing in this country. Let me add hastily that the diary I read this in was my own, not M. Gide's. As everyone interested in French literary life of the last half century knows, M. Gide keeps a diary himself; an installment covering the first twenty-five years of his keeping of it was published here in English not long ago as a book called "The Journals of André Gide." After reading this installment of M. Gide's Journals—Autumn, 1889, to 17 November 1913—and then reading the first installment of mine—Spring, 1943, to 4 July 1943—I decided not to publish my Journals until I had had at least twenty-five years' more practice.

The only trouble with M. Gide's Journals is that Mr. Justin O'Brien isn't translating and annotating them fast enough. A second volume will be out shortly, and a third before 1950, but they won't bring M. Gide farther than 1939. I had lunch with M. Gide on Thursday, June 3, 1943, and if it's going to take O'Brien until 1949 to translate and annotate Gide up to 1939 for the American reading public, it stands to reason that he won't get him up to Thursday, June 3, 1943, until sometime in 1953, at the earliest. Eagerly as I'm looking forward to M. Gide's version of the lunch, I'm afraid I can't wait that long.

In giving my version of the occasion, I'll rely on that gift of total recall that is going to make my old age such a joy to those around me. The diary we'll merely crack from time to time for quick checks, since its entry for that unforgettable Thursday is a perfect example of what I mean by my needing a little more practice before I publish my Journals. After a first meeting with André Gide, any seasoned journal-keeper would have loosened his collar and produced something special, perhaps something sublime. All right, I know that restraint is seemly and that I needn't have written like a schoolgirl of the early nineteen-hundreds who had just been presented to Maude Adams. Still, I do think I might have made the start of my June 3rd entry a *bit* more awe-struck than I did: "Up early and to the PX, where I bought two 38 suntan pants, two 16½ shirts same, and 2 pr. sox.

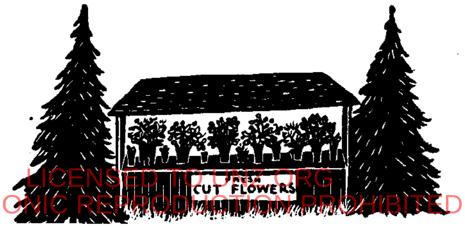
From the diary, then, we'll take no more than the bare bones of history—the identities of the luncheon guests, for instance. In addition to M. Gide and myself, there were a young man from the British Ministry of Information, whose name I never did catch; Mme. Philippe Souppault, whose husband had both helped to found the Dadaist movement, back in 1917, and, later, with André Breton, discovered the process of automatic writing, their joint efforts giving Surrealism to the world; and C. D. Jackson, a Time, Inc., executive who was serving in the Psychological Warfare Branch of Allied Force Headquarters. The lunch was eaten in a five-and-ten-cent store. I suppose that purists would prefer to have it called a two-and-a-half-and-five-franc store, because it was in Algiers, where they don't use nickels and dimes, and our Army had pegged the franc at fifty to the dollar. Anyhow, the store, inside and out, was physically very much like any Woolworth's you would find in North America, except that there was a crippling shortage of merchandise, of course, and the gilded letters on the big red sign above the front windows spelled out "Monoprix" instead of the name of Babs Troubetzkoy's ancestor. What merchandise the Monoprix *did* have on its counters you could have seen in every five-and-ten from Fifth Avenue to Lone Pine, California—tack hammers and wedding rings, sleeve garters and writing pads, toothpaste and cloth roses. My friend M. Lévy-Despas once told me that even in the boom times of production and supply he had never been able to keep enough tea napkins in stock, they were so highly prized as veils by Arab ladies.

M. Lévy-Despas was our luncheon host. He ran all the Monoprix in North Africa for a gigantic merchandising confraternity that has, I believe, its mother chapter in Brussels. In a way that I cannot describe, M. Lévy-Despas was a sort of composite of all the Frenchmen I had ever liked. His home was in Carthage, just outside the city of Tunis, and it was there that he had come to know the Souppaults and André Gide, who had escaped to Tunisia after the fall of France.

I WAS the first guest to arrive at the Monoprix. When I entered the store, the sales personnel were stretching sheet-sized dust covers over the counters; Thursday was early-closing day in Algiers. I went to the mezzanine floor, where the store's business offices were situated, inquired for M. Lévy-Despas, and was passed up to M. Rosenberg, the Algiers branch manager, who informed me that our host had gone to fetch the guest of honor. M. Rosenberg parked me on a sofa in a short hallway adjoining the offices and left. I sat there and worried over whether my French was going to be adequate for the occasion. My courtship with the language of Mme. de Sévigné, though long, had been virtually fruitless. I had tried everything—academic instruction, living in *pensions*, correspondence courses, the Linguaphone, going to French plays and movies, private tuition, both sacred and profane—and here I was today, still clumsy, halting, and subject to the swift closing in of fogs. On the other hand, I sometimes had my good days. Would this be one of them?

M. Rosenberg returned with a pretty, blond young woman, whom he introduced as Mme. Souppault, and bustled out. I had seen a number of blond Frenchwomen in my time, but Mme. Souppault was the blondest by far. After pitching me a few sentences about the weather, to which my answer was a smooth "*N'est-ce pas, Madame?*," she commented at some length on the most recent air raid. I was so pleased at understanding all her comments that I was emboldened to say that one of the bombs had killed an Arab family of three—a husband, wife, and little girl—in a hovel quite close to our billet, which was in the northwest section of the city, near the Jewish Cemetery. My pleasure mounted when I realized that she had understood everything I had said. She then told me about several other air raids she had been in, and once more I got every word. A feeling of elation seized me. How could I ever have doubted my French?

By now as bold as a paratrooper, I told her of a visit two friends and I had made a couple of weeks before to a big P.O.W. cage outside Hammam-Lif, the summer residence of the Bey of Tunis, near Carthage. The prisoners in the Hammam-Lif cage comprised the flower of the Afrika Korps, and a very nasty lot they were, too. I described



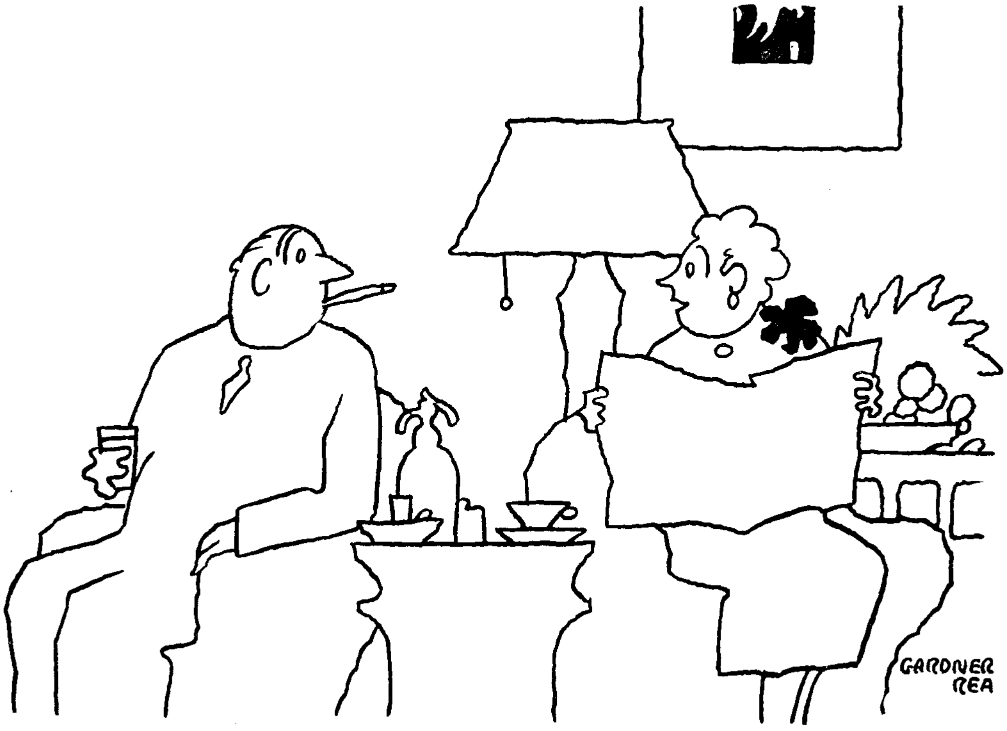
off with a remark made by a corporal, a cocky adolescent with an Iron Cross, Second Class, who had complained about the cage and finished on a patriotic note. "In Germany," he had said, "all the prisons are beautiful."

Mme. Souppault really laughed at that one and made me happier than I had been since leaving home. "I used to live there," she said. "In Hammam-Lif?" I asked. "No," she said. "In Germany. I am German. That is, I was born in Germany and lived there most of my life. I have French citizenship now, of course."

So that was why she was the blondest Frenchwoman I had ever seen! And also, I decided, why we had got along so well together in a tongue that was native to neither of us. While I was trying to recover from this blow, M. Rosenberg bustled in with C. D. Jackson and the young man from the Ministry of Information. Jackson sat down on the other side of Mme. Souppault and at once took over the conversation, speaking French more fluent and idiomatic than any real American had a right to speak. Mme. Souppault speeded up to his tempo, and as a result I could catch only occasional fragments of what they were saying. Three minutes before, I had been catching every syllable she breathed. I felt a kind of linguistic betrayal on her part. She asked Jackson where he had learned to speak such lovely French. He told her that his wife spoke French and that they spoke it around the house to each other most of the time and with their children. It struck me as downright unfair.

I did rally once. I understood Mme. Souppault to say that she had recently seen an American film called "Wake Island." I happened to have some special knowledge about this film and immediately perked up. It was a Paramount picture, starring Brian Donlevy. Jackson said that he had seen it; then Mme. Souppault asked me if I had seen it. "Not only seen it, Madame," I said, "I even know a man who helped photograph it. He's a lieutenant named Bill Mellor and he's right here in Algiers. In fact, he lives in our billet. He even sleeps in the cot next to mine!" I looked at Jackson challengingly. Let him top that, the snake in the grass.

"They made it on the spot, then?" Mme. Souppault said.



"Wouldn't it solve everything if Mr. Truman just ran for Vice-President again?"

• •

For "on the spot," she used the phrase "*sur place*." It goes without saying I knew the meaning of "*sur place*" every bit as well as Jackson did the best day he ever had, but I was flustered by the fairly astonishing nature of Madame's question. A philosopher has remarked that there are times when our minds go "skittering around like water bugs." For me, this was one of those times. Had I unwittingly said something that had led her to believe that "Wake Island" was made on Wake Island during its heroic defense by Major Devereux and his Marines? Didn't she know that at Wake Island we were defeated? Or had she in some fashion, possibly through Surrealism, got the protagonists switched and thought that Donlevy, cast as the island commander, was playing a Japanese? In that case, it would have been the Americans who captured Wake in the last reel, and when Donlevy, dying in the final footage, agonizingly crawled to the transoceanic mike and barked "Send us more Japs!," he was, therefore, simply asking for reinforcements. If, on the other hand, she had got the protagonists straight but believed that the picture she had seen was an actual, supercolossal newsreel, how did she think it had been transported from *sur place* to Hollywood for processing and distribution? A wild vision of Mellor and his camera crew swimming the Pacific on their backs while they held their cans of film above the water to keep them dry skyrocketed through my brain.

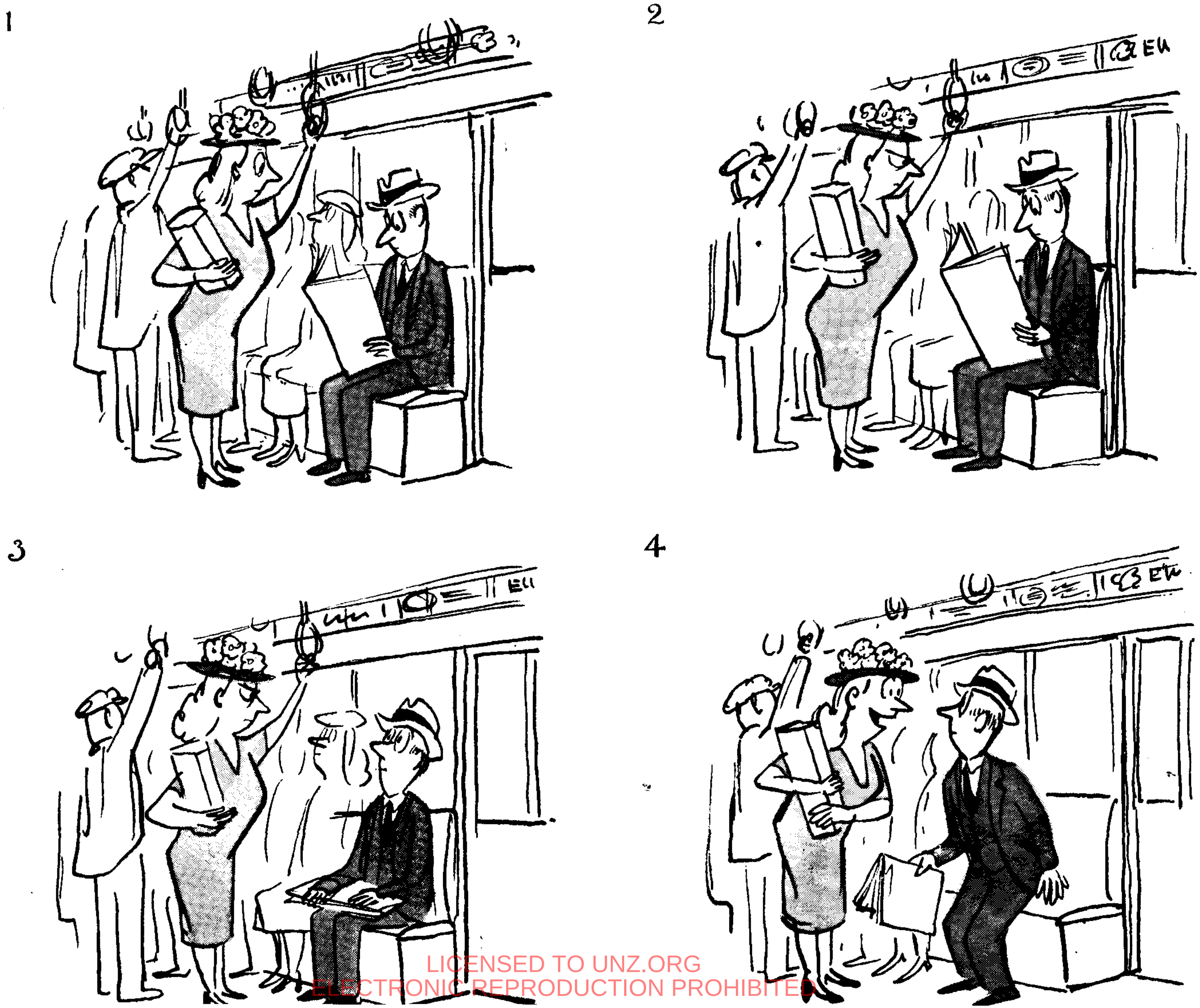
Rattled by these conjectures, instead of answering her question with a *non* I answered it with a *oui*. "Ah, I thought so," she said, nodding. Jackson swooped like a hawk. "What's that?" he said to me in English. "Surely it wasn't made *sur place*. Made in a studio, wasn't it?" "Yes," I said, and noticed that even the backs of my hands were blushing. While Jackson was straightening Madame out on her misconceptions and my mere slip of the tongue, I looked over at the young man from the Ministry of Information. "Warm, isn't it?" I said, applying my handkerchief. "Mm," he said, doing likewise. It was the last utterance I ever heard from him in any language. A few minutes later, our host mercifully arrived with the guest of honor, and after introductions the six of us went into a room on the other side of a green baize curtain, where a table had been set for lunch.

DURING a large part of the preceding twenty-four hours, I had been wondering what André Gide would be like. I was, naturally, excited by the prospect of meeting him, yet I also kept remembering that Hemingway had once written that it was a mistake for a reader of any book ever to meet its author. What if M. Gide should turn out to have limp wrists and a fluty voice? I had read his novel "The Counterfeiters" some years before the war and thought it a masterpiece, but there had been a couple of characters in it and several passages that had somewhat surprised even me, an *homme du monde* who knew it all back when Dr. Kinsey was still fussing around with gall wasps.

It is impossible to define greatness satisfactorily, but M. Gide had hardly appeared before I realized that I was in the presence of a great man. His wrists were of steel, as far as I could make out, and his voice was splendidly baritone. He had a healthy tan and the spring and energy of a person at least thirty years younger than his own seventy-three. After a few minutes in his company, I didn't care what his private predilections were; he could boil and eat little children, for all of me. M. Gide didn't look like any of the photographs of him that I had ever seen in magazines or literary supplements. In the photographs, his face had been in repose and made you think of a cardinal or an archbishop, some really big wheel in the Church; seeing his face in animation, you thought of an ecclesiastic, to be sure, but of an ecclesiastic farther down in the Church's table of organization—a very wise old curé, maybe, an old curé who had worked with the Resistance, as many an old curé did and as M. Gide did himself.

At first sight, however, the most striking feature of M. Gide's appearance was his clothes. God forbid that I should ever make fun of anybody's clothes, particularly of anybody's clothes in wartime, but on Thursday, June 3, 1943, André Gide, one of the most distinguished figures in modern literature, an artist and intellectual of world repute, was wearing a pork-pie hat, a black string four-in-hand, a shirt with collar tabs as long as those John Barrymore made famous, a gray double-breasted coat, the skirt of which reached nearly to his knees, and terrifically peg-topped trousers. Save that there was no outsize key chain looped down his right trouser leg, he had on what in Harlem or at Roseland in that era would have been considered a suit definitely zoot. M. Gide gets around a lot, but I doubt if he was then on even nodding terms with the stuff cuff; the zoot factor in his clothes that day was undoubtedly fortuitous, one of the misfortunes of war. Dodging the enemy, he had had to take whatever clothes he could get and wear them.

WE sat down to lunch, and at once everybody noticed the cutlery; surely it had come from the five-and-ten-cent counters downstairs. Instead of apologizing for it, as a lot of people I can think of would have done under the circumstances, and making everybody feel uncomfortable, M. Lévy-Despas said, "*Voilà de la bonne argenterie Monoprix*," and gurgled with laughter. The rest of us laughed, too, and things got off to a pleasant start. There were two waiters: One, in a white coat, served the food; the other, older than he and wearing a green apron that looked as if it had just been whipped off a shelf



in the store below, was in charge of the bottles. Although they were both excellent waiters, they didn't seem exactly like professionals, for they were obviously following every word of the conversation, and they kept smiling quite openly at each other. Professional waiters follow table conversations, probably, but if so they preserve dead pans while doing it. It occurred to me that these two waiters might be members of the Monoprix sales or clerical staffs—the younger a section manager, say, and the elder a head bookkeeper—who had volunteered to give M. Lévy-Despas a hand with the lunch in return for the privilege of listening to M. Gide talk, plus some time-and-a-half for overtime. I don't remember much about the food; there were mutton and beans, I recall, and strawberries. I do, however, remember the drink distinctly. From the way the bookkeeper plied the bottles, you would have thought that they contained water and that we had just been rescued from the heart of the Sahara. I don't think our glasses were ever less than brimming for more than a few seconds from the time we sat down to the table until 3:41 P.M., when, it says in my diary, we rose from it. The drink was a kind of champagne called Deutz, which I had never heard of before and never have since, but it tasted very good and was the coldest champagne I ever swallowed.

An inaugural series of rapid swallows seemed to benefit my understanding of French enormously, because I was suddenly conscious of the fact that M. Lévy-Despas was talking about ancient Carthage and that I was getting everything he said. The word "Carthage," he told us, was a corruption of the original Punic place name "Karthhadshat," which he spelled for our benefit. "Carthaginian inscriptions exist," he added, "but modern scholars have not yet been able to decipher them." M. Gide then spoke up. He mentioned a play called "The Carthaginian," which had been written in the second century before Christ by the Roman comedy writer Plautus. "*Dans cette pièce,*" M. Gide said, "*se trouve un passage en langue punique sur lequel ont pâli tous les philologues.*"

I was again seized by the same elation I had felt when talking to Mme. Souppault alone, only this time it was even stronger. The elation stemmed from a rehabilitated self-confidence; MM. Gide and Lévy-Despas had spoken and I had understood them perfectly. "*Dans cette pièce se trouve un passage en langue punique sur lequel ont pâli tous les philologues!*" Was there in all the world a language to compare with French! And what could be more agreeable than to sit here at this table and relish it at its finest? The sole reason I had had trouble with Mme. Souppault and Jackson, I decided, was that they were *both* foreigners. Oh, they spoke French well enough—very well, even—but if the truth had to be faced, it wasn't a French that was absolutely pure. Throw me in with a couple of absolutely pure French speakers like MM. Gide and Lévy-Despas, though, and I was hot as a pistol. I took another sip of the Deutz to maintain the razor edge on my perceptions, turned back to the conversation, and was horrified to discover that I could no longer follow it.

I could no longer follow even particles of it; my perceptions seemed to have blacked out completely. That must have been at about one o'clock, for it was shortly after we had started eating. During the ensuing two hours, I have since estimated, I didn't catch a single phrase or word—not a "*oui*" or a "*non*" or a "*n'est-ce pas*" or a "*bien et bon,*" an "*et puis,*" or even an "*oh-la-la!*" Nothing. It was as though I were watching a motion picture with a broken sound track, or, perhaps more accurately, as if I were watching what seemed to be a delightful comedy by Shaw or Wilde with the actors delivering their lines in Turkish. M. Gide was clearly in great form, and so was M. Lévy-Despas. From time to time, Mme. Souppault would make a remark or tell a story that would wow them both. Every now and then, Jackson would whiz away in *his* goddam beautiful French. But what they were talking about I hadn't the faintest idea.

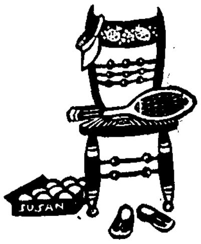
I knew now that as long as I lived I would never get even a decent half nelson on French, let alone throw it. There sat André Gide, so near that I could have hit him with a sprig of parsley, and I might as well have been sitting out on the curb with a sack over my head.

TORPID with food and Deutz and the warmth of the day and a despondency engendered by frustration, I became aware that my new suntan shirt and trousers were binding me like the casing of an overstuffed sausage. I shifted some of the stuffing to obtain relief and noticed that my chair had a bare wooden seat and a back and legs of heavy, twisted wire, like the chairs in every Greek-run Palace of Sweets in the United States. I glanced at the young man from the Ministry of Information, whom, in my dolor, I had forgotten during the past two hours. He had taken no part whatsoever in the conversation, but then he might be one of those strong, silent Englishmen of the classic type who prefer to sit back and drink it all in. A closer inspection of his features, however, proved this speculation to be unfounded. There was that same fixed glassiness of incomprehension in his eyes that I knew must have been in mine until a few minutes before—my own eyes were now rolling in desperation—and I would have reached across the table and shaken hands with him if I hadn't been feeling so terrible.

The mutton went around for the third time, and there was a momentary lull in the conversation. In my desperation, I had hit upon a plan; if I could only ask somebody a halfway intelligent question, whoever answered it would presumably speak French right at me. Then, if I didn't understand the reply, I could slow the speaker down until I did understand it, and in this way I might be able to get back on the beam again. What question to ask, though? The water bugs went skittering around. I suddenly remembered having read somewhere that André Malraux, the author of a magnificent novel called "Man's Fate," was one of a number of younger French writers on whom M. Gide had exerted a strong literary influence. That was it; something about Malraux would be my question. What had become of him, anyway? "*Pardon,* *M. Gide,*" I said, "*mais où est André Malraux maintenant?*"

Up to then, the conversation among the four French speakers at the table had been wholly light and gay, or so I had inferred from their faces and their laughter. But now M. Gide scowled and pounded the table with his right fist several times before answering.

"*Il est dans le creux qui est la France,*" he said. He said it through clenched teeth. He did not say it loudly, but the way he said it had the effect on us of a furious shout. We all sat transfixed by this sudden burst of hatred from M. Gide—hatred for the Germans, who had made the pit that France now was, and for the Vichyites, who had helped them make it *le creux* that Malraux and millions of his fellow-countrymen still were caught in.



M. Gide opened his mouth to say more. As though on cue to interrupt him, the head of Mme. Souppault's five-and-ten-cent-store fork, which in her excitement she must have been pressing hard on her plate, snapped off and flew over her shoulder with a loud, vacillating whimper—*din-n-n-n-n-n-ng!*

She raised the handle of her fork and stared at it in bewilderment. There was a roar of laughter, led by M. Gide. "*L'argenterie Monoprix!*" yelled M. Lévy-Despas. Madame blushed and then laughed herself. In a flash, our collective mood had been completely transformed. Conversation was resumed; it was wholly gay again and so fast that in no time at all I had fallen hopelessly behind.

Back I slid into the Slough of Despond. André Paul Guillaume Gide. He had been in the same class at school as Léon Blum. He had known Mallarmé, Whistler, Gauguin, the Goncourt brothers, Oscar Wilde, Proust, and Max Beerbohm. His published works numbered more than seventy volumes. He had translated Shakespeare, William Blake, Rabindranath Tagore, Walt Whitman, and Joseph Conrad into French. He had gone to the Congo and been so appalled by what he saw that he came home and marched with the Communists. He had donated all his royalties to the Loyalist cause in Spain. He had gone to Russia and been so appalled by what he saw that he broke step with the Communists and was as violently attacked by them as he had been praised before writing of his disillusionment. He had seen France fall, lived under the German occupation, escaped to North Africa, gone underground, emerged safely, and come to this lunch. *Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz; ha, ha, ha, ha, ha.* Pretty soon, their voices were coming through to me only in a phonic blur, like bad short wave. "Ladies and gentlemen, owing to French beyond our control . . ."

I MUST have been sitting in this self-pitying fuddle for a good half hour when all at once I felt Jackson, who was on my right, prod me with his elbow. I roused myself and saw that everyone at the table was staring at me. Jackson had a friendly smile on his face. "M. Gide," he said to me in English, "wants to know about Dashiell Hammett."

Was this a gag? I looked at M. Gide.

He was bending forward, regarding me with an air of utter seriousness. "*Est-ce que vous connaissez M. Hammett?*" he asked.

My blood raced, but I also had a curious feeling that at any moment I was going to find that I had fallen out of bed. "*Mais oui, Monsieur,*" I began cautiously. "*Je le connais. Je le connais assez bien. Je l'ai connu à Hollywood.*" I was about to add that Hammett was *un drôle de type*, but before I could do so, M. Gide said, "*C'est un écrivain très, très intéressant.*" When Malraux had returned to France from a trip to America in 1937, it appeared, he had sung Hammett's praises to M. Gide and given him all of Hammett's books except "The Thin Man." M. Gide had read and admired them. "*Ce 'Maltese Falcon' est un livre bien extraordinaire,*" he said. He then wanted to know what Hammett was like personally.

To tell André Gide what Dashiell Hammett is like personally would have been beyond my powers of English, not to speak of my powers of French, and besides we didn't have all day; General Marshall was holding a press conference that afternoon, and I should have been on my way to it that very minute. But I did the best I could with the time and French at my disposal. "*Vous savez bien, n'est-ce pas, cher Maître,*" I began, "*que M. Hammett était détective lui-même?*" Then I told M. Gide about the time, when Hammett was with the Pinkertons, he ran down and arrested a man who had stolen a Ferris wheel (*grande roue*).

"*Tiens!*" exclaimed M. Gide, with no change of facial expression. I told him about *M. Hammett et l'affaire Fatty Arbuckle.* I followed with several of the milder Hammett anecdotes. M. Gide said that he wished he could reread "Red Harvest," which he had been impressed by, and see if it measured up to "The Maltese Falcon." I promised that I would get him a copy of "Red Harvest" if I had to steal Eisenhower's own. The lunch broke up shortly thereafter. We shook hands all around, thanked M. Lévy-Despas, and went our several ways.

NEXT day, I discovered that Algiers was bulging with copies of all Hammett's books except "Red Harvest." I did at last obtain a copy, however, and sent it to M. Gide. On the very day I sent it, I was ordered to proceed at once to Iran, so I didn't have a chance to find out how it had seemed to him on rereading. But nearly a year later I was in a place called Andimeshk, which claims to be the hottest town on earth, and there I found a copy of the *New Republic* in a friend's billet. The issue contained a piece by M. Gide on American writers. As speedily as the heat would allow, I glanced through it: Hemingway . . . Steinbeck . . . Dos Passos . . . Faulkner . . . ah, there it was—"I regard his 'Red Harvest' as a remarkable achievement, the last word in atrocity, cynicism, and horror."

Now that M. Gide is among us, if he still wants to know what M. Hammett is like, I imagine it could be arranged. One of my operatives has reported seeing M. Hammett in the Cub Room the other night.

—JOEL SAYRE

• •

BUSINESS FAILURE

Adam was un-American, I think;
He never made a dollar or a speech,
And all he stole was an apple and information.

He didn't even syndicate his scoop.
And, once out of office, he dropped the whole campaign,
Promised nothing, sold nothing, jumped no claims,
Muffed all the commercial angles. He begat and begat,
Didn't do too well, and let it go at that.

—JOHN CIARDI

MRS. BULLARD AND HER STONE WALL

LONG before young Robert Bullard had cut his first tooth, his preparatory school was selected and his career at his father's university was charted from registration to graduation—class of 1958. This farsighted burst of planning accomplished, Mr. Bullard settled back complacently, and it was not until five or six years later that Mrs. Bullard ran head on into the stone wall of education, as represented by the elementary grades of the public-school system in their small suburban town.

Unfortunately, Robert's birthday came in January and the school year started in September, so he seemed to dawdle endlessly in nursery school and kindergarten before Mrs. Bullard was able to prove by his birth certificate that he was six and therefore eligible to enter the first grade. In the first grade, his overripe intellectual curiosity carried him at once into the most advanced reading section, a group called the Flowers. (The second reading group was called the Goldfish, and the slowest readers were the Acorns.) Toward the middle of the school year, he became the very first Flower of them all, and he read book after book recounting the exploits of two rather feeble-minded children named Dick and Jane. In June, Mrs. Bullard received a letter from Robert's teacher saying that he was a friendly, coöperative child and that he was promoted to the second grade.

In the second grade, he remained in the first group of readers, though they were no longer called Flowers. Instead of reading about Dick and Jane, he read about Bob and Sue. Also, he was on the Rabbit Committee, which was established for the purpose of raising a family of rabbits. In spite of Robert's urgent warnings, the father rabbit was not segregated, and when the baby rabbits were born, the father ate every one of them, and Robert was thrown back on Bob and Sue for stimulation. Soon afterward, the first signs of rebellion appeared in Robert. "I'm not going to school any more," he said to his mother one day. "It bores me." His mother tried cajolery and gentle reproof, but he remained firm; finally she told him sternly that he was legally required to go to school, whether he liked it or not. He looked at her thoughtfully and then went off to school like one who accepts not only the universe but society as well. Though her terrible revelation had been successful, Mrs. Bullard was overcome with remorse. "Isn't it awful!" she said to her husband that night. "To give him the idea that school is something like jail or the income tax, when he ought to run off to it willingly, as though it were a happy privilege!" She decided to visit the school and talk to Robert's teacher, to discover why Robert was bored and what could be done about it.

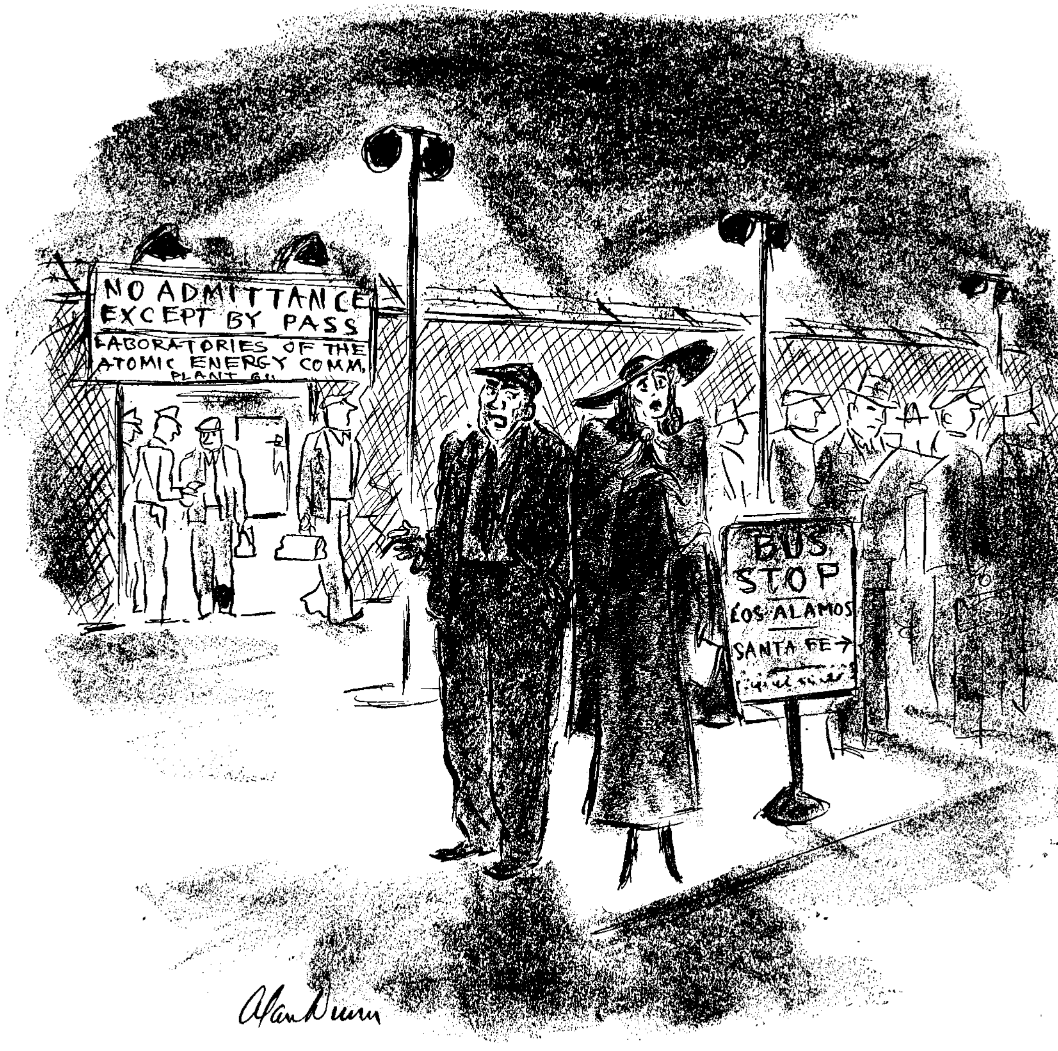
His teacher had an immediate explanation. Robert found second-grade work too easy. He finished his tasks so rapidly that he spent a great deal of time simply waiting for the other children to catch up with him. Mrs. Bullard asked if, in that case, a move into the third grade might not be indicated. The teacher agreed that Robert could do third-grade work with ease; however, there was the social factor to consider. She was not sure that he was socially mature enough to be with third-grade children.

"Is he socially immature?" Mrs. Bullard cried in alarm.

"Robert does not seem to engage fully in the social activities of the other children," the teacher said gravely.

The moment Mrs. Bullard could bring up the subject with any naturalness, she suggested to Robert that even though school itself bored him, he might find considerable pleasure in the company of his contemporaries. "The boys in my class are all very childish," Robert told her. "They bore me."

Before she had time to think through this new problem, two events eased the situation. Robert went to the public



"*Operative K19 reporting. Ready?* $-\frac{1}{2}\sqrt{93\mathrm{N_p}^{239}} = \frac{1}{2}\sqrt{94\mathrm{Pu}^{239}} + {}_{-1}e^{0} +$ *gamma rays. Over.*"

library and took out a large book called "On the Trail of Ancient Man," and an eleven-year-old boy possessed of a BB gun and a lead-molding set moved into the house across the street. Robert continued to hibernate in school, but every afternoon at three o'clock he came suddenly to life. He and the older boy molded cannons or lead soldiers, constructed forts, and engaged in target practice. And every evening after his supper, Robert read "On the Trail of Ancient Man." First, he read it himself, then his mother read it aloud to him, and then he started it all over again. Finally, the library refused to renew the book for the fourth time, and Robert bought a copy with his savings. "I'm going to be a paleontologist when I grow up," he said, and added to his afternoon activities the excavation of various parts of the neighborhood. He discovered no fossils, but he did find an object that was probably an old Indian arrowhead, and this became the foundation for a large collection of arrowheads, which he kept bedded carefully in cotton.

Mrs. Bullard still hoped that Robert's teacher might eventually decide that he was mature enough socially to be advanced into a class where the work would be more compelling. In June, she received a list of the scores he had attained in his achievement tests. As she had expected, he was well above the second-grade average in all his subjects, and in some, like reading and arithmetic reasoning, he had a sixth-grade score. Nevertheless, the attached note from the teacher said merely, "Robert has successfully completed the work of the second grade and will be promoted to the third grade next year."

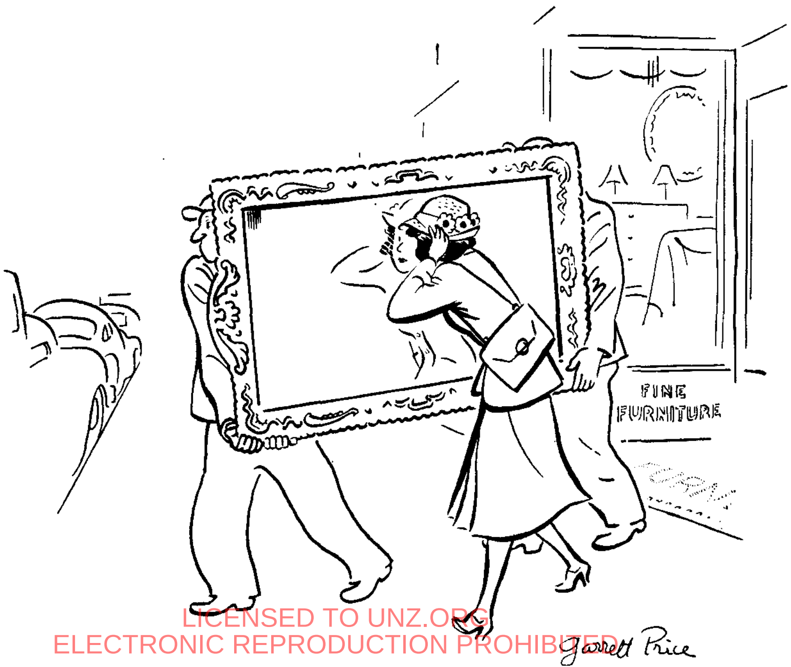
BY the time Robert entered the third grade, he refused to tolerate any longer the infantile pranks of his classmates. Even if the law did require that he be penned up with them during school hours, he said, he certainly was not legally required to spend an hour and a half with them at noon, when they threw bits of gelatine pudding at each other in the cafeteria and seized one another's hats or knocked one another down in the playground. His complaints struck Mrs. Bullard as so eminently reasonable that she agreed to have him home for lunch every day, even though she was in a very confused state of mind, because she had just produced twins. It occurred to her one day that if he hated playing with the eight-year-old boys who pushed off his hat or caused him to fall on his face, yet enjoyed so enormously playing with the boy across the street, who was now twelve, he might be socially developed *beyond* his age instead of socially immature. Armed with this idea, she made an appointment to discuss the matter with the principal of Robert's school.

An inclination to enjoy the companionship of a boy four years older than oneself, the principal said, far from being a sign of social maturity, was a definite indication that there was something wrong. Did it work both ways, Mrs. Bullard asked. Oh, yes. If a child enjoyed playing with another child much younger, it was equally suspicious. Then there was something the matter with the boy across the street, too, Mrs. Bullard thought wildly, yet he was such a nice child. "I don't know what *can* be wrong," she said. "Unless it all boils down to Robert's being so bored in school." She suggested that it might be worth trying him out in a more advanced grade, just to see if the more challenging work would help him to adjust socially.

The principal directed his attention to Robert's folder of records, which lay on his desk in readiness. After reading for a few moments, he came upon the answer to their problem. Robert did indeed give the impression of being a very bright student, he said, but this was misleading. The fact was that various tests showed plainly that his achievements were well beyond his aptitude. Mrs. Bullard thought this over briefly. It meant, she realized, that Robert was doing better work than he had the natural ability to do; therefore he must be working terribly hard all the time in order to surpass his own mediocre capacity. In a flurry, she sought for some indication in his behavior of this terrible application to his studies, but she could remember only all the times he had managed to stay home from school because he thought maybe he was getting a sore throat. "Oh, I'm sure you must be wrong about that!" she said. "Robert does well in his work, but he never puts the least effort into it. In fact, that's one of my worries—that everything is so easy for him that he'll grow mentally lazy." The principal was unconvinced; the evidence was before him. He showed Mrs. Bullard Robert's intelligence test, from which Robert had emerged with an I.Q. of only 100. This was such a shock to her that she was obliged to hurry home soon afterward.

For some time thereafter, Mrs. Bullard tried to observe Robert with what she hoped was objectivity. Every afternoon, he brought home a schoolbook and laid it on the hall table, where it remained until he left the house in the morning. When she asked him why he brought it home and never opened it, he explained that it was because his teacher had a "thing" about spelling; she stood at the door when they left the classroom and inspected them to make sure they were going to study their spelling books at night. But he didn't need to; the words were so babyish that he could spell them in his sleep.

Thinking this might be arrogant overconfidence in a person with a barely average I.Q., his mother seized the book, turned to the last lesson, and insisted that he spell every word in it. He made no mistakes. She scanned his report cards with baffled interest. In reading, arithmetic, written expression, spelling, manuscript writing, social studies, music, and art, his grade was uniformly S+, which meant "Work in advance of standard cur-



$2 PLACE
$2 PLACE
$2 SHO
18
19
PBarlow

"Er—suppose you were buying a ticket on this race . . ."

• •

riculum." The only adverse comment appeared one month next to his grade for manuscript writing: "Robert presses too hard with the pencil."

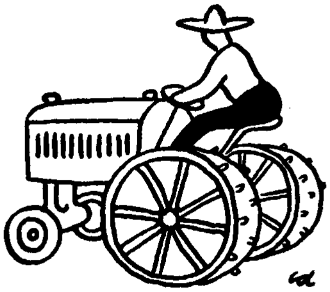
Certainly, if Robert was keeping his nose to the grindstone in order to maintain this academic superiority, the grindstone was invisible. But what really convinced Mrs. Bullard that he must be a fairly bright child was the constantly growing range and complexity of his interests outside school. He and the boy across the street took to playing chess, and Robert became proficient enough to beat his father occasionally. By the time he was nine, he was also an expert cribbage player. His collecting instincts grew to embrace numismatics and philately as well as arrowheads. He added archeology to paleontology as a possible lifework. When he wasn't in school, he was very busy and very happy; it even seemed to amuse and stimulate him to think up new ways to avoid going to school.

At the end of the year, he was promoted to the fourth grade, and at about the same time the principal telephoned Mrs. Bullard to make a suggestion that he thought would solve all Robert's problems. The principal had talked to Robert's teacher about his social status, which seemed definitely retarded for his age, and he had discovered that Robert did not stay at school during the lunch period. The principal was of the opinion that going home for lunch had penalized the boy by taking him away at the time when the children organized their self-regulated sports, and he advised that the practice be discontinued in the fall. Mrs. Bullard tried to answer politely, but her voice rose to a slight scream as she replied that Robert had not developed anti-social habits as a result of lunching at home; on the contrary, she said, she had finally allowed him to come home for lunch because it bored and annoyed him to have his hat pulled off ten or twelve times an hour and it did not amuse him to pull off other boys' hats. "If you call that self-regulated sport!" she added scornfully, but the remark was wasted on the principal, who said once more that he thought she had made a big mistake, and terminated the conversation.

IN the fall, Mrs. Bullard made an appointment with the head of a well-known children's laboratory at a great university in the city. She presented her problem to him and agreed to bring Robert in at nine o'clock the following Wednesday morning to undergo a battery of tests that would decide finally whether or not he was straining every muscle to keep up with his contemporaries. Robert went to the city willingly, since it meant that he could spend the whole afternoon in museums containing fossils. He was poised and agreeable when he was introduced to his particular psychologist, a young woman with a sheaf of papers in her hand. The tests lasted until noon. Mrs. Bullard then spent half an hour with the psychologist, who assured her that Robert had done exceptionally well and that there could be no doubt that his dissatisfaction with school was due to the fact that he was able to do much more advanced work and that his real capacities were not being used. The laboratory promised a full report in a few weeks and would also be glad to send a report to Robert's school if Mrs. Bullard requested it. Mrs. Bullard decided to talk to the principal before having the report sent to him. She greatly anticipated telling him that Robert really *did* belong in a higher grade, with more mature children; that his I.Q. was *not* 100.

When the letter from the laboratory arrived, she found that while she might tell the principal what Robert's I.Q. was not, she was still unable to tell him what it really was. The letter explained that it would not be possible to give the results of the tests in terms of an intelligence quotient, as this was contrary to long-established policy. The laboratory had found that percentiles were more significant. A percentile placed a child in relation to other children of his own age; a percentile of 50, for example, meant that the child fell at the middle mark and was about average in his general mental ability. Robert's percentile was approximately 99. In other words, his performance in the tests showed that he was brighter than about ninety-nine per cent of the children of his age group, on a nationwide basis. The letter added that Robert's rating indicated an academic aptitude that would enable him to do very creditable work when he entered college.

Mrs. Bullard perceived that she had paid twenty-five dollars to discover that Robert would probably do well in college. Nevertheless, if, according to these tests, only one per cent of the children all over the nation were superior to Robert in general mental ability, it must mean at least that his achievements in the third grade had not been greater than his aptitude. She telephoned the principal to tell him so. When he heard what she had done, he told her how unnecessary it had been. "We have one of the best psychologists in the country right here in school," he said.



"Is that the psychologist who found Robert had an I.Q. of 100?" she asked sweetly. It was not; it was a new one, the principal replied, and he added that he had no interest in the laboratory report from the great university; the new psychologist had recently given Robert an individual aptitude test, the results of which were about to go to Mrs. Bullard in a letter. Furious that he should care nothing for the great university, Mrs. Bullard waited in a dangerous mood for the letter.

It arrived a day or so later. In it, the principal did not refer to his original low estimate of Robert's intelligence. He began by saying, "An individual academic-aptitude test confirms previous indications that Robert's ability is decidedly superior." And his last paragraph read, "You raised the question as to whether Robert should be moved ahead a year. In common with some other members of his class, Robert could probably do passing work in the grade ahead. Being placed with older children would, however, only intensify his problem of learning to enjoy other children. Perhaps you and his teacher could be of assistance to each other in understanding and dealing with Robert's more complete enjoyment of his contemporaries."

Mrs. Bullard had an attack of something that felt like high blood pressure.

In June, Robert was promoted to the fifth grade.

DURING that summer, the Bullards moved near a small town in another state. Hoping that the principal in Robert's new school might have more respect for the great university and a less rigid interpretation of social maturity, Mrs. Bullard wrote to him asking if he would care to have the university send him the results of its laboratory tests, to aid him in placing Robert in the right grade. He answered at once that his school operated on the principle of giving attention to physical and social maturity as well as to mental ability in determining grade placement, and that since Robert was the proper age for the fifth-grade group, the university tests would not influence the school to place Robert in any grade except the fifth. "Should Robert find fifth-grade work insufficiently stimulating," he added, "the activities of the student council will provide him with opportunities for additional growth educationally." Apparently, the social factor had become an obsession with educators. Mrs. Bullard gave up.

Robert was enrolled in the fifth grade in the new school. The Bullards lived so far out on a country road that he had to eat lunch in the cafeteria and join the other children on the playground at noon. When he did get home, he no longer had the boy across the street to play with. There were no children at all nearby. He managed to get whooping cough, which kept him away from school for six weeks; during this period he rearranged his collection of five thousand stamps and read a couple of volumes of the encyclopedia. Later in the winter, when he learned that the school closed for every severe snowstorm, he bought a thermometer, a barometer, and a book on weather prediction.

At the end of the first semester, Robert was elected president of the student council for all the elementary grades. Mrs. Bullard was pleased. She hoped this would provide him with opportunities for additional growth educationally. After a few weeks, she asked him what he did as president. "Just what the teacher tells me to do," he answered. "Stuff like telling the safety council to keep the halls clean. Pretty boring."

"Well, isn't it educational?" she asked.

He considered this. "I guess you learn a little about parliamentary procedure," he said.

IN the spring, Mrs. Bullard began to notice a change in Robert. He took to buying regularly a few of the more hideous comic books, which he pored over gravely. Instead of opening the newspaper to the science columns, the weather forecasts, and the stamp news, he reached first for the sports page. Every evening, he listened to the loudest and most abominable radio programs. Overcome by this last activity, his mother asked him if he *liked* the things. "Like them!" he said. "Why, some of these programs only a moron could like. But I have to listen to them, Mom, or I wouldn't have anything to talk to the kids about at noon."

"Robert," his mother said, "there must be at least one boy in your class who—who's like you. Has the same interests, I mean."

"Nope," he said. "They're a bunch of babies. They just stare at you if you talk about anything except comic books or the Lone Ranger. And some of them are pretty dumb, too. Why, Mom, there's even an idiot in my class!"

"An idiot?"

He nodded. "A real idiot. Sits right across the aisle from me."

When Mrs. Bullard visited the class one day, she saw the idiot, sitting across from Robert. Perhaps he wasn't an idiot, but he was a very large boy, possibly thirteen or fourteen, who took no part in the work of the class. A child's coloring book lay open on his desk, and all during Mrs. Bullard's visit he carefully filled in the figures with crayons.

She wondered if this was the very slowest of all the fifth-grade classes, but when she suggested the possibility, the teacher was shocked. "We have three fifth-grade classes," the teacher explained, "but we group the children in them heterogeneously. We don't believe in the other system. We feel it would be so unfair to the slow children to be deprived of the stimulation of the bright ones."

"But the boy across from Robert," Mrs. Bullard said. "The one with the crayon book. Surely—"

"Oh, you mean Peter," the teacher said. "Well, of course Peter isn't able to do any of the work in this class, but he gets a great deal out of it in other ways."

"Socially, perhaps?" Mrs. Bullard suggested.

"Yes, socially," the teacher said, pleased with Mrs. Bullard's understanding. —JANET CURREN OWEN

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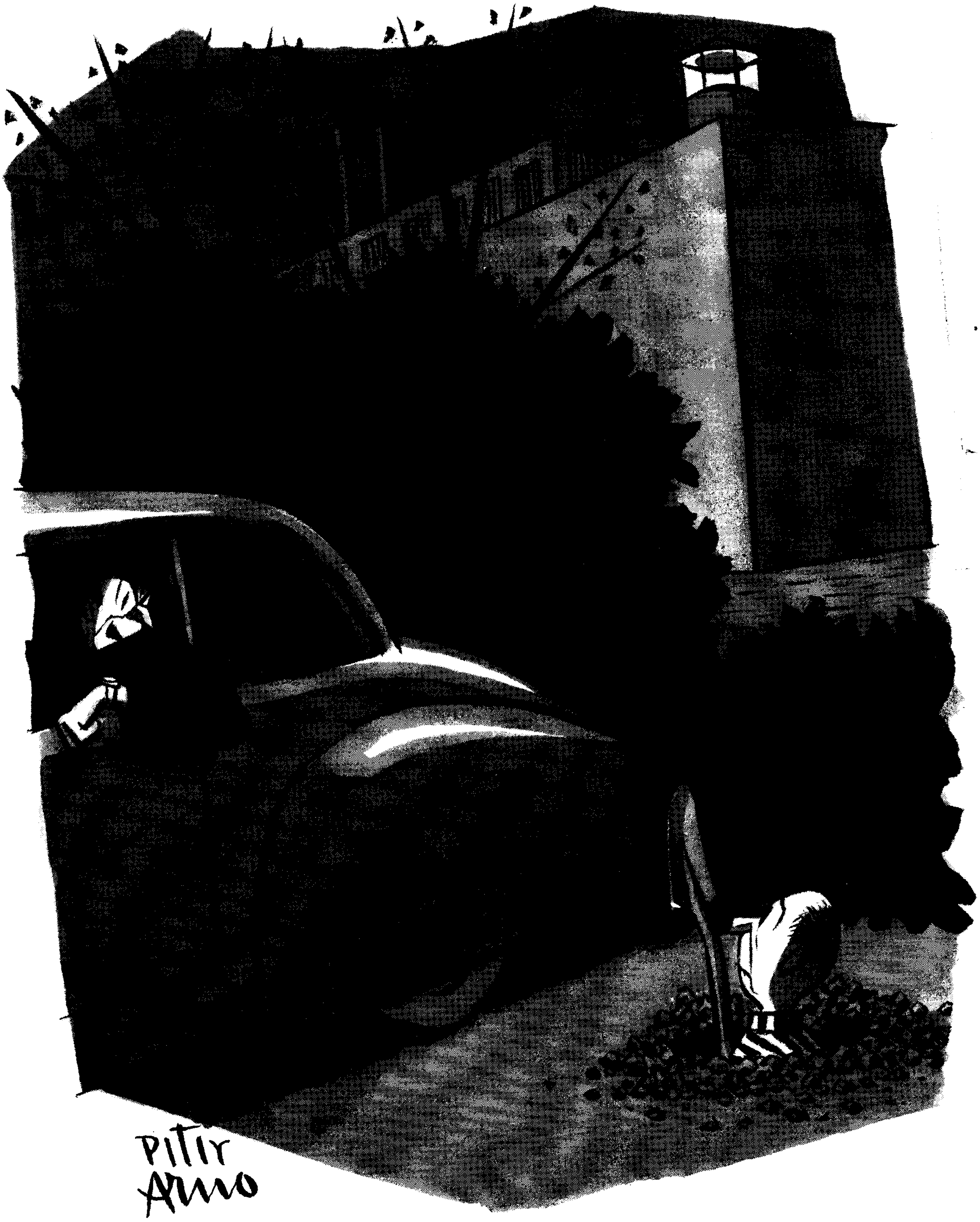
STAG NIGHT, PALEOLITHIC

Drink deep to Uncle Uglug,
That early heroic human—
The first to eat an oyster,
The first to marry a woman.

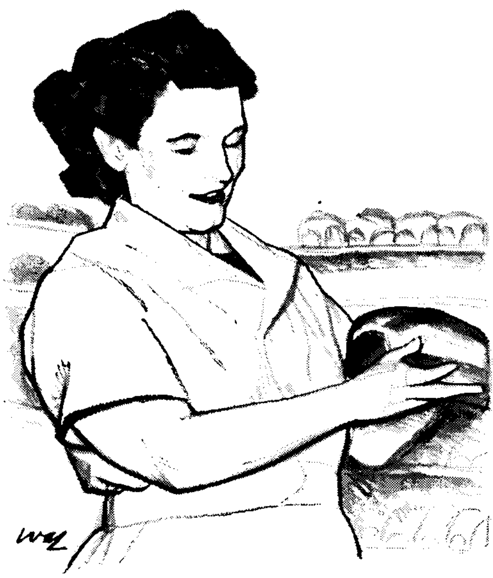
God's curse on him who murmurs
As the banquet waxes moister:
Had only he eaten the woman,
Had only he married the oyster.
—OGDEN NASH



"*Well! Finally!*"

PROFILES

STRIKING A BLOW FOR GRANDMA

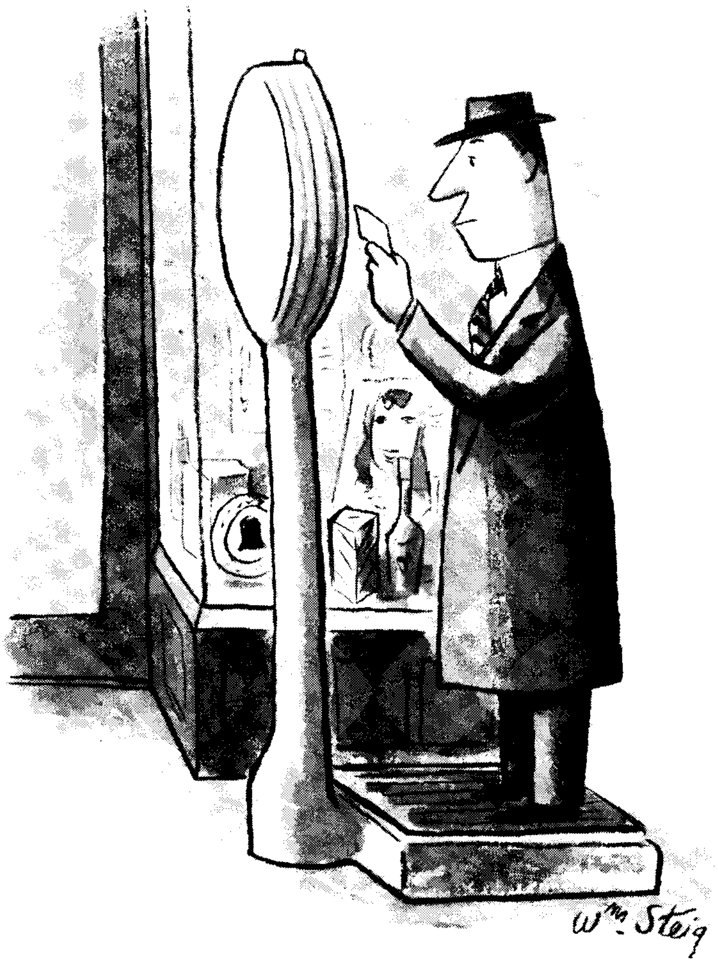


Mrs. Margaret Rudkin, the red-haired president of a baking firm called Pepperidge Farm, Inc., turns out the kind of bread that is not preferred, or at least not bought, by ninety-nine-and-nine-tenths per cent of the American people. Few other commercial bakers can make that claim. Mrs. Rudkin's product has other distinctions, such as its high price. Her twenty-two-ounce loaf of white or whole-wheat bread costs thirty-one cents and her one-pound loaf of either white or whole wheat costs twenty-three. Even at those prices, Pepperidge Farm bread is not homogenized, fortified, energized, vitaminized, or atomized. It is just made out of flour, fresh milk, butter, honey, and other ingredients from which the vitamins have not been extracted by modern scientific methods. Furthermore, Pepperidge Farm bread is touched by human hands. Mrs. Rudkin has an antiquated notion, which she got from her grandmother, that only dough kneaded by hand makes good bread. At the Pepperidge Farm bakery, which is in Norwalk, Connecticut, Mrs. Rudkin accordingly employs a battery of elderly women who do nothing all day but knead dough with their bare hands. Pepperidge Farm bread has never been advertised as containing anything to make people who eat it strong in body, mind, or spirit. In fact, it has never been advertised. There are still other drawbacks. It is hard to see daylight through a slice of Pepperidge Farm bread, and the loaf lacks limpness. As a consequence, Pepperidge bread rates low in the housewives' hand test for freshness. This simple test, widely used by discriminating bread buyers, consists in picking up a loaf of wrapped bread between the thumb and second finger and squeezing. If the bread collapses and the thumb and finger come together almost instantaneously, the loaf is considered fresh. Most brands of white bread pass this test admirably, partly because they are made of what bakers call sponge dough and partly because they are sliced, for greater convenience and faster deterioration. Housewives who casually give the hand test to the large, unsliced Pepperidge loaf for the first time are surprised, if not disgusted. It resists, like bread. Such women find the smaller loaf less repellent, because it is sold sliced, a fact that gives Mrs. Rudkin no joy. She has a behind-the-times dislike of sliced bread, never uses it herself, and is still saddened over a decision, made in a moment of weakness a couple of years ago, to provide it for others. "May the good Lord forgive me," she sometimes says as she passes the slicing machine in her bakery.

One thing that can be said in favor of Pepperidge Farm white bread is that it will not drive dogs crazy. It possesses this excellent and somewhat unusual quality because it is made of unbleached flour. Forty million loaves of bread are sold daily in this country; of this number, about eighty per cent are white, and ninety per cent of these are made of bleached flour. The big bakeries prefer bleached flour for several reasons. It keeps well, because weevils won't eat it; its baking characteristics are less variable than those of unbleached flour and it therefore lends itself to standardized baking operations; and it results in a loaf of bread as snowy white as Kleenex. The bleached flour used by the big bread factories has been treated with nitrogen trichloride, an agent that goes under the trade name of Agene. The agenizing process whitens flour, softens it, and deftly converts one of its proteins, gliadin, into a poison that sets dogs off their rockers. The dramatic properties of agenized flour were discovered a year and a half ago by the Secretary of the British Medical Research Council, Sir Edward Mellanby, who discovered that dogs fed a concentrated diet of bread made of heavily agenized flour developed "canine hysteria." Since then, Sir Edward's experiments have been amplified by the Medical Nutrition Laboratory of the Surgeon General's office of the United States Army and by a research group at the University of Wisconsin. They have found that agenized flour unsettles not only dogs but also cats, rats, and monkeys. What effect, if any, it has on human beings is not yet known. Scientists are trying to find out. Meanwhile, the Food and Drug Administration has reported that "no evidence of human injury has been obtained by any investigators studying the bleaching substance." Dr. Anton J. Carlson, a noted physiologist, stated in an address last December before the American Association for the Advancement of Science his belief that agenized flour "is at least among the contributing factors to the nervous instability among the population that could be responsible for a portion of the upcurve in problem drinking." So-called normal people may be immune to the effects of agenized flour, Dr. Carlson said, but even small amounts of it may turn persons with a tendency toward alcoholism into alcoholics. Mrs. Rudkin regards the current to-do about bleached flour with serenity. She knows that her bakery products cannot be blamed when a man steps up to a bar and says, "A couple of boilermakers, Danny. I've been on the bread again."

There is some evidence that Pepperidge Farm bread is itself habit-forming. Certain people who begin taking it regularly become addicts. Dorothy Thompson started using it in 1938. "I shall eat no other bread," she proclaimed soon thereafter in a letter to Mrs. Rudkin, and she hasn't. When Pepperidge Farm bread addicts move away from the East to communities where the bread is not on sale, they become morose, run-down, and despondent. Many of them communicate their grief to Mrs. Rudkin and plead for a little bread. "To be frank, life is not worth living without it," wrote a schoolteacher who moved from New Jersey to Iowa. "Could you send me even one small loaf?" A New York lawyer retired and went to California, but he couldn't break himself of the Pepperidge habit. "Until I get your bread again, dear lady," he wrote, "I shall be a dead pigeon." To sustain these displaced habitual users, Mrs. Rudkin set up a mail-order service a few years ago. She now supplies her bread by parcel post to five hundred devotees scattered through forty states. She has also sent small bundles of bread to Americans in Stockholm and Lisbon by air, and occasionally she quick-freezes a couple of dozen loaves and ships them in the refrigerator of a passenger ship to a Standard Oil Company official stationed in Paris. "Bread arrived O.K. Bless you," the oilman cabled her upon receiving a recent shipment. Mrs. Rudkin is used to receiving benedictions from her customers, several of whom have assured her in writing that they cannot listen to the Lord's Prayer without thinking of a slice of Pepperidge, either plain or toasted. Another theme favored by her correspondents is the comparison of Pepperidge Farm bread with their mothers'. These letters reveal a great deal of filial ingratitude. "I had always thought my mother baked wonderful bread, but yours is better," an ingrate in Boston wrote. It is hard for Mrs. Rudkin not to be pleased with such letters, even though she is aware that her pleasure rests upon the maligning of somebody's mother.

MRS. RUDKIN, the wife of Henry A. Rudkin, a New York stockbroker, is fifty years old, handsome, hard-working, and the mother of three grown sons, all decent chaps who have never been known to speak ill of their mother's bread. However, the youngest son is getting a trifle tired of the story that his asthma, which he developed at the age of nine but no longer has, caused his mother to go into the baking business. A couple of doctors prescribed taking him to Arizona, but Mrs. Rudkin, who was born into a New York Irish family named Fogarty that believed there was some connection between good food and good health, decided to keep the boy at home, near Fairfield, and put him on an ideal diet. One thing she decided to feed him was the kind of bread her mother's mother used to make. She says that all that she knows about baking she owes to her grandmother, in whose brownstone house, on the site of Tudor City, she lived, along with her parents and four sisters and brothers, until she was twelve. Following Grandmother's recipe, Mrs. Rudkin turned out an experimental loaf of whole-wheat bread in the summer of 1937. Its texture was rough because she had produced the flour in it herself by grinding wheat, which she had bought at a local feed store, in a kitchen coffee mill. Her son found the bread palatable, and it seemed to benefit his health—a finding she communicated to one of his doctors. The doctor asked if she would bake a few loaves for some of his other patients, and she agreed. Several of her friends who tasted the bread said it was so good she could sell it even to healthy people. She decided to try it. One morning in the fall of 1937, she put eight loaves of her whole-wheat bread in a wicker basket, took them to Mercurio's Market, in Fairfield, and asked her friend Jimmy Mercurio, the proprietor, to try to sell them at twenty-five cents a loaf. A couple of hours later, Jimmy phoned to say that the bread was gone, and to ask for a regular and bigger supply. Mrs. Rudkin hired a neighbor girl to help her, got down from the attic a pair of baby scales for weighing dough, and began expanding. Within a year, she was selling four thousand loaves of whole-wheat and white bread a week. She now produces forty thousand loaves a day. This year, she expects to do a gross business of three million dollars and to make a profit of something over three hundred thousand. Slightly more than eighty per cent of the corporation's stock is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Rudkin and their three sons. The balance is divided among three family friends.



"You are stupid, narrow, and egotistical. You regard yourself as a conversationalist and raconteur, but you are in reality a windbag and a bore. You should learn to listen. Your inability to make friends is caused by the same trait that hinders your getting ahead; namely, your excessive degree of self-confidence, a certain measure of which is essential to any success but which in your case is exaggerated into an obnoxious complacency."

Despite her success, Mrs. Rudkin and her family have not made any material change in their mode of living. They still live, as they have for nineteen years, at Pepperidge Farm, an impressive estate of a hundred and twenty-five acres that takes its name from an ancient pepperidge tree on the property. Her husband is a partner in the Wall Street firm of J. R. Williston & Co. and a director of several corporations. Until he broke his hip in a fall from a horse several years ago, he was a first-rate polo player who kept a string of ten ponies, and for years he was president of the Fairfield County Hunt Club Polo Association. Mr. Rudkin, also a native New Yorker, is a tall, sturdily built, articulate, well-tailored man who in the last few years has taken to devoting only two days a week to the brokerage business and the rest to bread. The Rudkins' sons, brought up by a governess who taught them excellent French, still sail, as they always have, at the Pequot Yacht Club, in Southport. The family still lives in a capacious, elegantly furnished Tudor house surrounded by carefully tended lawns and English gardens, and Mrs. Rudkin still works as hard as she always has. She says she thrives on work and has ever since she graduated, as valedictorian, from public high school in Flushing, where her family moved after the death of her grandmother. From high school, she immediately went to work as a bookkeeper in a Flushing bank. "The bank had only ten employees, and until I came along, it had never hired a woman," Mrs. Rudkin says. "There were just three of us in the bookkeeping department—two elderly gentlemen, who wore alpaca jackets and sleeve garters, and this upstart redhead. The books were too heavy for me to carry, so the old gentlemen hauled them out of the vault and put them on a high bench every morning, and I sat there all day on a stool making entries. At the end of the day, you had to add up the debits and credits—the bank didn't have an adding machine—and if they didn't balance, you had to sit there until you found the mistake. I remember several times, when I had to stay late, my mother came down with her knitting to sit with me. I was a bookkeeper for two years, and then I was made a teller. I liked that. It gave me a chance to talk with people. I think the experience at the bank was invaluable. It taught me accuracy and responsibility and gave me a good background for business. Of course, figures have always been easy for me. Right this minute, I can go out to Cliff—he's the comptroller—and say 'What's the cash balance?' and I can tell offhand if it's correct. The average woman, of course, can't even balance her checkbook." After four years at the bank, Mrs. Rudkin became, in 1919, what she calls a "customer's woman" for the now dissolved brokerage firm of McClure, Jones & Co., where she met Mr. Rudkin, who was one of the partners. They were married in 1923. They lived in New York until 1928, when Mr. Rudkin bought a large tract of land near Fairfield and built a house. He and his family moved in the following year. Mrs. Rudkin has been so busy rearing a family and a business that she hasn't had a chance to develop much interest in clothes—she favors green and brown tweed suits and is still wearing an evening wrap she bought in 1926—or to become accomplished at bridge, golf, and cocktail parties, all of which she regards as rather a waste of time. She once kept track of the hours her husband and sons devoted to golf during a typical week and then confronted them with the total, which came to twenty-two hours. "As anybody can see, I'm the meanest wife and mother in the world," she says, smiling.

Mrs. Rudkin spends five days a week at her bakery, and though she thoroughly enjoys her work, she looks forward to Saturdays, when she has a chance to do some home baking. For more than a year, she has had no cook or other full-time servants in the house. A Finnish couple she employed shortly before she cut down on servants had to be dismissed because they kept getting into the liquor, even though, as far as anyone knows, they were eating no bread other than Pepperidge Farm. Except for the assistance of a cleaning woman who comes in two days a week, Mrs. Rudkin does her own housework and cooking. During the week, she prepares meals for only her husband and herself; two of their sons are at Yale, and the third, who works in the New York office of W. R. Grace & Co., lives with his wife in a wing of the house that has its own kitchen. On weekends, when the family is usually at home, Mrs. Rudkin cooks for all hands and bakes some pies (lemon chiffon or covered apple) and cakes (devil's food with white icing or yellow layer with coconut icing), an assignment she handles with efficiency and good cheer. "I can whip up a cake in fifteen minutes," she says. "I've timed myself. And it doesn't take me more than forty minutes, when I use the pressure cooker, to prepare a lamb-stew

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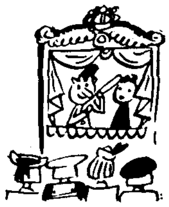

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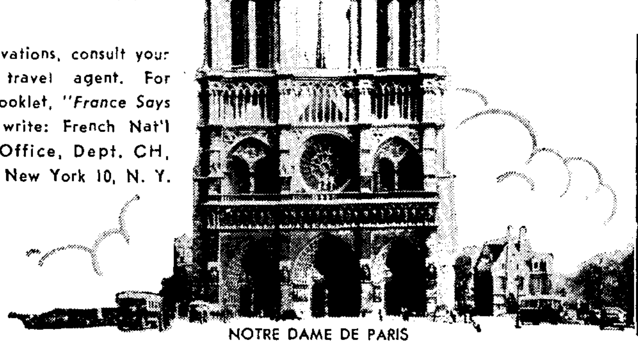

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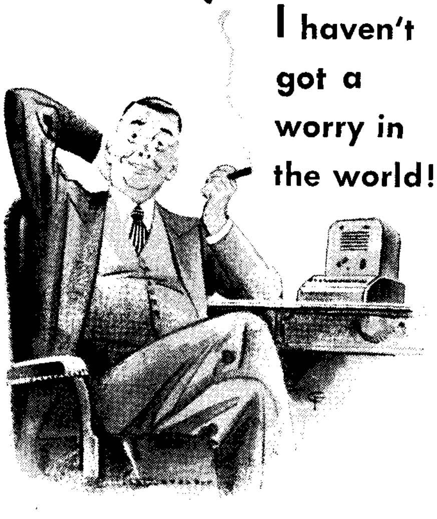

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dinner for eight." She has a large deep-freeze cabinet stocked with roasts, chops, turkeys, vegetables, ice cream, and bread. Every two weeks, she brings home a supply of bread and stores it in the freezing cabinet. When she needs a loaf, she thaws it out and puts it in the oven for five minutes. Though she says she would rather stay home and eat a cold boiled potato and a few slices of warm bread than go out at night, she and her husband occasionally come to the city and dine, somewhat more substantially, at the Colony or Voisin. At a dinner party last spring, Mrs. Rudkin was seated next to Professor Georges Doriot, of the Harvard School of Business Administration, and the conversation turned, naturally enough, to bread. Bread was invented six thousand years ago by an anonymous Egyptian, and few people since then have found the subject more lastingly fascinating than Mrs. Rudkin. After hearing the story of Pepperidge Farm, Inc., a saga Mrs. Rudkin usually speaks of as "my little fairy tale," the Professor invited her to address his class in manufacturing, and she did. "I had the time of my life," she said afterward. "There were two hundred and forty people in the audience, and they laughed at all my jokes. I told them the story of the business and how it had succeeded because it had never been run according to any of the accepted rules of manufacturing."

THE first rule for success in the bread business is, in the words of the president of the American Bakers Association, "to make every effort to serve the public what it wants." Adhering to this principle, the baking industry, although hampered slightly by a lack of coöperation from Mrs. Rudkin, has made splendid progress in concocting a loaf of bread that appeals to people of all ages, creeds, and colors. Forty years ago, ninety-five per cent of the nation's bread was baked at home. Today, only five per cent of Americans eat homemade bread. This advance is the result of patient scientific inquiry and experimentation. The industry has learned that four out of five Americans prefer white bread and that each of them gets away, on the average, with fifty-four and nine-tenths pounds of it a year; that residents of Rhode Island and the District of Columbia eat twice that much, and citizens of Mississippi and South Carolina half that much; that the South, still largely unreconstructed, home-bakes most of its bread (it is known in the trade as "hot-bread country"); that Americans spend a billion and a half dollars a year for bread; that the biggest bread eaters the country over are in the twelve-to-nineteen age group; that people in rural areas consume the most bread and those in cities of a million or over consume the least; that men eat more bread than women, and colored men eat more of it than white men; that the richer a person becomes, the less bread he eats; that the consumption of bread is lowest in January and highest around Labor Day; and that, at all seasons of the year, the majority of Americans prefer bread that is bland in taste, soft in texture, and dead white in color. Through the years, white bread in general and white bread made of bleached flour in particular have been sniped at by Bernarr Macfadden, the *Reader's Digest*, herb-and-nut fanciers, *Consumers' Research*, whole-wheat cranks, and the Nature Boy. All these folk are regarded by the baking industry as unpatriotic. "Look, my friend, if most people wanted some special kind of bread like Pepperidge Farm, we'd be glad to give it to them," an official of one of the big bread firms explained recently to a chance acquaintance. "We can make that kind of bread. Anybody can. The only reason we don't is that if we did we'd be out of business in thirty days. The American housewife thinks of bread as a pusher. What she wants is something in the nature of an edible piece of paper she can use to push peanut butter and jam into her kids three times a day, seven days a week. We're not out to change the public taste. We just want to sell bread, and the more of the damned stuff we can sell, the happier we'll be."

The fact that Pepperidge Farm bread is, comparatively speaking, one of the most unpopular loaves on the market doesn't bother Mrs. Rudkin. "I am only trying to please the minority who want a good loaf of bread and are willing to pay for it," she says. At the same time, she has not been noticeably offended by the increase in the size of the minority. In the past eleven years, she has moved her business three times to successively larger quarters. When it outgrew the kitchen, she converted the stables on the estate into a bakery. Three

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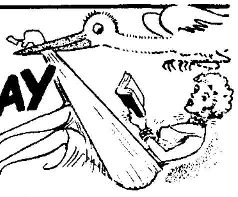

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years later, she took over two adjacent buildings in Norwalk—a former Packard salesroom and a former hospital, which she connected with an enclosed passageway. This makeshift establishment soon became cramped, and she began sketching plans for a new bakery. A couple of years ago, she bought fourteen acres on the Boston Post Road, called in an architect, and handed him a large piece of cardboard on which she had pinned several dozen oblongs of paper, each representing a piece of bakery equipment. "This is how I want the inside laid out," she told the architect. "Now, you figure out the exterior and the staircases. But don't you dare change my plans." Last summer, Mrs. Rudkin moved into the new bakery, a two-story U-shaped concrete structure, which cost six hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars to build and equip. It has a capacity of four thousand loaves an hour.

Though Mrs. Rudkin is now turning out bread on a mass-production basis, her manufacturing methods, compared with those used in the big bread factories, are backward. In a typical large bakery—for example, the one that makes a very popular loaf that will here be called Manna—bread is manufactured almost entirely by machinery. The Manna bakery employs sixty-five people to produce ninety-five thousand loaves a day. Mrs. Rudkin employs twice that many people to produce slightly less than half that much bread. All the Manna bakers are men, whereas ninety per cent of Pepperidge Farm employees are women. Mrs. Rudkin believes women are more gifted than men at breadmaking, but she has a rule against hiring women who are accustomed to baking bread at home, lest they be tempted to introduce a few tricks of their own. In the Manna bakery, a five-story brick building that has the uninhabited, cheerless aspect of a sanitary warehouse, the bakers are sternly intent on tending their machines. In the Pepperidge Farm bakery, which has music by Muzak, the atmosphere is less tense, though perhaps not as relaxed as Mrs. Rudkin is inclined to believe. "When the girls haven't anything else to do, they get up and dance with each other," she gaily informs visitors. The majority of the girls are gray-haired and usually have something else to do.

In one respect, Mrs. Rudkin's baking technique is more efficient than Manna's. Pepperidge Farm bread is what bakers call a straight loaf, which means that all the ingredients are mixed at one time. Manna, like the other popular

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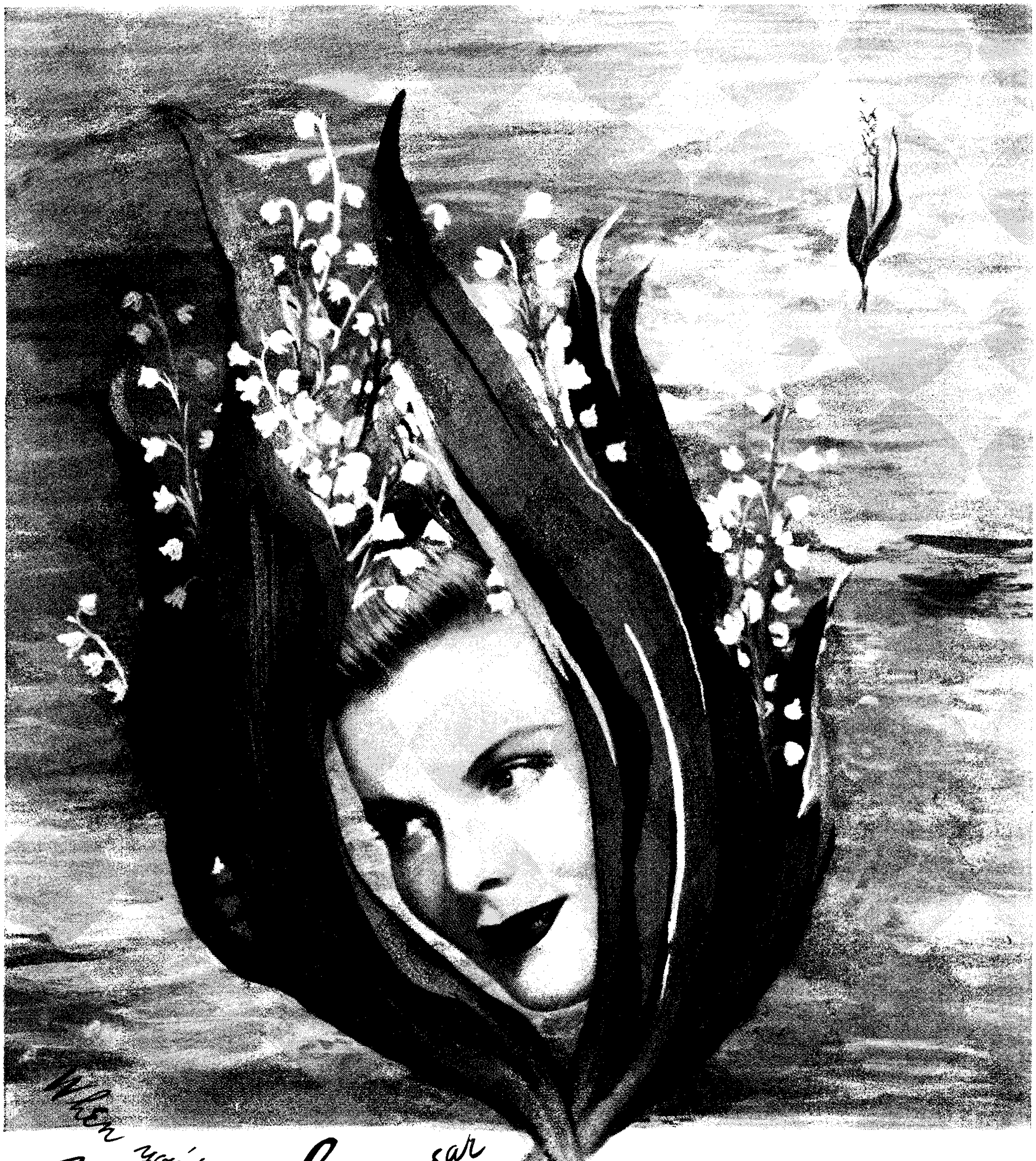
white breads, is a sponge loaf, which requires two mixing operations. The first step in the Manna process is to pour into a mixing machine enough bleached flour, water, and yeast to make seven hundred loaves. These ingredients are stirred up, and the dough is dumped into a steel trough ten feet long and three feet deep, which is wheeled into a hot, humid chamber called a fermentation room, where the dough swells up. The trough is wheeled back to the mixing machine, where two bakers divide the dough with wooden paddles into globs weighing about a hundred and fifty pounds apiece. Working expertly together, they lift the slippery, unwieldy pieces out of the trough and stuff them back into the mixing machine. More flour and water and the other ingredients—condensed milk, sugar, salt, vegetable shortening, iron, and vitamins—are then put in. The vitamins, which consist of thiamin, riboflavin, and niacin, come in bars, like laundry soap, and are dissolved in water before being added to the mixture. After the second mixing, the dough is wheeled in troughs back to the fermentation room, and when it has puffed up again, it is pushed down a chute to a series of machines that prepare it for baking. The double mixing operation, Manna officials point out, is economically wasteful, but they are glad to make that sacrifice in order to give their customers bread that is soft and spongy.

When Mrs. Rudkin takes visitors through her bakery, she normally doesn't show them the room where the ingredients are mixed, for fear they may be spies in the pay of the big bakers, who, she is convinced, are plotting to get her formula. "Oh, ho," she says, looking arch, "wouldn't they just like to get their hands on *that!*" People she is sure are trustworthy, however, are given the grand tour, which takes about ten minutes. Practically one entire side of the U-shaped building is storage space, stacked with approximately six thousand hundred-pound bags of white and whole-wheat flour. Mrs. Rudkin keeps on hand a month's supply of unbleached white flour, which she has always bought from the Russell-Miller Milling Company, in Minneapolis. From the same firm, she buys wheat by the carload for her whole-wheat bread. The wheat is shipped by the milling company to the Rose Mill, in Milford, which is owned by a Hearst executive named Earle McHugh, or to Winchell Smith's Mill, in Farmington, which is owned by the estate of the late Winchell Smith, the co-author, with Frank Bacon, of "Lightnin'." Both are water-power gristmills, which were built around 1750. About twenty-five years ago, both Smith and McHugh, purely by coincidence, bought the pieces of property on which the mills are situated and began operating them, mainly as a hobby. In both mills, the wheat is ground between French buhrstones, which turn slowly and crush the grain in an action similar to that of a pestle in a mortar. Mrs. Rudkin believes that stone-ground flour is greatly superior to the conventional, or roller-mill, product, because stone-ground flour retains the live wheat germ, which is a rich source of Vitamin B, whereas roller mills destroy it. The presence of the live wheat germ in stone-ground flour makes it spoil quickly, and it therefore has to be used within a few days after milling. Trucks deliver the whole-wheat flour to the Pepperidge bakery three times a week, so Mrs. Rudkin never has more than a three-day supply, about thirty thousand pounds, of whole-wheat flour. Whole-wheat bread amounts to about thirty per cent of her output.

The production of a loaf of Pepperidge Farm bread begins in the mixing room. One of five white-uniformed women mixers gets the process under way when she rolls a tinned-steel mixing bowl, which sits on casters and holds enough dough to make eighty loaves, under the first of a row of wall spigots and pours in the required amount of fresh whole milk. An equal amount of water is added from the next spigot. As the bowl is wheeled along, other employees add melted creamery butter, yeast, salt, and, from other spigots, unsulphured molasses, liquid sugar, and honey. Besides affecting the flavor of the bread, the honey, because it is hygroscopic, helps to keep it fresh. After these ingredients have been mixed, a male employee wheels the bowl to the far end of the room, pours in flour from a large overhead flour bin, and attaches the bowl to one of ten mixing machines, which look like oversized Mixmasters.

The mixing completed, the bowl is detached and wheeled into the first of two raising rooms, and left there for two hours. It is then rolled into the kneading room, where an electric crane raises it and empties the dough onto a large wooden table. Four women stand at this table, two on either side. Using small metal blades with wooden handles, they chop off lumps of dough about large enough to make a loaf, weigh them on a scale, and add or subtract if necessary. In the Manna factory, this operation is performed by a machine called a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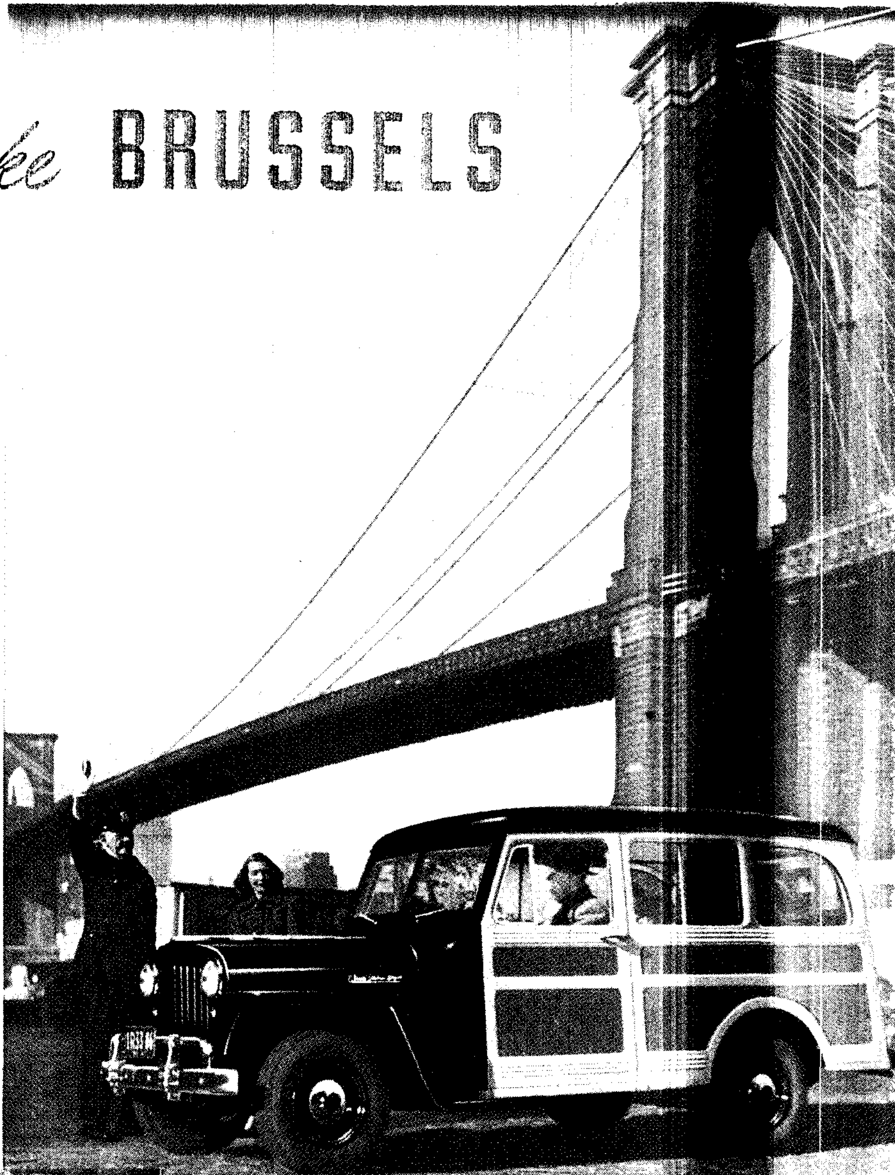

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divider, which stamps out eight pieces of dough of uniform weight every three seconds. Mrs. Rudkin considers a divider an awe-inspiring invention, but she is not convinced that it improves the texture or flavor of a loaf of bread. From the cutting table in the Pepperidge bakery, the pieces of dough are tossed onto an endless belt, which takes them slowly past a line of forty women seated at a sloping kneading table. Each piece of dough is taken from the belt, kneaded thoughtfully for about a minute, and put back on the belt. The main purpose of kneading is to distribute the yeast bubbles evenly in the dough, so that the texture of the bread will be smooth. Mrs. Rudkin says it takes a woman who aspires to a career as a kneader three weeks' practice to develop her sense of touch to the point at which she can tell, by the feel of the dough, when the bubbles have been satisfactorily arranged. The bakers of Manna consider hand-kneading a fetish. They perform this operation by running each piece of their dough through a pair of steel rollers that work like a clothes wringer and make the dough as flat as piecrust. "There's no pair of hands in the world that can squeeze like that," a Manna official once remarked, correctly.

At the end of the Pepperidge kneading table, two women put the pieces of dough into baking tins, which are placed on racks and wheeled into a second raising room, which is somewhat warmer and more humid than the first. Pepperidge Farm bread has two raisings. Manna has four. The two extra raisings make Manna lighter and account for the accuracy of its slogan, "Bursting with Air!" Manna is baked thirty minutes, at four hundred and twenty-five degrees. Pepperidge is baked for an hour, at four hundred degrees. The Pepperidge tins are then dumped automatically onto a belt, which passes before two women wearing white canvas gloves, who remove the bread from the tins. The loaves continue on the belt into a large, cool room, where two other women lay them on racks. After cooling, the loaves are wrapped by machinery and sent on another belt to the shipping room, where men pack them in cartons. Pepperidge Farm bread is distributed to retailers by fifty independent middlemen, who operate their own trucks and deliver the loaves in Connecticut, New Jersey, New York, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, the District of Columbia, and parts of Pennsylvania. The distributors make a couple of cents on each

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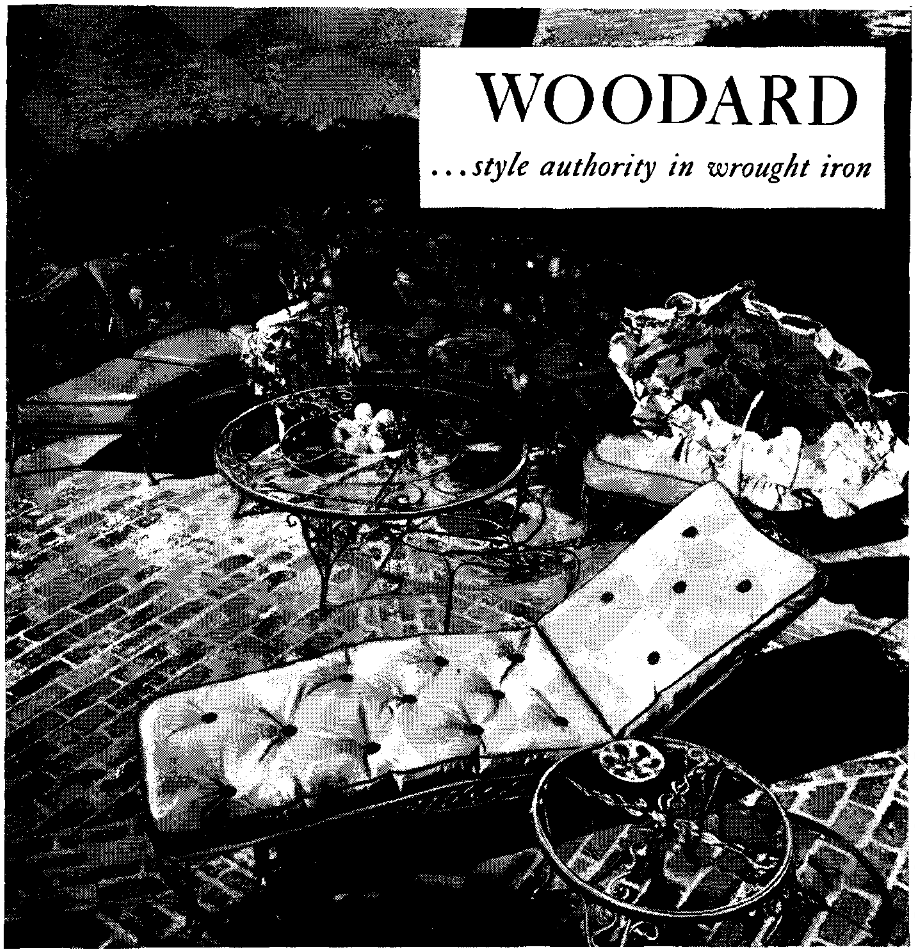

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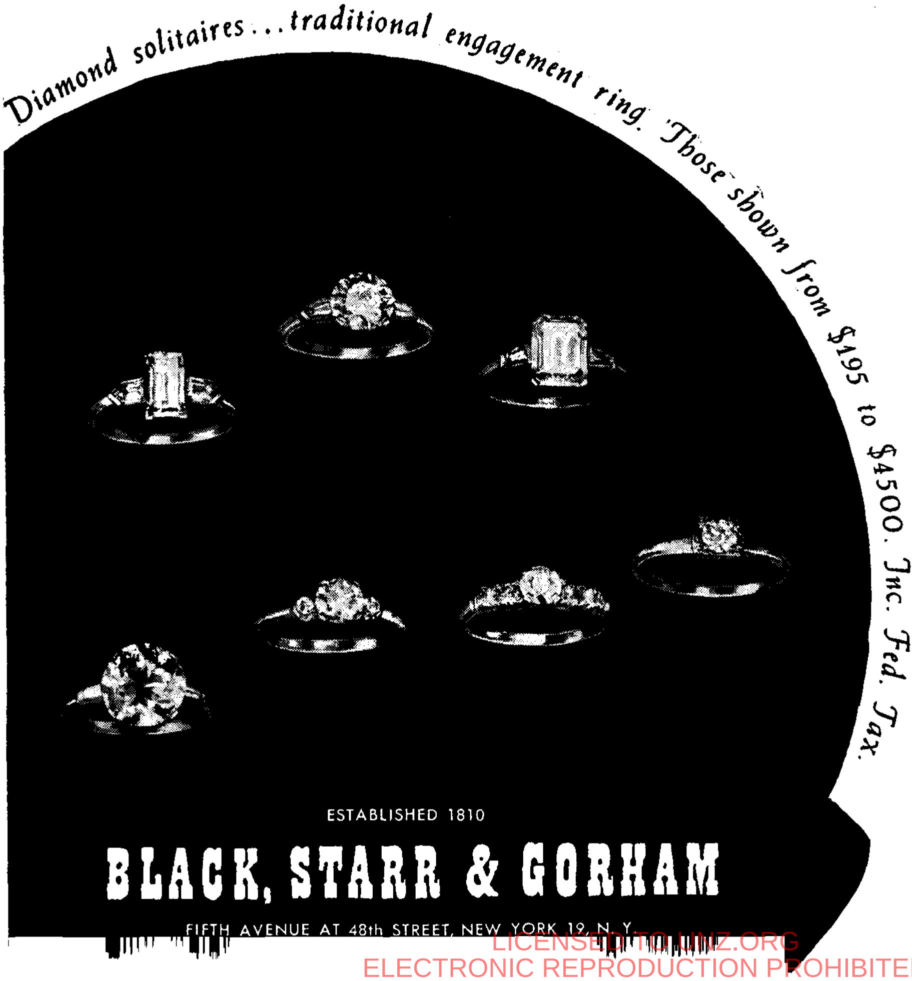

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thirty-one-cent loaf and the retailers make five and a half.

MRS. RUDKIN does not live by bread alone. She also makes white and whole-wheat Melba toast, rolls, and dehydrated herb-seasoned stuffing. These are sold through the same outlets that handle Pepperidge bread. Approximately one-third of the stuffing and the Melba toast are made from bread returned from stores. The returns run around three per cent of the output, which is about average for the industry. By mail, Mrs. Rudkin also sells, for home cooking and baking, five-pound bags of stone-ground whole-wheat flour, cracked wheat, yellow corn meal, and Scotch-style oatmeal. She has considered adding more products to the line and is currently experimenting with macaroons. Before the war, she baked poundcakes, which retailed for fifty cents. She figures they would now cost about three times that much and does not plan to resume baking them. In Mrs. Rudkin's opinion, the government is responsible for high food prices. "Don't blame your grocer or the baker or the food manufacturer," she said a few months ago when she appeared as a guest on a chatty morning radio show. "Blame the foolishness of government guarantees to the farmer of minimum prices at a time of high demand and small supply. It's sheer economic nonsense." Later in the program, she explained that she is not an economist but, like most of her listeners, "just a housewife," and urged all other housewives, presumably even those who don't bake forty thousand loaves of bread a day, to follow her lead and write their congressmen.

Mrs. Rudkin's employment practices, like her economic theories, are not dangerously radical. They follow the benevolent pattern popular among small New England firms. She calls all of her hundred and sixty-two employees by their first names, and they all call her Mrs. Rudkin. She pays wages that are slightly higher than the average for the industry and provides bonuses, insurance, and medical care for her employees. The bakery has an infirmary, with a full-time nurse in attendance, and a cafeteria, supervised by two venerable employees named Edna and May, where the help can buy a meat-and-potato lunch, with milk, dessert, and Pepperidge bread, for forty cents. Mrs. Rudkin also rewards her employees for faithful service; after three years they receive a week's salary and a pair of silver earrings or cuff links, and after ten they are given four weeks' wages and a silver monogrammed fruit bowl. In addition, all employees have the privilege of buying a loaf of bread a day at half price. The bakery, which is closed on Saturdays but open on Sundays, operates twenty-four hours a day.

Monday through Friday, Mrs. Rudkin rises at six-thirty and, after taking a brisk walk around her estate and cooking breakfast, gets to the bakery at eight-thirty. She stays there until six. She wears a white smock during working hours, about half of which she spends in the bakery. The office that she and Mr. Rudkin share is large and bleak. Mr. Rudkin's desk, the larger of the two, is kept tidy, but hers is a jungle of letters and papers, baking tins, boxes of rolls, trade journals, samples of flour and honey, and a bread mixer the size of a water pail, which she bought from Sears, Roebuck when she started business in her kitchen. "I like to keep it in sight, so I won't get heady," she says. As a present to Mrs. Rudkin for their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary, which occurs this year, Mr. Rudkin is going to take full charge of the business during the summer while his wife and their two unmarried sons go to Europe. They have booked passage on the Queen Elizabeth and Mrs. Rudkin is looking forward to the trip. "It will be the first time in my life that I have ever done anything just for fun," she recently said. "The boys say they won't allow me to visit a single bakery. Now, isn't that dreadful?"

—JOHN BAINBRIDGE

•

Her only garment was an heirloom crescent pin of pearls and sapphires. —*New Haven Register.*

That's all well and good provided the clasp works.

•

Mr. L. Fidenato, of Maple Leaf, was the guest of a local dentist for a few minutes on Friday last. He now tips the scales at 176½.—*Blairmore (Alberta) Enterprise.*

Couple of inlays, probably.

•

SHOUTS WE DOUBT EVER GOT SHOUTED

[*From the Times*]

As Williams stepped into his own automobile, which a friend had driven to the railroad station, he shouted back to Cronin: "I'll be seeing you next Friday for I'm certain I'll be able to play some of the intracity series with the Braves."

(*Advertisement*)

by CEDRIC ADAMS

MINNEAPOLIS STAR AND TRIBUNE COLUMNIST

I GOT TO THINKING of an old girl of mine the other day and the first honest-to-goodness date I ever had in Minneapolis. My 14-year-old reminded me of it when I thought of the things he's going to have to go through pretty soon. A strange mixture of pain and delight, with pain probably a little more pronounced . . .

★

DAGNE HANSEN was her name. She was a Dane. A blond Dane with red cheeks and eyebrows that were darker than her hair. Her house was two doors from mine. Dagne was about eight months older than I was and had lived in Minneapolis all her life. That gave her two advantages over me. I had done such mild things with her as swing her in a hammock. On many occasions I had swooshed up to her house on my bike, made a very spectacular stop by swinging one leg over the bike and riding up to the door with just one foot on the pedal. The time had come, though, in our lives when I figured it would take more than hammock-swinging and bicycle acrobatics to hold her attention . . .

★

I'LL GIVE DAGNE credit for one thing. She made me fingernail conscious. After I had made up my mind that we should have a date, I began preparation for it by keeping my nails clean for at least a week ahead. I argued with myself for several days about whether it would be easier to ask her face to face or over the telephone. I rehearsed the telephone routine by the hour. Every time I found myself alone, I'd pick up an imaginary phone and start, "Hello, is Dagne there?" I even filled in the waits. "This is Cedric Adams. Could I speak to her, please?" The voice on the other end would say, "Just a minute and I'll call her." Then my imagination took me to the point where she said, "Hello," and I said, "Dagne" and then another wait. "This is Cedric." I remember I made one telephone call and she answered the telephone and I was so startled because I didn't get a chance to use the wait I had rehearsed that I hung up before I could get another word out . . .

★

I FINALLY CINCHED it, though. We got through a streetcar ride and a movie. It was exciting having her next to me. We wound up at the old So Chu inn, a Chinese place on Fifth street, where they had dancing. She ordered chicken chow mein. I wasn't that hungry. I was a little worried about the check, too. I ordered a banana split. I'll bet that waiter thought he had a couple of live ones. Dagne suggested we dance, which we did. When I suggested another dance she said she thought it was too crowded. I knew then that I wasn't quite cutting the mustard with her. She seemed to dawdle over her chow mein. We were in there about two hours, the longest 120 minutes I ever put in in my life . . .

★

I RECALL HAVING sort of planned on maybe a little goodnight smack. I had even rehearsed that. It didn't happen. For weeks I looked upon myself as a social failure. I wonder whatever happened to Dagne. She had such pretty eyebrows.

★

HAVING LET YOU IN on this little social failure of mine, I'd like to switch over briefly to a success story that has made a lot of us pretty happy: Editor and Publisher magazine recently cited The Minneapolis Star and Tribune as the newspapers having the finest program of public service of all the newspapers in the United States during 1947. That's another big reason why the best-liked, best-read newspapers in the Upper Midwest are **The Minneapolis Star and Tribune** (combined daily circulation: more than 435,000) and **The Minneapolis Sunday Tribune** (circulation: more than 565,000).

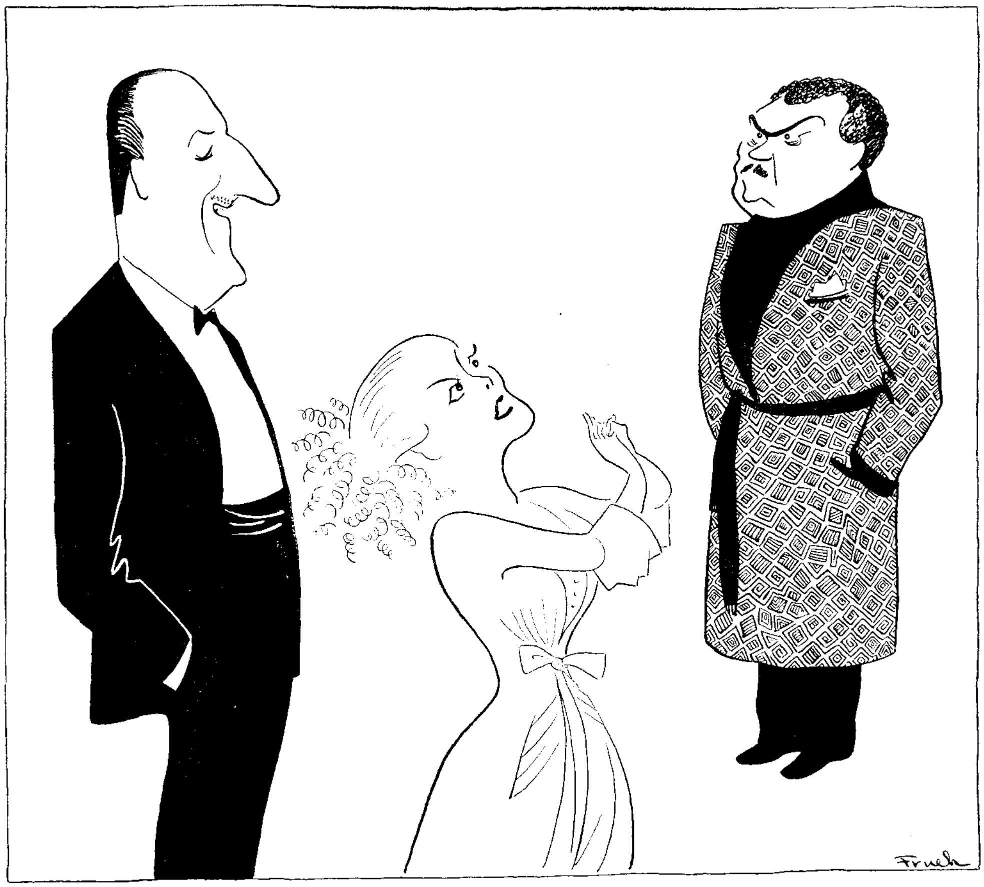
THE THEATRE

THREE IN ONE

"HOPE'S THE THING," the program of three one-act plays that Eddie Dowling offered briefly at the Playhouse, was not an enterprise I could have recommended to you with any great enthusiasm. The author, Richard Harrity, is a versatile performer in the sense that he turned out three pieces in three totally different keys, but otherwise, as a writer, he seemed to me derivative, amateurish, and painfully sentimental when he wasn't being professionally tough. The pieces on the bill were called "Gone Tomorrow," "Home Life of a Buffalo," and "Hope Is the Thing with Feathers," and they might be defined, respectively, as a dim but interminable echo of Sean O'Casey, a paper wreath on the grave of George M. Cohan, and—the only specimen with any quality at all—some additional dialogue for "The Iceman Cometh," as it might have been supplied by William Saroyan. A narrator, transplanted almost intact from "Our Town," explained the over-all intention of the evening and the informal nature of the scenery (plenty of furniture but no backdrops) in a homespun prose presumably intended to put the audience in an indulgent frame of mind. This was by no means the effect it had on me.

"Gone Tomorrow," to investigate things in their chronological order, is about an Irish family that is just sitting around waiting for an old man to die. Among other useful and customary props of this form of entertainment, it contains an invisible character who pounds on the floor with his cane when he wants attention, a pint bottle of whiskey whipped in and out of the pants pocket of a baggy suit, a snooping neighbor lady whom everyone insults, and a formidable repertory of those Protestant-Catholic jokes that must amuse somebody or they wouldn't turn up so often. Considering the dimensions of the piece, the plot is immensely complicated, but I won't go into it. The actors in "Gone Tomorrow" (there was a separate company for each play) reminded me faintly and sadly of the Abbey Players.

Ray Dooley, an old enthusiasm of Florenz Ziegfeld's and mine, came back to the stage in "Home Life of a Buffalo," imitating a bad baby, just as she did in the lovely past, but otherwise I'm afraid there wasn't much to be said for the darn thing, even though her gifted husband, Mr. Dowling, was in it, too. For spiritual reasons, I think we'll take this one in the vernacular: There is this guy, see, who's been in show business all his life. A buffalo. A hoofer. Vaudeville is dead, on account of the radio and the movies, but he won't admit it and he spends all his time dreaming up a routine that will lay them in the aisles. They're behind in their room rent and the kid ain't doing so good in school, but he can't think of nothing but this routine. All he's been getting lately is smokers, roadhouses, Knights of Columbus, stuff like that, but he figures if he can only work out a smash end for the act, everything will be O.K. He gets his wife (I forgot to say they're a team, along with the kid) half believing it, too, and they're rehearsing this terrible number called "Dirty Hands" when a couple of other old troupers show up—guy used to have a big goat act in the old days. Well, at first it's wonderful to see them again, but then suddenly it turns out the guy has quit show business and gone to work in some lousy factory. At first the hoofer can't believe his ears, but then, when he does, he tosses them right out of the house for traitors. That fixes it with his wife, and when the kid comes in crying because some lady called him a bum, she says she's through. The act was never any good anyway, and now she's through. She and the kid have sort of cried themselves to sleep and he's sitting there and suddenly he thinks what the hell and he gets up and turns on the gas. That ain't the end, though. What happens is that right at that minute the smash comes to him. All the act



"THE PLAY'S THE THING"

Louis Calhern, on the left, is clearly master of the complicated situation shown here. The agitated lady is Faye Emerson and her cross friend is Arthur Margetson. Ferenc Molnar's comedy is at the Booth.

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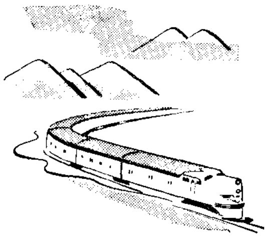

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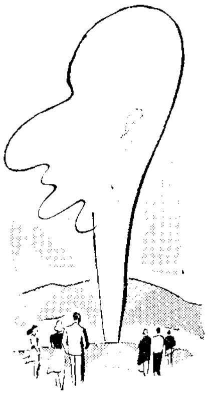

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needs is a flag. When the curtain comes down, they're rehearsing it that way. End of dialect. As I say, it was wonderful to see Miss Dooley back again, but her material was pretty primitive and special for anybody who didn't happen to be a buffalo himself.

"Hope Is the Thing with Feathers" is hard to describe, since it is almost purely a matter of atmosphere. There are seven or eight derelicts in Central Park and they are gradually drawn together in an absurd project to trap a duck on the lake—no more than that. I think that Mr. Harrity is a little too insistent on the pathos of his message and perhaps a little too pat in delivering it, but there is some lively comic invention in the piece and the characters are kept sharp and distinct from one another, always a problem in this sort of thing. On the whole, it is a very nice job, and the actors, including E. G. Marshall, George Mathews, and Will Geer, didn't hesitate to knock themselves out playing it.

—Wolcott Gibbs

•

POESY DEPARTMENT
(MYSTERIOUS EAST DIVISION)

[*From the China Press*]

A Health Menace

Editor, The China Press.

Sir:—Letters of IM DIGUSTED and CHOA SIN HSU have inspired me to attempt song composing with the following amateuristic result:—

Song Of the Garbage

Public Health Bureau,
Public Works Bureau,
Or-What-have-you Bureau.

Did you hear,
Can you hear,
The song, the public fear.

Garbage heaps here,
Garbage heaps there,
Garbage here, there, everywhere.

Scavengers-bypeds and Quadrupeds,
A Treasure-hunting set,
Digging, exploring garbage to the neck.

Summer heat advancing,
Vermins, Parasites a-breeding,
Odour foully a-stinking.

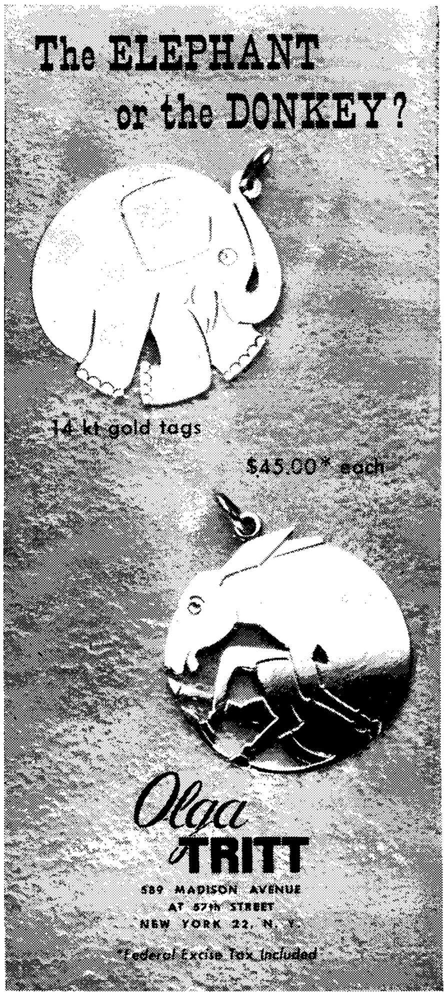
Taxpayers sadly sighed,
At such abominable sight
And against in-action fight.

Hark, the trumpets blow,
Death and Disease, their banners unfurl,
Their marching armies upon us throw.

Public Health Bureau,
Public Works Bureau,
Or-What-have-you Bureau.

Do you hear,
Will you hear,
The Battle cry we fear?

C. L. Kuo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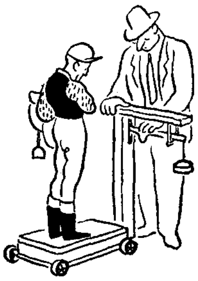
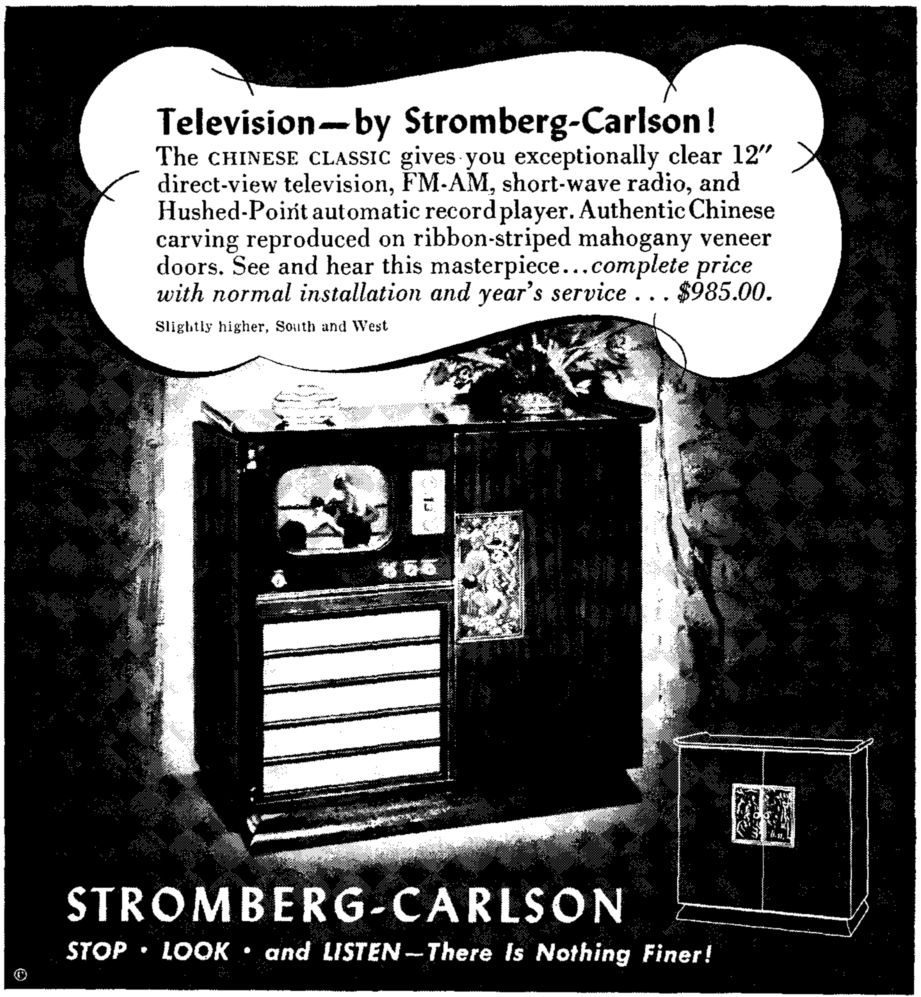
THE RACE TRACK

Mr. Wright's Weekend



AFTER the Kentucky Derby, nobody expected that Citation would have much opposition in the Preakness Stakes, which was run at Baltimore last Saturday. Well, he had practically none. Luckily, he is the sort of fellow who might make even a walkover, or one-horse race, interesting, and no doubt he'll have a chance to try that rather difficult trick before the season is over. There is very little to say about the Preakness except that Citation, Vulcan's Forge, Bovard, and Better Self proceeded in that order almost all the way. Half a dozen times, Vulcan's Forge made brave spurts, but whenever he did, Citation drew away with tantalizing, catch-me-if-you-can bursts of speed. I suppose "speed" is not quite the right word, for the time for the mile and three-sixteenths was 2:02⅖, the slowest Preakness in twenty-four years. That was due to the condition of the course, which was heavier than I had any idea it could get. Citation was none the worse for plowing through the mud, and came back to the weighing-in enclosure full of vim and a lively determination not to permit the officials to put the traditional blanket of black-eyed Susans on his back.

IN spite of all the travelling and racing Citation has done these last few months—he has been shipped from Florida to Maryland, to Kentucky, back to Maryland, and now to New York, and has run in nine events, winning all but one—he looks better every time I see him. His next scheduled engagement is the hundred-thousand-dollar Belmont Stakes, on June 12th, but I wouldn't be surprised if he went after one of the substantial prizes offered between now and then. It's hardly a secret that Citation is regarded by Calumet Farm as a very promising candidate for the world's money-winning honors, which Calumet horses have held twice; Whirlaway, you may remember, was at the head of the list for five years, and Armed was in first place for a short time last summer. So far, Citation has earned $423,700. A victory in the Belmont—Colonel Martingale,



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the old long-shot player, will take 1–2 on him right now—would put him over the half-million mark. If he keeps sound in wind and limb, he may be close to Stymie, the present leader, by the end of the year. Now that Citation has a definite financial objective, Calumet Farm isn't likely to let Coaltown run against him again. Coaltown has done five furlongs in 58⅕ seconds in a workout at Churchill Downs, where the race record for the distance is 59 seconds, and any colt who can do that might upset the nicest calculations made for Citation.

As you probably know, Warren Wright, the proprietor of Calumet, has now won the Preakness four times—his other winners were Whirlaway, Pensive, and Faultless—which is almost up to the mark set by George Lorillard, whose horses took five Preaknesses in a row back in the late nineteenth century. Last Saturday, Wright's animals picked up $169,670, more than a great many stables accumulate in a season. To break down the total, Citation's share of the Preakness was $91,870, and Wright received a twenty-five-hundred-dollar premium for nominating the winner, while at Jamaica Faultless took first money of $60,300 and Fervent second money of $15,000 in the Gallant Fox Handicap. I was at Pimlico that day, but according to my stay-at-home observers, Faultless and Fervent did a notable bit of teamwork, Fervent slipping through on the rail at the turn for home and Faultless coming up on the outside. Gallorette finished third. Stymie ran too poorly for words. Maybe old age has finally caught up with him.

—Audax Minor

•

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[*From the San Luis Obispo (Calif.) Telegram-Tribune*]

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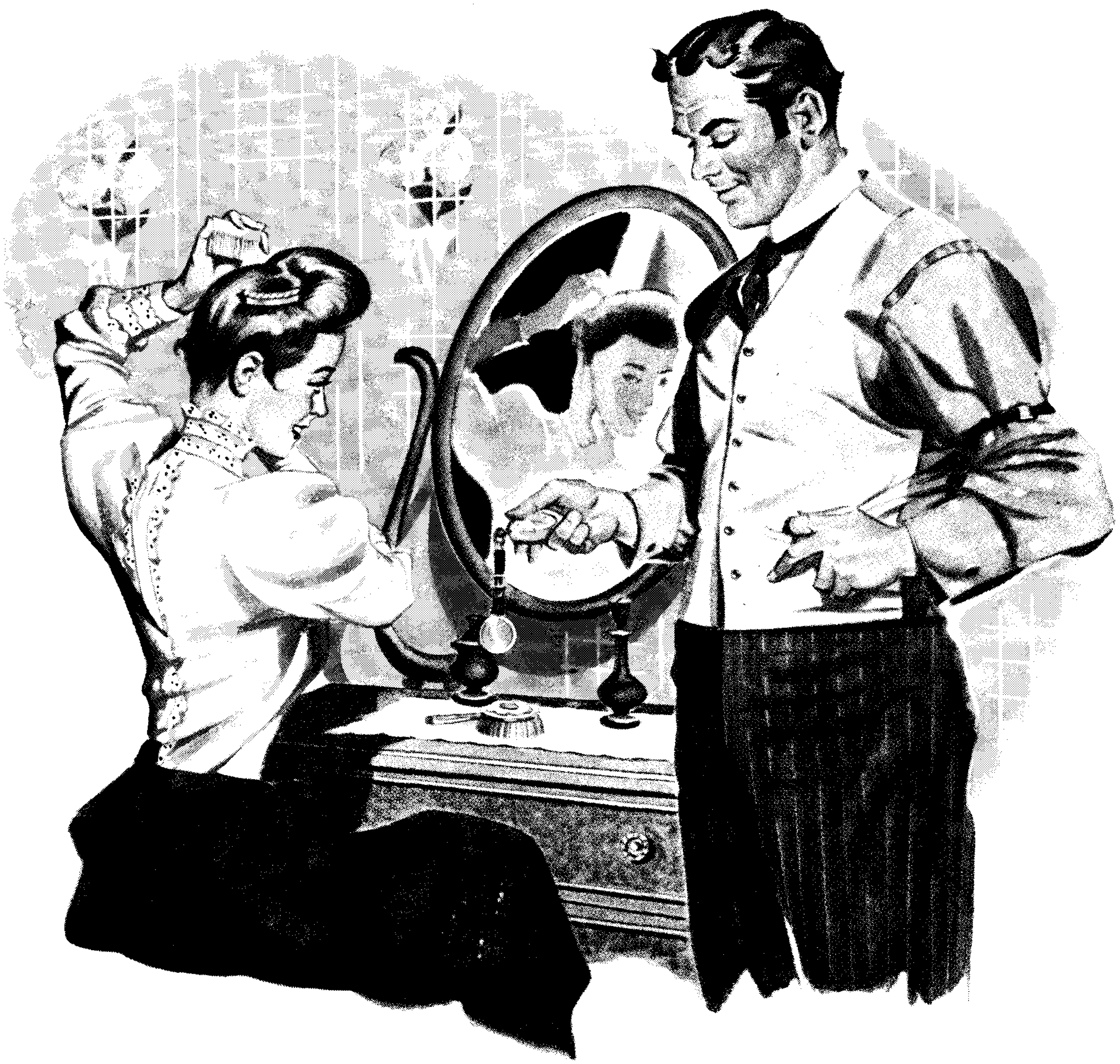

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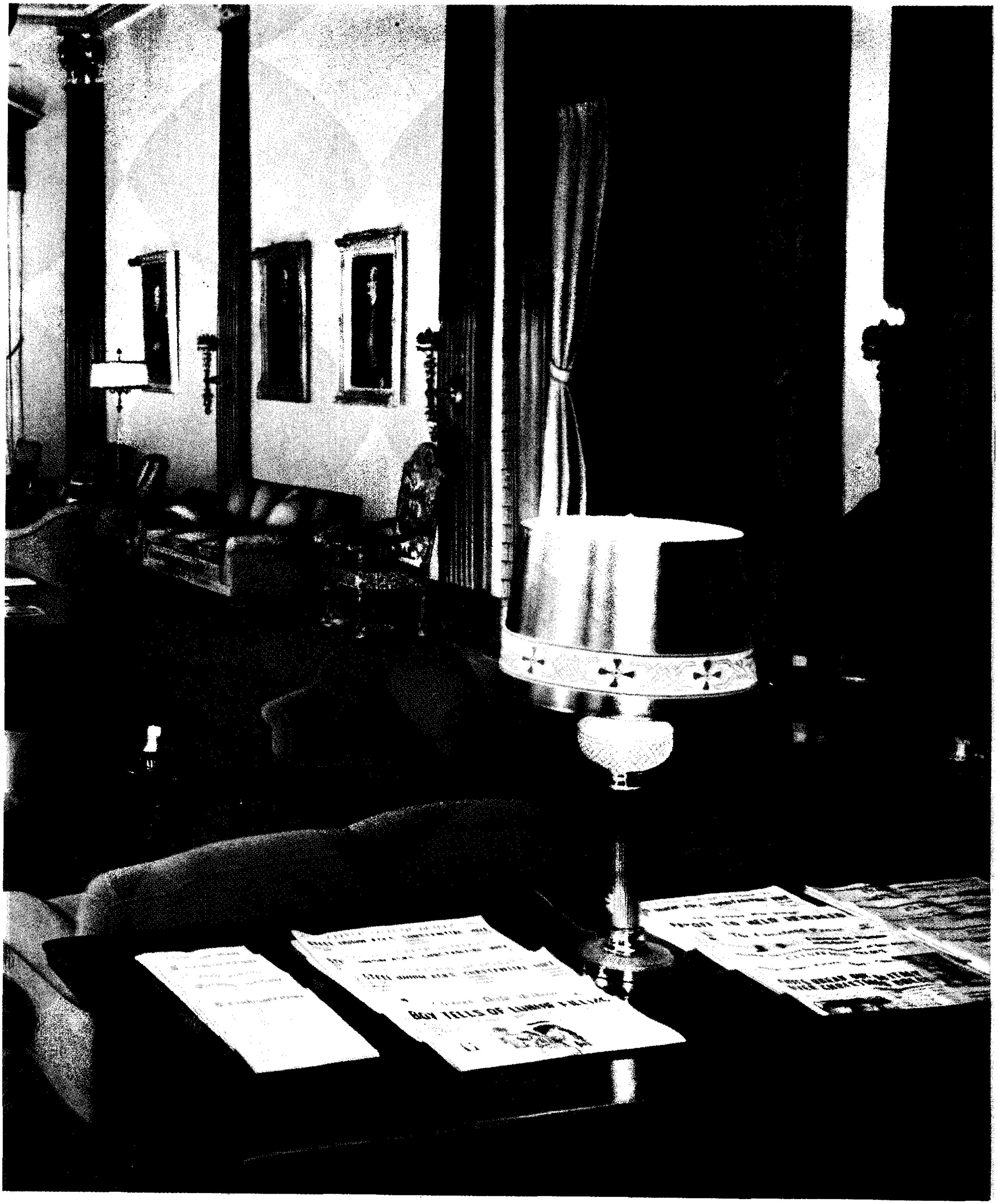

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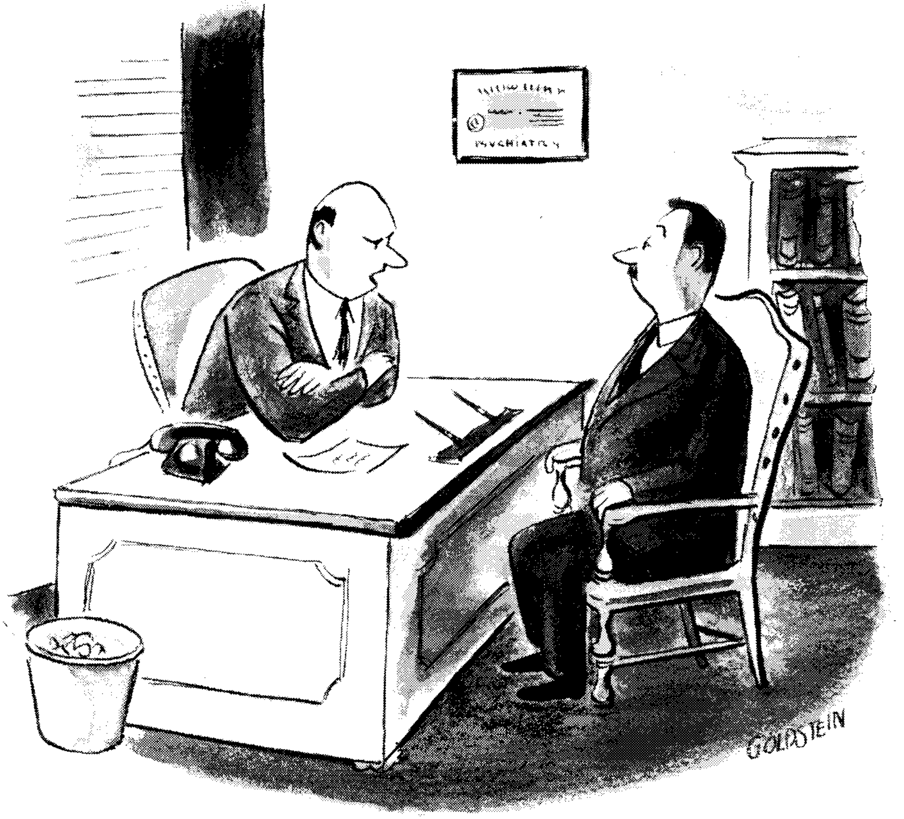
LETTER FROM OSLO

MAY 10

"ISMANNEN KOMMER," a play by Eugene O'Neill with a title that should not be too hard to decipher, had its Oslo première at the Norwegian National Theatre a few nights ago, and each of the seven Oslo papers—there are ten in all—in which I looked up the reviews devoted a solid two columns of thoughtful criticism to the event. Norway produces a great deal of newsprint but has a high regard for its export value, so the size of Norwegian papers is held down to eight or twelve pages. In each of the papers I read, therefore, a relatively large amount of other reading matter had had to give way to make room for the two columns devoted to "Ismannen." The conservative *Morgenbladet* called the play "monumental" and a "masterwork." Even the Communist *Friheten* said it was absorbing, but pointed out that it was of only ephemeral interest, since a hundred years from now playgoers of the brave new world will be unable to understand the frustration of the O'Neill characters. Nearly every review I read included an evaluation of O'Neill's lifework as well as an account of what the playwright had been doing during his twelve years of silence preceding the New York production of "The Iceman Cometh." The reviews also included detailed estimates of the performance of each actor, right down to the pair who come on for a moment in the last act to arrest Hickey, and who, according to one critic, "satisfactorily impersonated American policemen." This preoccupation with minutiae is typical of the Oslo press. Norway is a small country full of people addicted to reading. A limited number of things happen here, and each is attentively scrutinized. "Ismannen" seemed better to me in Norwegian than in English. Having seen it in New York, I knew what was happening on the stage, and since I can't follow spoken Norwegian, I was spared the banality of the dialogue. All O'Neill, it occurred to me, might sound better translated into a foreign language, and, perhaps, set to music.

Another important production on the Oslo stage this season has been "Peer Gynt," at the Norwegian Theatre, which, like the National, is a state repertory theatre with a permanent company. The actors all have year-round contracts with the government; they perform six months and have six months to themselves. The smallness and carefully critical attitude of their potential public seems to be an incentive to thoughtful, painstaking effort. At the Norwegian National Theatre and at almost all other theatres in Norway except the Norwegian Theatre, performances are given in *Riksmål*, which might be called standard Norwegian, although a similar language, known as *Landsmål* or, more commonly these days, *Nynorsk*, is in general use in most rural communities. Back in Henrik Ibsen's time, *Riksmål* was practically the same as Danish; since then the two languages have drifted apart, but not as far apart, according to an expert informant, Mr. Hans Jacob Nilsen, the director of the Norwegian Theatre, as the English of Chicago and Oxford. At the Norwegian Theatre, performances are in *Nynorsk*. This means New Norwegian, but, Mr. Nilsen tells me, it is actually old, peasant Norwegian, untainted by Danish and refurbished and built up into a literary language early in this century by Norwegian writers and editors with culturally nationalist views. New Norwegian, I gather from Mr. Nilsen, is fully as far removed from Danish as Chicago English is from Oxford English, but only about as far removed from standard Norwegian as the speech of Chicago is from that of New Orleans. People call Mr. Nilsen on the telephone and address him in Norwegian and he answers them in New Norwegian, and apparently no one has any difficulty in understanding. An actor as well as a director, Mr. Nilsen has played many more performances in Norwegian than in New Norwegian, and precisely the same public shows up at both the Norwegian Theatre and the Norwegian National Theatre. Nevertheless, to conform to the tradition of the Norwegian Theatre, Ibsen's text of "Peer Gynt" was translated into New Norwegian, an innovation that aroused a nationwide controversy. In the thirty-six years of the Norwegian Theatre's existence, "Peer Gynt" had never been staged there, because none of Mr. Nilsen's predecessors had dared to offer a translated version. Mr. Nilsen compounded the sacrilege by discarding the Grieg music, first played with "Peer Gynt" in 1876 and considered an essential part of it ever since, and substituting music by Harald Sæverud, a leading contemporary composer-conductor who lives in Bergen, Grieg's home city. "The Grieg music is out of key with the play, which is basically anti-romantic," Mr. Nilsen told me (in English, of course). "Besides, there is too much of it." Sæverud's music is sparse, frequently humorous, sometimes ironic, and, Mr.



"The first thing you must realize is that your inferiority complex is just as good as th

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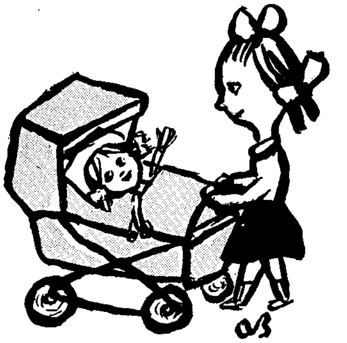
Nilsen believes, closer to the spirit of Norwegian folk music than Grieg's. Anitra's Dance, as performed by an athletic young woman named Sossen Schjelderup in the Sæverud-Nilsen presentation, is a fine bit of broad humor-*cum*-bumps. What with one thing and another, I am informed, the opening night precipitated a Norwegian version of the duelling and riots that attended the world première of Victor Hugo's "Hernani," in Paris. "Two students even whistled," Mr. Nilsen said. As soon as the public had become accustomed to the shock of a translated, Griegless "Peer Gynt," it started flocking enthusiastically to the new production.



After a recent team match between some Finnish and Norwegian amateur boxers, which resulted in a 4–4 tie, most of the newspapers carried the round-by-round point scores kept by each of the three judges—a Finn, a Norwegian, and a Swede—for each bout. (The Finnish judge made it 6–2 in favor of Finland, but he was outvoted.) *Aftenposten*, which has the largest circulation here, gave the match thirty-five hundred words, the equivalent of nearly four columns in the New York *Times*. Presumably, those Norwegian newspaper readers who are not interested in boxing or the theatre pass up the long articles that the newspapers print on these subjects, but I do not think there are many such. It may even be that the minority reads them anyway, for Oslo newspapers are like Oslo restaurant menus in that if you want to get enough to keep you going, you can't be choosy.

THE domestic news event played up most prominently by the press one day not long ago was the launching of an 8,400-ton ship here. The Royal Family attended. People crowded the Oslo piers to see the hull (not quite as large as a Liberty ship's) slide out into the harbor, and then went home to read all about the vessel's donkey engines, hoists, and winches as well as to note the name of the firm that had furnished her plumbing fixtures. Norwegians are never really at their ease except on shipboard, but merely standing on a pier they seem surer of themselves than when walking the streets of this rather self-conscious city.

Norway is not only a small nation but—in modern times, at any rate—a new one, only a few years older than Eire and Czechoslovakia. Long, long ago, Norway, like Ireland and Bohemia, was an independent country, but in 1319 she fell under the domination of Denmark, later became a kingdom united with Sweden under a Swedish king, and did not regain full national status until 1905. She managed to steer clear of the first World War, but in the second one she was, as everyone knows, not so lucky. "Sometimes, during the German Occupation," a Norwegian journalist said to me the other day, "I used to tell myself, 'We are just another Czechoslovakia. Destiny is against us.' Now we are determined that we shall *not* be just another Czechoslovakia a second time." Norway's long and finally triumphant resistance to Hitler's Occupation and the wartime record of her merchant marine gave her people their first feeling of national self-confidence, but there is still a sense of having just arrived that one would hardly suspect from meeting Norwegians abroad. This has resulted, as it so often does, in a determination to impress the world, accompanied by some uncertainty as to the most effective way of going about it. A woman who sat next to me during a train trip from Bergen to Oslo looked indignant when I said I understood that the population of Oslo was about two hundred and fifty thousand. "Two hundred and fifty thousand!" she exclaimed. "It is four hundred thousand!" She was perfectly right, but she did not feel it necessary to point out to me, though I was obviously a foreigner, that Oslo's population had been about two hundred and fifty thousand up until the first of this year, when it absorbed the adjacent city of Aker, thus expanding its census rolls by sixty per cent overnight. This is the sort of thing that cities in the United States have frequently done in the past. The woman's reaction was the same as that of any conscientious American civic booster.

Even before the annexation of Aker, the population of Oslo had for some time been growing at a tremendous rate. No residential building was permitted during the Occupation and, because of the state of the national economy, little has been possible since, so the city is more crowded than New York. Under the provisions of a national emergency housing law, passed after the Liberation, a family is allowed the use of no more than one room for each member of the household. This means, say, that a couple occupying a three-room apartment may, by order of the housing administration, have to turn over one room to a complete stranger. The plight of the middle-class family that suddenly finds itself sharing its kitchen and even its bathroom with strangers is standard dinner-table conversation, but the real crowding is in the homes of the workers, who took up less space to begin with. Municipal housing developments put up between the two wars were once proudly pointed out as show places. These buildings are still sound enough but are now so jammed that it is a fortunate couple that has *one* room to itself. Conditions have not been improved any by the hardly surprising fact that babies are still being born in Oslo and young people are still getting married. In most cases, the youthful husbands and wives have had to remain with their respective families, but this arrangement has not entirely precluded the arrival of yet more babies. There has also been a steady migration from the farms and forests to the towns. Not even Norwegians, devoted as they are to nature, seem able to resist the attraction of regular working hours and neighborhood movies.

Only a highly reasonable people could display the patience that Norwegians are showing under these circumstances, particularly since a large proportion of them are almost pathologically shy and place the same value on privacy that Italians do on being in a crowd. Practically any evening, in the two or three large cafés of Oslo, it is usual to see a number of Norwegians each seated singly at a table for four persons while scores of their solitary compatriots circle the room looking for a place to sit down but unwilling to intrude, even by an appealing glance, lest on some future occasion they be similarly intruded upon. The lone occupants of the tables appear to be equally unwilling to offer a chair, although they are obviously unhappy at the way things are. At last, the unseated walk regretfully out into the night, to look for a table elsewhere. If they find one, they, too, will sit for a couple of hours staring straight in front of them and then go home feeling that they have had a big time. Distrusting my own interpretation of the café-sitters' state of mind, I consulted an Oslo acquaintance, who confirmed it, adding, "You know how we all love to have the grass grow up green in the parks. Well, now in early spring it is important that one

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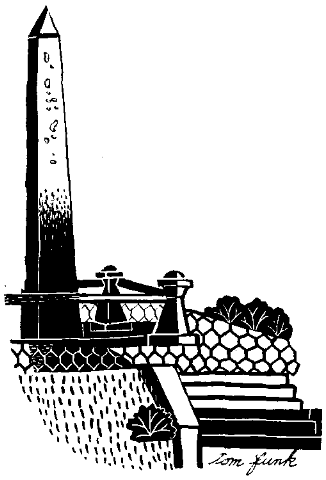
should not walk on the young grass. Yet every day in front of the Storting you see little children running all over the grass, and the grown people, they are sitting on all the benches, looking disapproving. But no one speaks to the children. They are not his children, and he has not been introduced." Seagoing Norwegians find their fellow-countrymen painfully stuffy and frequently compare the social life of Oslo unfavorably with that of Glasgow, Marseille, or Camden, New Jersey. Even the seafarers, however, once they get back to Oslo, act constrained, like worldly sons spending a few days with their elderly, pious parents.

All Norwegians apparently feel a constant urge to get out-of-doors, which ties in nicely with the natural desire of most people in Oslo to escape as often as possible from the enforced intimacy of their crowded quarters. On weekends throughout the winter, and right up to Easter, everybody in town, of whatever class, sex, and age, goes skiing. Those who can afford to go to the high mountains keep at it until far into May, but as soon as the snow recedes from the hills in the immediate vicinity of Oslo, the less prosperous portion of the populace begins spending its Sundays bicycling and hiking. Weekdays as well as weekends, a knapsack, with a great number of flaps, compartments, and miscellaneous bulges, seems to be a part of the standard wardrobe of every landbound male Norwegian. On Saturday afternoons, nearly all the young women you see are wearing knapsacks, too, as they stride off to the suburban trolley lines, swinging along at a hundred and thirty paces to the minute, like Alpine Chasseurs. Sunday mornings, a second wave of girls goes out, evidently composed of those who had Saturday-night dates. A deep tan, indicative of an intense devotion to skiing, is *de rigueur* in winter, and I am told that girls who for some trivial reason, such as a broken leg, have to miss a weekend or two on skis take sun-lamp treatments, just like many young ladies in New York who cannot manage a winter trip to Florida. Vigorous skiing has benefited the Norwegian female's silhouette and has had an astonishing effect on her muscular development. An Oslo matron trying to get out for a smoke during a theatre intermission can throw a block that would murder an American college line.



Books, which are available in large numbers, supply another defense of the Norwegian's privacy. They make broken legs much easier to take. Shops like Grundt Tanum's, in the heart of Oslo, carry English-language book stocks that would be a credit to New York or London, since the stores here get nearly all the promising books of both the United States and Britain as soon as they are published. Well-stocked bookshops are almost as plentiful in residential districts as in the center of the town. About half the volumes on the counters are printed in Norwegian; almost all the rest are in English, which has become Norway's favorite foreign language (compulsory instruction in it begins in the sixth year of the public-school system's seven-year elementary-school course). Books by authors who write in English are Norway's windows on the world. A substantial part of the public refuses to wait until the books are translated, although, judging by window displays, all of them eventually are. A Norwegian I knew in New York now edits a newspaper in Drammen, a paper-mill city of twenty-eight thousand inhabitants about twenty-five miles from Oslo. He reads the New York Sunday book supplements, and when he comes across a review of something that interests him, he goes to Drammen's leading bookshop and buys it. "They always have the books I want in stock," he told me.

POSSIBLY because Norwegians read so much, they have a reflective turn of mind that makes them appreciate a government program that is backed by logic. I asked a friend here why nobody in Norwegian politics seems to have any of that quality known in America as personal magnetism. "We wouldn't trust anybody like that," he replied. The Norwegian electorate, I gathered, would listen skeptically to a speaker who assured them that prices should be allowed to go up in order to make them come down, or who implied that he knew how to save the nation but would reveal his plan only after he had been elected. The nearest Norwegian approach to a man with a *mystique* was

Quisling, and his Nasjonal Samling, or National Rally Party, never attracted more than two per cent of the voters.

Norway's Labor Government conducts its affairs in a manner that appeals to a highly literate electorate. When, in the Storting, representatives of the four small parties of the Right—Conservatives, Liberals, Christian Democrats, and Farmers—criticize the Government, Josef Brofoss, the Minister of Commerce, who is sometimes called the Norwegian Cripps, asks them for suggestions. When the Communists attack from the Left, he does the same thing. All the Opposition groups pick on details, but not even the Communists propose changes in the main features of the program. No one opposition party has enough qualified administrative manpower to run the government by itself, and it is improbable that anyone else but the Communists would accept such an assignment. Since there are only eleven Communist Stortingsmen out of a total of a hundred and fifty, and since as things stand now it looks as if the next general elections, in October, 1949, will reduce their number to three, the Party can scarcely be regarded as a menace, unless war or some other international development intervenes. Brofoss is the government's economic planner, and he receives the brunt of all legislative attacks. He is also, in one respect, the personification of the American campaign manager's dream—a lumberjack with a following. His father is still felling timber in the interior of Norway, and Brofoss himself cut down a fair number of trees while he was going to school. He looks and sounds like a professor in a small Minnesota college. He has a gift for exposition, but doesn't have to rely too heavily on it, thanks to the elementary nature of the Norwegian economy, which is like a piano with only a few keys; brilliant improvisation is not expected. Norway's agriculture supplies no more than about sixty per cent of the food she needs. The nation's two principal natural resources are timber and water power. The first of these regularly produces a goodly sum of cash; the second cannot be turned into cash yet, because it requires a great deal of money to develop it. A lot of fish, whale oil, and other whale products are processed and exported, but since the whales, at least, are a product of the Antarctic, their oil can hardly be called a natural resource of Norway. In the nineteenth century, Norway tried to live by farming, lumbering, and fishing, and, as a result, as Brofoss has been known to point out, the country's chief ex-

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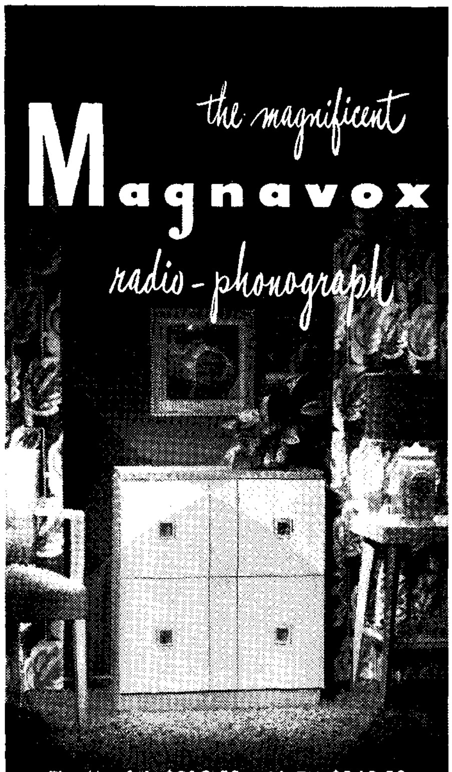

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port was people. Formerly impoverished, the nation had become prosperous by 1939, mainly because of her merchant marine, which was built up without government subsidy, sold its services profitably all over the world, and poured money back into the country.

Norway lost nearly half of her merchant marine during the war; she went in with 4,800,000 tons and came out with 2,500,000 tons. The ships were insured, naturally, but it soon became apparent that compensation based on prewar valuations would by no means meet postwar construction costs. During the war, the exiled Norwegian government in London optimistically estimated that the construction costs would run only fifty per cent higher than in the thirties, but the figure has turned out to be nearer two hundred. Norway's shipbuilding industry is small, and what there is of it is dependent on steel plates imported from the United States. For replacements to her merchant marine, she has dealt mostly with the big European shipbuilding countries—Sweden, Denmark, England, and Italy—and these, unfortunately, have shown a preference for payment in American dollars rather than in Norwegian kroner. The government's first task after the war, then, was to scrape together foreign exchange with which to buy ships to earn more foreign exchange. What money could be spared from that objective has gone to purchase machinery for export industries capable of contributing to the dollar-and-sterling bank roll the government has been nursing along since the Liberation. Originally, this amounted to the equivalent of six hundred million dollars, mainly from insurance and wartime ship hire. It has melted away, despite the most careful maneuvering, and now adds up to little more than small change in international finance. In the meantime, however, the merchant marine has been built up to within fifteen per cent of its 1939 strength and the expectation is that it will be back to normal by 1951, after which, it is hoped, it will bring in more foreign money than it consumes. The plan is to keep on expanding it even then, until it reaches about seven million tons.

THE Norwegian standard of living is being held down to what is regarded as the minimum that will keep people working, but since there is neither slave nor surplus labor here, this minimum must consist of more than mere sustenance. Although a strong streak of asceticism has traditionally influenced Norwegian politics (it used to be considered fatal to get the church people down on you), the government is discovering that tobacco and liquor have their value. They keep people happy, and nearly all the money paid for them by the consumers comes back to the state in the form of taxes. Moving-picture theatres throughout the country are mostly municipally operated, a situation that has brought the government up against a novel form of opposition. A proposal to increase an existing forty-per-cent federal tax on admissions is being objected to by the municipalities on the ground that it would eliminate their profit. The tax system is similar in many ways to that in the United States, and includes levies by the government on incomes, sales (two per cent), and inheritances. Oslo imposes a municipal income tax that runs around seventeen per cent. The national income tax is computed on a sliding scale, starting at three per cent on incomes as low as three hundred and fifty dollars and, with surtaxes, reaching up to around ninety per cent in the highest brackets. Norway manufactures no automobiles and none can be imported without a permit. There are only about ten thousand private cars in Oslo and twice that number of commercial vehicles.

Clothing and most kinds of food are rationed, but the people look well fed and warmly dressed, and what there is to eat sticks to the ribs better than the English ration. The fare in Oslo restaurants is filling but unspeakably monotonous. You can get hot fish twice a day and bits of cold fish on rye bread with margarine whenever you feel up to them. Bread and margarine are probably the people's principal source of nourishment. Norwegians seldom complain about having to eat fish (they eat it far more frequently than meat in the best of times), but the people of Oslo grow furious when, as now, they think that the fish brought into town isn't fresh enough. Industrial chemistry has collaborated with the whaling and fishing industries to produce an apparently limitless amount of margarine. It is made out of herring oil and whale oil, and is not only eaten with snacks but served in generous quantities at breakfast and poured, melted, over hot fish and boiled potatoes. Chemists have also worked out an emulsion of whale oil, herring oil, and sugar that is used as filling and icing for pastries, especially *Napoleonskake*, which are roughly the equivalent of our napoleons. These are wolfed at all hours and by all sections

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of the public. *Iskrem*, concocted from heaven knows what kind of fat, is popular, too. Cones cost twenty-five øre, or five cents, and gentlemen in frock coats and Homburgs can be seen almost any afternoon walking down Karl Johans Gate, Oslo's main street, carrying an ice-cream cone in each hand. They lap the cones alternately, and the object of the game, apparently, is to finish both simultaneously. Perfection, naturally, is impossible, but I saw one fellow finish his second cone three-fifths of a second after his first. The general indulgence in these makeshift sweets amazes the newcomer to Oslo, but after a few days he finds himself eating *Napoleonskake* and *iskrem* regularly, too. It is the only way not to feel hungry. After three weeks of eating in Oslo restaurants, I have yet to see meat served in one piece. The menus occasionally feature a degraded form of meat ball, known variously as *Pariser biff*, *frikadelle*, and *karbonade*, and described to me by a Norwegian lady as "a faint kind of goulash in plastic form." I haven't tried it, since I suspect that it, too, comes from whales. Housewives tell you, as they do in all rationed countries, that it is harder to get food for the home than in restaurants. Neither fish nor *Napoleonskake* are rationed in the Oslo markets, however, and I am afraid that the housewives find little else on the menu when they go out to dinner.

BY the terms of an agreement entered into by the government, employers, and labor unions after the Liberation, the unions must be content with the prevailing wage scales as long as the government doesn't let the cost of living rise above 160.8 on the 1939 index, and the employers must pay a cost-of-living allowance to compensate for any rise above that point. There has not been a single important strike since the agreement was made. Naturally, this arrangement gives the employers, as well as the workers, a definite interest in holding price levels down, and they watch the weekly indexes as anxiously as if they themselves were keeping house on a strained budget. The average wage in industry is approximately fifty cents an hour for a forty-eight-hour week; the lowest is about forty-five cents and the highest is around sixty. The government keeps food prices in check by subsidies and price ceilings. Rye bread, for example, costs five cents a pound, milk (a pint a day for young children is assured) ten cents a quart, goat cheese (a brown variety that

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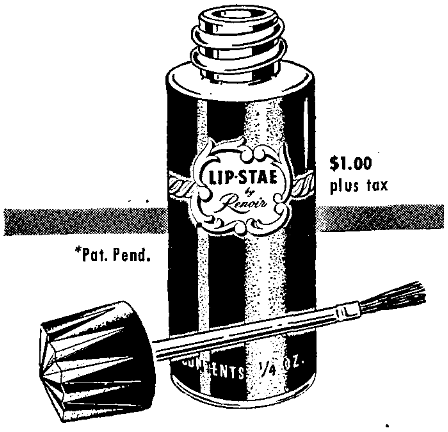

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tastes like sour molasses) thirty-six cents a pound, coffee (both coffee and cheese are considered essential items in the national diet) forty-one cents, sugar eight cents, butter sixty cents, and margarine fifty cents. Because of the difference in price, most working families use margarine instead of butter. All meat is fixed at forty cents a pound, but this doesn't mean much because the government simply isn't spending any foreign currency on meat as long as there is plenty of fish. Since there are jobs for all, everybody buys his full ration of whatever foods are available, and not even the Conservatives claim that anybody is undernourished.

Norwegian shipowners are individual enterprisers of the most enterprising sort, and nearly all of them are well to the Right. A Norwegian radical says "shipowner" in the same tone of voice that a French Communist says "trusts" or an American Communist says "big business." Nobody here suggests nationalizing shipping, however—neither the Labor Party, nor the Seaman's Union, which is one hundred per cent strong on board Norwegian ships, nor even the Norwegian Communist Party. All three of these groups feel that the shipping industry benefits from the experience of the shipowners. The way the Labor Government has carried the whole nation along with it in its drive to get shipping back on its feet before tackling anything else is, I think, the kind of thing that could happen only in a country as logical as this. There must have been a widespread temptation to yield to demagoguery by staking the national future on the development of industries that use Norway's hydroelectric power, which is mostly state or municipally owned, but enough people seem to have been persuaded that this would be a much longer and less certain way out of the hole the country has been in. Norwegian ships are making plenty of money; the tanker-charter market is good and is expected to improve steadily as more and more oil gets moved from one part of the world to another. The government is now confronted with the problem of getting back through taxes as much of the income from shipping as possible and at the same time of leaving enough in the industry to keep the shipowners and seamen reasonably contented. The owners grumble in the Rightist press, but they look prosperous and they privately admit that things might be worse. The seamen accuse the shipowners of palming profits by such tricks as exacting kickbacks from ships' agents, brokers, and chandlers in foreign ports. When I asked a union official how his outfit was getting along with the owners, he said, "We fight." Still, the union boasts that it has brought about some very important gains for its members—in pay, security, paid vacations, and pensions.

If the world could be counted on to remain at peace for a few more years, Norway would be a good bet to win herself out. Gunnar Jahn, the Governor of the Bank of Norway, has estimated that the war cost the country eighteen per cent of her capital assets. Brofoss thinks that the nation has come halfway back since the fighting stopped, and, to many, the road to a complete comeback does not seem too long. If and when that comeback is achieved, it is felt, the country may go on to prove that economic security can be combined with free speech, a high living standard with protection against economic depressions, and free enterprise in one part of an economy with nationalization in another part. Fear of a war, however, qualifies almost every Norwegian's pleasure in how far the country has come since 1945. Norwegians act surprised at hearing a visitor say, "People in New York are a lot more excited about the prospect of a new war than you seem to be here." Their calm reminds me of the calm among the crew of a Norwegian tanker-in-convoy on which I was a passenger during the last war. Every man aboard was constantly aware that the ship was in serious danger, and yet he realized that the best thing for him to do was to go right on chipping paint or cleaning oil tanks and arguing about politics. Tankers always kept their guns ready, possibly as much to bolster the spirits of the crews as anything else, for in the event of attack their only real hope lay in what the escort vessels could do to protect them. In somewhat the same spirit, Norway has now set her defenses in order. Should there be a sneak attack by Russia, the possibility of which the newspapers discuss freely, there would be a considerably more prompt and effective reaction than there was in 1940, when the Germans dropped in unannounced. On that occasion, a few hundred German airborne troops landed at Fornebu Airport and rode into Oslo in trucks while the legal-minded Norwegians, who had never been in a war, stood gaping. "When they set up their machine guns in front of the National Theatre, people gathered around and stared at them as if it was a seldom sight," one of my Norwegian friends told me. "We should not believe what it meant." Now the

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Norwegians would believe very well what it meant, but even so they would not be able to defend themselves, without assistance, for more than a few days, or possibly weeks. One military authority, quoted in the—for Norway—sensational afternoon paper *Dagbladet*, has said, "We must be prepared to defend ourselves for as much as three months before the arrival of effective aid." He didn't explain how he thought this could be done.

The great scare in March about an immediate Russian attack, probably airborne, which moved the government to swift action, was brought about by simultaneous rumors in a number of European capitals. If the rumors were in fact feelers put out by the Soviet Foreign Office to clarify Norway's position, they accomplished their purpose. Within the past month, the Storting has formed a Committee on Defense and Foreign Policy, from which Communists are excluded because, as Prime Minister Einar Gerhardsen frankly told them, they cannot be trusted. Gerhardsen began adult life as a road laborer in the State Highway Department. Now, at fifty, he looks like a taller and heavier Ernie Pyle, and he has Pyle's quality of making people believe that he likes them. Such fighting words coming from him rather astonished the public. He made a still stronger speech later, in which he said that there would be no "Czech coup" in Norway. Halvard Lange, the Foreign Minister, then declared that his country would not sign a defensive pact with Russia, should the Russians offer one. Despite all this, the Foreign Office assures Norwegians that official relations with Russia have remained "most correct" and that commercial agreements between the two countries are being continued. Russia, for example, has several Norwegian ships under charter in the Black Sea.

Calm or no calm, the question every Norwegian asks an American upon being properly introduced, or, at least, after a few drinks, is "What will the United States do if . . .?" Norwegians would gladly pass up the accounts of quite a number of boxing matches and ship launchings, no matter how thoughtfully detailed, to read even the most fragmentary answer to that one.

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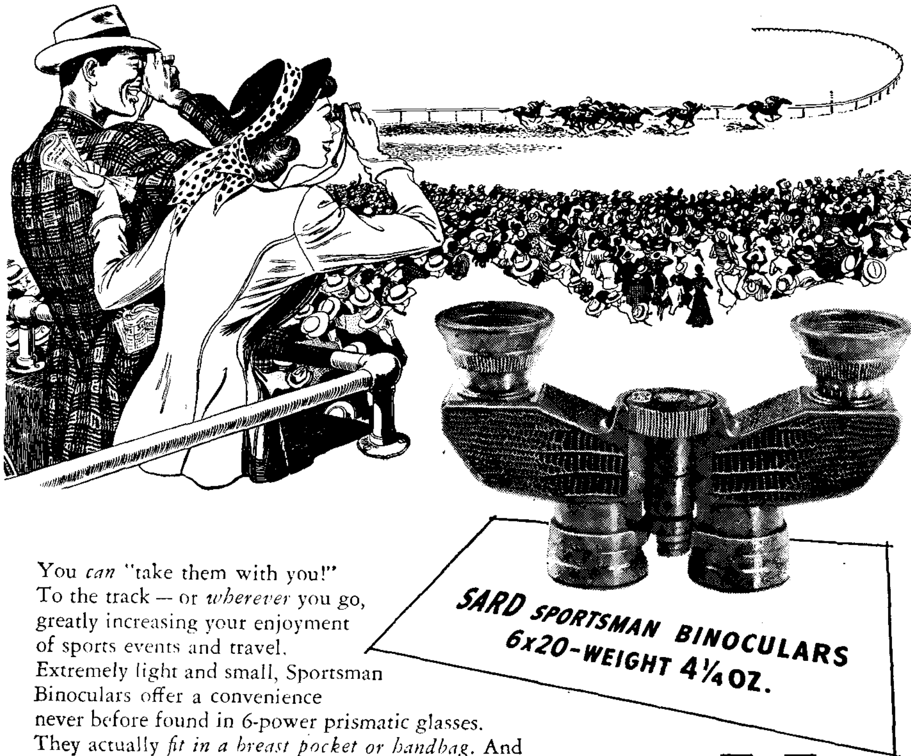

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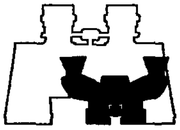

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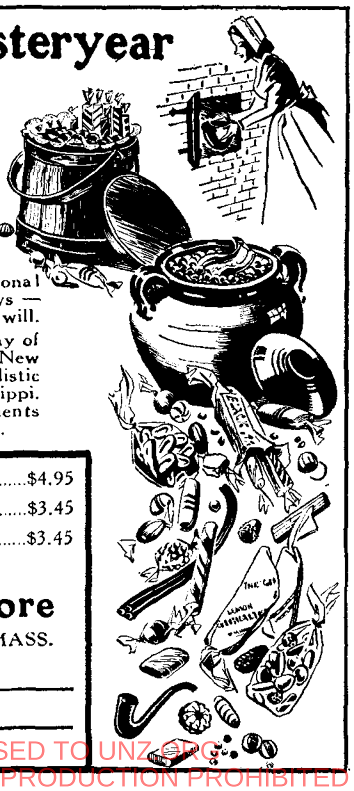

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To the Editors, *The New Yorker*,
Dear Sirs:

It is getting so these days that one simply cannot believe what one reads! I mean this to sound very harsh. I have read your little article in the May 1st Town Topics Department about the Riddlers' Club, those puzzle people who meet once a month, *and I simply do not believe there are any such puzzles on this earth* called transposals, beheadments, curtailments, alphagrams, betagrams, omegrams, charades, linkades, cascades, numericals, triangles, progressive letter changes, terminal elisions, king's moves, knight's tours, cryptarithms, and palindromes. That's what you wrote in the magazine, but I don't believe it. I know something about puzzles, because I have been a devoted fan of crossword puzzles and of Mrs. Kingsley's Double-Crostics for many years, but I have *never* heard of any of those other things and it is hard to believe that there are such things on earth. I have a feeling that you're just being smart down there in New York. Of course, I can be wrong, and if such things really exist, I would be perfectly willing to have you tell me something about them.

Sincerely,
(Mrs.) Anne deLacey Higgins

WHAT a wonderful new world is about to open for you, Mrs. Higgins! There are such things on earth. We aren't smart enough to invent those names. We're afraid we must both face the fact, Mrs. Higgins, that you're in a puzzle rut, but, with God's help, we will try to ease you out of it. We will also rely somewhat heavily upon a splendid pamphlet called "The ABC of Puzzledom," prepared by the Riddlers, under the editorship of Oedipus. In it, one finds explanations and examples of the puzzles we listed. We have supplemented this knowledge with examples from our own "Wee Treasure House of Riddles." All set, Mrs. Higgins? To the puzzles!

A *transposal*, as the name implies, involves transposing all the letters of a word to make another word. The idea becomes readily apparent in the case of a simple word like "on." Twiddle this around the old living-room Chippendale and you get "no." Take a word like "cat" and you get "act." Now, the puzzle people write poems in which the meaning of missing words, all of them made of one set of letters, is hinted at in the text. Finding the words, or completing the poem, is the point of the puzzle. For example:

Try to catch a ONE, my dear,
Catch him fast, he knows no fear.
As for TWO, it's on the road,

Over it travels a heavy load.
THREE is something by van Gogh.
Come on, Higgins, this you know!

It goes without saying that "ONE" is "rat," "TWO" is "tar," and "THREE" is "art."

We pass now to *beheadments*. In a beheadment, you take away the first letter of a word and, by golly, an entirely different word is created. "Drain," for instance—remove the "d" and you have "rain." Beheadments are most fun in poems. Here's a stanza with a double beheadment; that is, both the first and second letters are removed, making two new words. Where you see "TOTAL" in the poem, fill in the complete word; where you see "ONE," fill in the first beheadment; where you see "TWO"—if you are still with us—fill in the second beheadment. This is the poem:

"Eureka!" TOTAL the Forty-niner.
A lumberjacket he ONE.
"I have seen nothing no finer."
He lovingly fondled the TWO.

(Answer: TOTAL=swore, ONE=wore, TWO=ore)

Which brings us to *curtailments*. These are the opposite of beheadments. The last letters, instead of the first, are removed. (Man has progressed a good deal farther than he is given credit for.) "Comet," for example. Take "t" away and "come" is left. That's curtailments.

Terminal elisions are a picnic. They're the Giant Combination Package. Both the first and last letters of a word are excised. As, for instance, Mrs. Higgins:

The day was dark and TOTAL,
The thunder ONE and clear.

(Answer: TOTAL=cloudy, ONE=loud)

We have now reached the point where we run the gamut from *alphagram* to *omegram*. In the alphagram, you change the first letter of a word to form a new word (*d*og, *f*og, *l*og, *b*og, etc.); in the omegram, you change the last letter (rea*d*, rea*l*, rea*r*, rea*m*, etc.). Pursuing this line of endeavor further, you have a choice of the *betagram* (change the second letter), the *gammagram* (change the third letter), the *etagram* (change the seventh), and the *telegram* (dial Operator and ask for Western Union). One example will suffice—a betagram:

The sailor was rude and a ONE.
On the day that his TWO
Pulled out of the THREE
He was drunk and determined to FOUR.

(Answer: S*n*ip, S*h*ip, S*l*ip, S*k*ip)

As we arrive at *charade*, the sun has set in the west and darkness i

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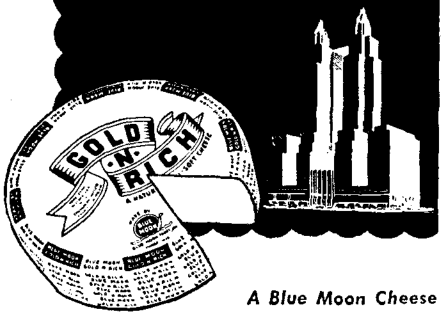

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fast overtaking us. The key word is worked out from clues to its component syllables, which are themselves words. "Sweetheart," for example, breaks down into "sweet" and "heart." Here is a charade:

Susan had such funny notions.
Always mixed up in her motions.
Always thought that ONE was up,
Described a glass in terms of a cup,
Always turned TWO instead of left,
Lost her friends, and put on heft.
'Cause people just about decided
Susan was TOTAL feeble-minded.

(Answer: ONE=down, TWO=right,
TOTAL=downright)

Sometimes charades are phonetic. They contain clues to syllables that sound alike but are spelled differently. Thus "spinster" can be turned into "spin" and "stir."

It's a brisk fifteen minutes by canoe from charade to *linkade*. Here you find that the last letter of the first syllable also becomes the first letter of the second syllable. Thus "rampant" becomes "ramp" and "pant." "Germany" becomes "germ" and "many." How true, Mrs. Higgins, how true!

The journey to *cascade* is somewhat longer. We are in high country here and the nights are cool. Cascades differ radically from the puzzles so far described. The latter are, every one of them, what are known as "flat" puzzles. (We don't know why they're called that, and we doubt that anybody else does.) Cascades are one type of "form" puzzle. By and large, form puzzles fit into geometric patterns. In the cascade, the puzzler works with a list of definitions of words, as in crossword puzzles. All the words in the solution contain one invariable set of letters. Say the set is "ent;" then the cascade may go like this:

Definitions	*Solution*
Amuses	ENTertains
Feelings	sENTiments
Ultimately	evENTually
Stress	accENTuate
Debate	contENTion
Massive	monumENTal
Seasonings	condimENTs
Unfair	fraudulENT

Getting back to flat puzzles, and gladly, *progressive letter changes* involve changing a specified word into another specified word of the same length in the shortest possible number of moves. Only one letter can be changed at a time, and each change must make a word. "Cat" to "rat" is simple. One move and you have it. But "boy" to "ape" takes three: boy, bay, pay, ape. If you have time on your hands, Mrs. Higgins, you might try

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changing "Vandenberg" to "Eisenhower." We haven't the faintest notion whether this can be done.

At last, we are at the *palindrome*. How imposing is the palindrome, and what a tribute to man's ingenuity! Palindromes read the same backward as forward. Perhaps the greatest example, an estimate of Bonaparte, is "Able was I ere I saw Elba." Laval was a French palindrome, and a bad French palindrome, at that. When the puzzle people get their hands on a palindrome, they put it in verse form and knock out either the vowels or the consonants. For example:

> This palindrome needs no clue.
> I simply P_T _T _P to you.

You also mention *numericals*, *triangles*, *king's moves*, *knight's tours*, and *cryptarithms*. We can assure you that there are such puzzles, too, and we will drop a few hints. A numerical involves numbering the letters of a key word, rearranging this word into other words, clued by the numbers, and recklessly putting the whole business into a verse. Triangles, king's moves, and knight's tours are, natch, form puzzles. Cryptarithms, sometimes called letter arithmetic, are a combination cryptogram and mathematical problem. In them, ten letters stand for ten digits, and you decipher the key word by figuring what digits they stand for and then resubstituting letters. *You* do, Mrs. Higgins, but not us!

PHILIP HAMBURGER
(For the Editors)

•

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[*Sam Lesner in the Chicago Daily News*]

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT AND MY GREEN-GOLD FOUNTAIN PEN

THE photographs of three great men, John J. Audubon, John Honus Wagner, and Theodore Roosevelt, adorned the walls of my room when I was a boy. I had read every book or article about Audubon that I could find. I had been allowed to handle the monumental Elephant Folio edition of his works in the New York Public Library, on my first visit to the city with my family, and I felt that I knew him intimately. Honus Wagner, the matchless Pittsburgh shortstop, had autographed a baseball for me one day in Boston after a game between the Pirates and the Braves. I revered the ex-President, Mr. Roosevelt, above even Audubon and Wagner, but the two opportunities that came along for me to speak to him—once in a thicket and once in a hotel—were ingloriously lost. I count them the major failures in a boyhood replete with frustrations.

Roosevelt the ornithologist interested me more than Roosevelt the statesman. We were all bird enthusiasts in my family. Birdhouses of many sizes and of amazingly varied architecture dangled from the boughs of the cherry, plum, pear, and peach trees in our back yard in Syracuse. We grew blackberries and currants for the birds to feed on, and even cultivated for them a wild elderberry bush that we had transplanted from a swamp to our garden. We had a birdbath that was emptied, scrubbed, and refilled every day. A greater event in my life than the day in 1909 when, galvanized by Honus Wagner's inspired play, the Pirates clinched the National League pennant was the occasion, in the same year, when a female rose-breasted grosbeak (a rare bird in Syracuse) dropped into our yard out of the sky. She fed on the ripe fruit that hung from the elderberry bush, shook drops of silver from her feathers as she made use of the birdbath, and then, before heading south, warbled a few notes, as if in appreciation.

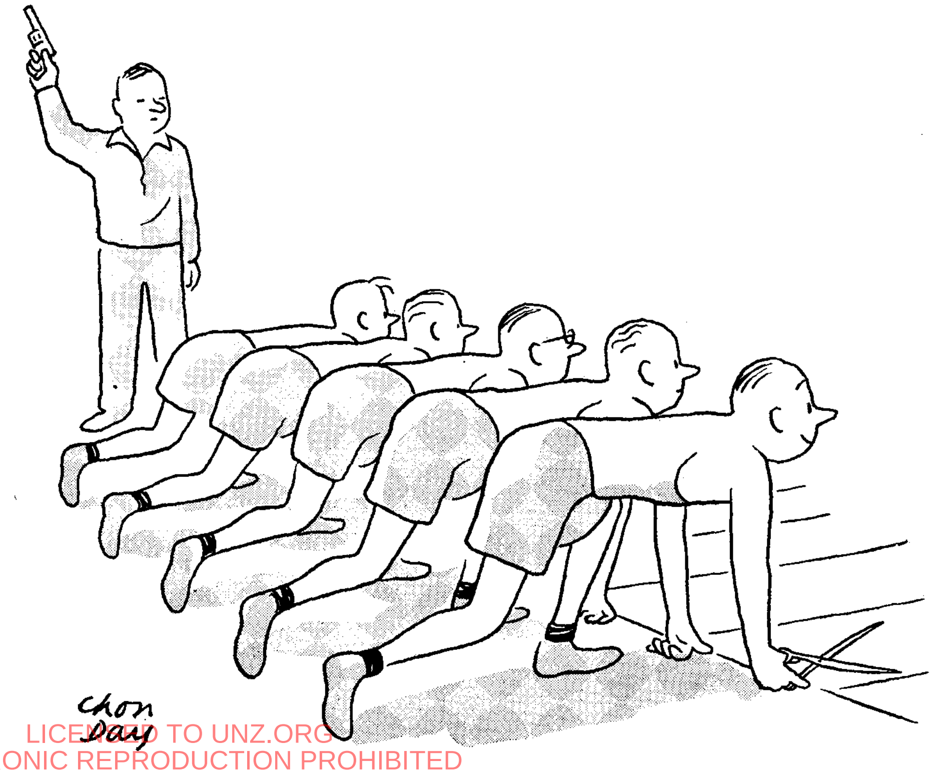
My favorite haunt for the observation of birds was not our back yard, however, but a little island formed by the bifurcation of Onondaga Creek in a valley that lay just south of Syracuse. Here the stream ran in separate forks for about fifty rods. The island had every natural facility for the propagation of bird life. There were fields and glades, vines and thickets, clusters of woodland, flowing water on all sides, and a low, swampy pond in the center. The happiest moments of my boyhood were spent on this island. I went there the year around, usually early in the day, and I nearly always had the island and its feathered inhabitants all to myself.

ONE sunny Sunday morning in the spring of 1915, when I was thirteen years old, I slipped out of our house with my field glasses over my shoulder and, in my pockets, two nickels for carfare, my notebook, and my green-gold fountain pen; an hour later I was walking along the path that ran the length of the island, winding through grapevine thickets and only occasionally affording a glimpse of the shining creek water. My destination was the south point of the island, where the twin streams merged in a deep pool. Willows and elders hung over this pool, and the banks were thick with swamp reeds and cattails. Shore fowl and wild ducks nested there, and many other birds came to drink and bathe. Two years before, a huge elm, uprooted by a spring flood, had fallen down the bank of one of the forks of the creek, and it still lay with its crown in deep water.

I hid in a clump of bushes not far from this prostrate tree, waiting for birds to appear. With luck, I thought, I might catch a glimpse of a pair of cardinals that another bird watcher had reported seeing on the island a few days before. Although I had never seen a cardinal outside of a cage in the Bronx Zoo, I had learned to imitate the call of the male with some accuracy. I whistled the proper notes and waited expectantly, but when I heard a rustle in the low bushes behind me a minute later, it was not an entranced female of the species that was responding to my mimicry. It was Theodore Roosevelt. Two human hands thrust the bushes apart, and a shaggy head emerged at a height of not much more than a foot above the ground—the lionlike head of the ex-President. Shoulders, torso, legs, and feet followed in order, all of them belonging to Mr. Roosevelt. I would have recognized him anywhere.

He came crawling out of the bushes like a huge anthropoid, and continued a short distance in that manner. I silently shrank farther into the security of my clump of bushes as he looked around, presumably for the cardinal I had been impersonating. Judging by the condition of the knees of his trousers, he must have been creeping on all fours for a considerable distance. He finally got to his feet, and then sat down on the trunk of the fallen elm. He did not seem unduly disappointed by his failure to discover the cardinal. He examined my favorite bird sanctuary with beaming eyes, as if he, too, found the spot an enchanting one and felt that something delightful of an ornithological nature might happen in it at any moment.

As for me, I breathed very quietly and simply feasted my eyes on Mr. Roosevelt. His presence here, I told myself, was an epoch in history, and I hoped the birds would realize this and



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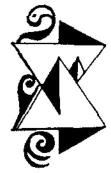
make some appropriate contribution to it. I knew that Mr. Roosevelt had been in Syracuse all that week, in what I considered to be his role of statesman, and now, on this Sunday morning, I knew that he had come to the island in his role of ornithologist. I wanted its finest specimens of bird life—the pileated woodpeckers, the indigo buntings, and the wood ducks that were nesting in the hollow log above the stream—to parade themselves before him, as on previous occasions they had paraded themselves before me. Mr. Roosevelt, I knew, had returned from South America only the year before, where he had collected two thousand specimens of mammals and five hundred of birds for the Museum of Natural History. I did not want the stream and its island life to be too tame for him. I was comforted by my conviction that with him all things were possible, even miracles, and I became sure that his presence would be the magnet that would draw some rare bird to my little island. The appearance of a fabled creature, like the roc or the phoenix, would have seemed in order. But nothing happened; nothing came down from the sky or flew out of a tree or swam around in the pool to entertain Mr. Roosevelt. Not even a pair of common mallards or an ordinary yellowbird appeared, to make him glad that he had come.



AS we waited separately for the birds that remained so deplorably absent, I began to fear that I wasn't being a good host. This, I had always felt, was my island; Mr. Roosevelt, therefore, was my guest, and I wanted him to enjoy himself and to want to come back again. Annoyed with the whole bird world, I watched the great man closely. I could detect no sign of impatience or disappointment in his ruddy countenance. He seemed to appreciate my island paradise enormously. He kept taking deep breaths of the spring air, and he followed the course of Onondaga Creek with his eyes as keenly as if it had been the Rio Teodoro, the river that he had discovered in Brazil and that now bore his name. I decided, in a rush of understanding, that because he had spent so many months on unhealthy water in torrid, miasmatic swamps and jungles (where he had become infected with a fever, the poisons of which were said never to have left him), he liked all the more this fresh, Northern stream of mine. If no birds could be seen, some of them could at least be heard; a choir was singing for my guest in the treetops on the opposite bank.

Like me, Mr. Roosevelt had risen early that day. After he had been sitting down for a little while, he began to look sleepy. The sun was warm, the atmosphere sedative. He took off his coat, necktie, and shirt, and tossed them over a bush. Then, his face registering unmistakable contentment, he lazily stretched out on the trunk of the elm. Whether he slept or not I do not know, but he lay on his back in the sun for quite a while, and when he opened his eyes and jumped off the elm, he looked refreshed.

Mr. Roosevelt took several turns up and down the sun-warmed creek bank, his esteem for everything showing plainly in his eyes: for the elders, whose lacy blossoms were hanging over the stream's edge, the clusters of trilliums under the evergreens, and the forget-me-nots in the grass. After he had looked at his watch and put on his shirt, necktie, and coat, he picked a bunch of violets, around the stems of which he wound a long blade of grass. Then he cocked an ear and listened intently. In the bushes I heard a familiar "kuck, kuck, kuck." It was the call of the pileated woodpecker. Mr. Roosevelt got down on his hands and knees and crawled up the bank with his bunch of violets between his teeth, and disappeared into the same clump of bushes from which he had so dramatically emerged.

I WAITED a long time for Mr. Roosevelt to come back, but he didn't. I grew unreasonably happy and at the same time deeply wretched. I had seen Theodore Roosevelt, I had been almost close enough to touch him, but who would believe me? People not only wouldn't believe me but would tell me that I had been dreaming or was crazy. Nobody could possibly see Theodore Roosevelt crawling around on his hands and knees on my obscure island. Had I indeed been dreaming? Then I saw an object at my feet, under the bush on which Mr. Roosevelt had flung his clothes. It was a small black notebook. I picked it up and opened it. Two words were written in the book, at the top of the first page. They were "Theodore Roosevelt." The rest of the pages were blank.

For probably an hour, I lay in the sun on the creek bank, savoring my stupendous experience. Then I started home. As I approached the bridge that connected the island with the mainland, I discovered that my green-gold foun-

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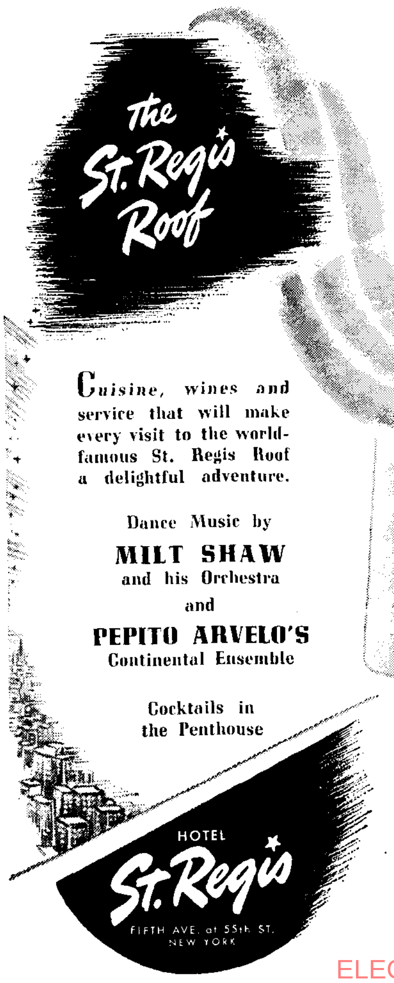
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tain pen was missing and realized that I must have lost it on the island when I had crawled under a fence or while I had hidden in the bushes. I retraced my steps but didn't find it. The passionate sadness I felt over its loss made me forget for a brief time about my historic adventure. The green-gold fountain pen was one of my three really adult possessions, the two others being my field glasses and my grandfather's watch, which I was considered too young to carry. I consoled myself by reflecting that for the pen I had lost I had found a notebook belonging to Theodore Roosevelt, in which he had written his name. That was adequate compensation.

When I arrived home, my father and mother and my brother and sister were eating fresh-caught bullheads out in the summer kitchen. Remarkably enough, it turned out that my father was fairly bursting with news concerning Mr. Roosevelt. Ordinarily, he would have kept it to himself until I had eaten, lest the excitement of his revelations take my appetite away, but he told me at once that he had arranged for my admittance next morning to the courtroom in which Mr. Roosevelt was defending himself in a libel suit having to do with his public utterances. I was to be at the Courthouse an hour before the trial opened, and Mr. Delaney, a court attendant and a friend of my father's, would admit me and give me a good seat. I would be able to see with my own eyes the family hero—the ex-President of the United States, the ex-Rough Rider, the naturalist and ornithologist, and the man who pitched horseshoes with John Burroughs, Thomas Edison, and Henry Ford. Father thought such an inspiring sight was worth more than a day in school, and he said he would write a note to my teacher explaining my absence.

"But I saw him today, Dad!" I shouted, and produced Mr. Roosevelt's notebook to corroborate my statement. Everybody looked, listened, and marvelled, and my father, delighted with my adventure, decided that I could give the notebook to Mr. Delaney when I saw him at the Courthouse, and ask him to return it to Mr. Roosevelt. I said nothing about my lost fountain pen, and the prospect of seeing Mr. Roosevelt again compensated me for the impending loss of his notebook, which I had hoped to keep and cherish forever.

THE next morning, I turned up at the door of the Supreme Court Chamber *two* hours before the session

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opened. Mr. Delaney let me in, but I could not, at the moment, bring myself to surrender Mr. Roosevelt's notebook. As I sat waiting, I turned over in my mind the business, as Father had explained it, that had brought Mr. Roosevelt to Syracuse. He was being sued for libel by William Barnes, Jr., the publisher of the Albany *Evening Journal* and the Republican Party leader of New York State. Some time before, Mr. Roosevelt had denounced Mr. Barnes as a machine politician of the basest sort and as an individual who had a corrupt allegiance to corporations. Mr. Barnes sued.

When Mr. Roosevelt, flanked by his legal counsel, appeared in the courtroom, over which Justice William S. Andrews presided, he seemed furiously angry. His cheeks were flushed, his forehead was pale, and his eyes glittered savagely. He was not at all the peaceful nature lover I had seen on the island the day before, watching for birds and picking violets. He looked almost lethal, as if he were charged with electricity, and I thought that if he were handed his notebook, he would give off a shower of sparks when he touched it. He seemed so far removed from ornithology that, I told myself, if a wood thrush, the most endearing of birds, had flown onto his shoulder and commenced to warble, he would have brushed it off. Then, when Mr. Roosevelt took his place in a chair beside his counsel, I made a discovery that rocked the foundations of my world. Protruding from the breast pocket of the coat of his dark-blue suit was my green-gold fountain pen.

After that, my eyes never left Mr. Roosevelt. I could watch my pen, which I positively identified by a dark stain on its top, and his volatile face at the same time. I was almost surfeited with pleasure when he took the pen from his pocket and made a note with it in another little black book, and when, later in the morning, he again used it to scribble something, on a leaf torn from the book, and passed the note on to one of his attorneys. I left the courtroom at the end of the session with my head in the clouds and Mr. Roosevelt's notebook still in my pocket. If he had my green-gold fountain pen, I felt, I was entitled to keep his notebook.

When I got home and electrified my family with the sensational news about my green-gold pen, my father was of quite another mind. He said I must call on Mr. Roosevelt, return his notebook, and ask him for my pen. I remembered how my hands had shaken the day Honus Wagner autographed the baseball for me, and I was filled with terror at the prospect of a face-to-face meeting with Mr. Roosevelt, of whom all people seemed to stand in awe. I was ashamed to beg off, though, and a day or two later arrangements were made for me to approach him.

My father, who was a civic-minded man, knew everybody in town. He telephoned Proctor C. Welch, then manager of the Hotel Onondaga, where an old friend of Mr. Roosevelt's lived. This gentleman, whose name I do not recall, was giving a small reception in Mr. Roosevelt's honor, for which Mr. Welch's staff had made all the preparations. Mr. Welch promised my father that if I would present myself to him in his office, he would see that I had a chance to talk to the great man. Then I could return his notebook and ask him for my fountain pen.

NEWS soon got around our neighborhood that I was being put in shape to meet Theodore Roosevelt. All the kids on the street flocked to our back yard, and some of them invaded the house. They found me weighed down by the solemnity of the impending occasion. Although I had had a haircut only five weeks before, my mother made me go to the barbershop again, and on the momentous morning I had to take a bath and put on fresh underwear. My sister Martha shined my shoes for me, because I was too nervous to shine them myself, and my brother Vince lent me his new alligator-skin belt with which to hitch up the pants of my Holy Communion suit, a blue serge with Norfolk jacket.

Half a dozen of my closest friends walked to the streetcar line with me. To this day, I can see them standing on the corner of Butternut and Warham waving goodbye as my downtown trolley moved away. I got off at Jefferson and Salina and walked to the hotel. I found Mr. Welch in his office, and he directed me to a small parlor on the entresol, which he told me was near the chamber where the reception was to be held. Mr. Roosevelt was in the suite of the friend who was giving the reception, and Mr. Welch said he would put a call through to the friend.

Three people were in the parlor when I entered: an old lady who was knitting; another old lady, who was eating peppermints out of a paper bag; and a gentleman reading a copy of the Syracuse *Herald*, which had a big picture of Mr. Roosevelt on its front page. Because this gentleman had a kind face—and I suddenly felt the need to be close to

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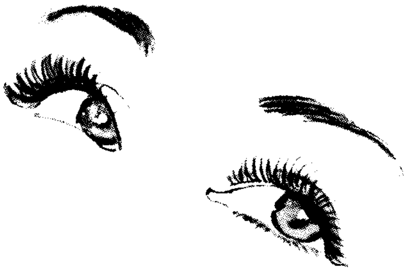
somebody, even a stranger—I sat down in a chair next to a small table at his elbow, shaking all over and wishing I were back home in our summer kitchen. A few minutes later, the man tossed his newspaper onto the table and got up and left, and, looking around, I saw Mr. Roosevelt standing in the doorway. My green-gold fountain pen was in his pocket.

The old ladies at once became aware of his presence. Their faces lit up and their hands fluttered, but they were too polite to stare. It was obvious from Mr. Roosevelt's aimless and abstracted manner that he had not come here to see a thirteen-year-old boy, or anybody else, and I assumed, probably correctly, that he had left his friend's suite for a little change of scene before the reception, and before Mr. Welch's call had got through. The room swam before me as I dumbly watched Mr. Roosevelt, whose gaze became fixed on the table next to me. I didn't miss the sudden gleam in his eye, though—the same sort of gleam that had been there when he was looking for the cardinal on my island. But it wasn't a bird he had spotted in the parlor, or a small boy, either; it was his picture on the front page of the discarded Syracuse *Herald*.

Mr. Roosevelt hated sham and pretense but he was evidently not without his small wiles. A great man like him could not be seen deliberately salvaging an abandoned newspaper in the public room of a hotel. His approach to it was studiedly indirect, as if he were tracking down a wary bird. He walked slowly into the parlor and stopped to examine a print that hung near the doorway. He next advanced casually, seeing nobody but casting faint benevolent beams to the left and to the right, all the time coming closer to the newspaper. Clothing his features in a deeply thoughtful expression, he produced his notebook from his pocket and, with my green-gold fountain pen, scribbled something in it that I am sure did not amount to a row of pins. After a few more steps, evidently designed to show that stretching his legs was really what he was up to, he reached the recently vacated chair. As if his mind were a hundred miles away from the newspaper, he walked past the table on which it lay and then paced back and forth a couple of times with a look of almost complete innocence on his face. Finally, as if the chair invited him with irresistible persuasion, he sank into it. Then he looked with pseudo-casualness at the table at his side and appeared to be sur-

"what
BIG EYES
you
have!"



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Arden

prised by what he saw on it. After a furtive glance around the room, he quietly gathered up the newspaper and buried his face in it. Mr. Roosevelt, I felt sure, had never bagged a museum specimen with greater finesse.

I was now but a scant four feet from my green-gold fountain pen, and Mr. Roosevelt from his lost notebook. I had only to wait until he finished looking at the newspaper, which, no doubt, would not be long, and then speak to him. I almost immediately realized, however, that I would do no such thing. The thought of addressing Mr. Roosevelt made me shiver. My mouth dried up and beads of moisture stood on my forehead. I knew that if I spoke, my lips would tremble, my speech would be incoherent, and I would look and act like an idiot. My great fear now was that *he* would speak to *me*. I sat there quiet as a mouse, trembling, wishing that I had a cloak of invisibility to fling over my shoulders. The smile he dropped vaguely in my direction when he got up to go away did not reassure me. It was only after he had disappeared that my heart stopped pounding and I was able to breathe again.

I LEFT the hotel, avoiding Mr. Welch's office. On my way home, I began to bury the wretchedness of my failure in fanciful self-consolation. If my father should insist (which, it turned out, he didn't), I would mail Mr. Roosevelt his notebook but would urge him to keep my green-gold fountain pen. Obviously, it had been singled out for a great fate, and who was I to thwart its destiny? Mr. Roosevelt would write weighty books and speeches of grave urgency with that pen. If he became President again—he was but fifty-six at the time, and his friends were constantly urging him to run—he would sign historic documents with it. A bloody war was raging in Europe, and my pen might become the indirect instrument of peace, of world salvation. I even enjoyed a dizzy vision of the pen under a glass case in some museum or national shrine a thousand years hence, preserved for the veneration of posterity.

—AMBROSE FLACK

•

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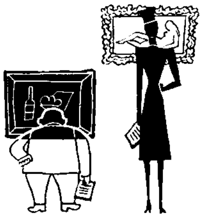
THE ART GALLERIES

The Poet of the Middle Class



EVEN in a profession noted for the longevity of its members, there have been few men who lived as long as Pierre Bonnard, now the subject of a large retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, and there have been fewer still whose careers were as long as his. Born near Paris in 1867, Bonnard was at first set to studying law, but he soon tired of that, and before he was twenty he had made up his mind that he wanted to be a painter. Since his father was opposed, he studied art on the side for a while. But in a year or so he sold a poster design for a hundred francs, and his triumph—and the cash—fortified him against his father's objections. He took a studio in the Batignolles quarter of Paris, enrolled at the popular Académie Julian, and began a career that did not end till his death, a year ago last January. Other men, such as Claude Monet and Edgar Degas, among his near contemporaries, have lived longer than he did, but both of these stopped painting some years before their deaths. Bonnard, frail and white-haired, but still lively and quick-minded, kept on, and though some of his final pictures reveal a diminution in the assurance of his brushwork, the very last, the small "Flowering Almond Tree," has a freshness and boldness of design that are uncanny in a man of nearly eighty. The exhibition, as perhaps befits so long a life and so enormous a production (Bonnard did quantities of book illustrations, posters, prints, drawings, and lithographs as well as oils), is a voluminous one; in fact, it may be a trifle too large for the artist's own good. Bonnard's style and his range of material varied but little, and since the show contains a hundred and forty-seven items, eighty-two of them oils, it has moments almost of monotony.

One of the notable things about Bonnard was his ability to retain his own style in spite of the many changes around him. He grew up at a time when the Impressionist movement had passed its peak and was beginning to disintegrate under the impact of the more radical theories that had grown out of it, and it is a marvel that he was able

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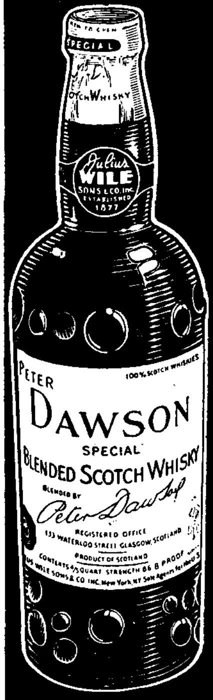
a wee bit **tastier**



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to keep so closely to his path in the artistic turmoil that ensued.

He seems hardly to have been touched by Cézanne and his followers, but he was in at the birth of the Gauguin type of post-Impressionism, and for a while, in his middle twenties, was a member of a group called the Nabis, which had been founded largely to promote Gauguin's theories about form and color. Bonnard was little affected, though, by either this or the movements—Fauvism, Expressionism, Cubism, and so on—that came later. To be sure, there are traces of Manet in his early "Study of a Red Partridge," done in 1889, and the Impressionist style formed the basis of his technique through much of his career. That he admired and studied the Japanese is evident in "The Boulevard," "Tugboat on the Seine Near Rolleboise," and many of the prints and other black-and-whites in the show. And although in his youth he had refused to follow Gauguin headlong, the influence of the man seems to have caught up with him later, as in "L'Estérel," of 1917; the densely patterned "The Palm," of 1926; and the lush lavender-and-violet "Cabinet de Toilette," of 1932.

But for the most part Bonnard went his way alone. Vuillard, a close companion from their student days till Vuillard's death, in 1940, came nearest to him in outlook and painting methods. Aside from that, there has been no one else since Chardin who has even approached his ability to perceive and exploit the gentle poetry that lies in the pleasantly humdrum. Bourgeois life, in all its fusty, slightly stuffy comfort, was his main theme, and while most of his contemporaries were busying themselves with more romantic subjects, he portrayed that life, exactly and yet charmingly and lovingly, in a series that began with "The Lunch," of 1906, and ran on through, among others, "The Dining Room," "The French Window," "Breakfast in the Garden," and the superlative "Still Life with Cat."

Human beings figure very little in Bonnard's paintings. The settings they lived in interested him more, and when people do appear, it is only incidentally, like the bent-over housemaid in "The Checkered Tablecloth," the standing woman in "Breakfast Room (Arcachon)," and the scarcely discernible nude in the really sumptuously painted "Dressing Table and Mirror." Perhaps because of his preoccupation with things instead of with people, Bonnard, at his best, was almost Cézanne's equal as a still-life painter, and the show includes, in this genre, such other excellent pieces

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as "Still Life with Basket of Bananas," the small, luscious "Strawberries," and the glowing gold-and-white "Corner of a Table," which, with its diagonal design and dramatic color, is perhaps the most striking picture of the lot.

BEN-ZION is an artist who, to my mind, has not received all the recognition that his sound style, fine taste, and intellectual depth entitle him to. Now that he has two simultaneous exhibitions—one, of Biblical subjects, at the Jewish Museum and the other, on secular themes, at the Bertha Schaefer—it may be that the matter is on its way to being rectified. Both shows are worth seeing, the first for such pieces as "Ruth and Boas," the charming rose-and-green "Susanna and the Elders," and the majestically conceived "Moses Dropping the Tablets;" the second for the dark, elegant "Old Candelabra," the sombre "Symbols of Our Time," and the boldly imaginative "Prometheus."

I HAVE three exhibitions of works by younger artists to commend to your attention. At the Associated American there are a dozen paintings by students of William Gropper, the Harry Salpeter has a showing called "Three Under Thirty," and Jacques Seligmann is showing its second annual collection called "Twenty-Five and Under." The Seligmann exhibit is somewhat uneven, but among the thirty-odd items on view Thomas Dibble's "Supper at Emmaus," John Barnard's "On the Atlanta Road," and John Anderson's abstract "The Spaniard" indicate definite promise. The Gropper collection, which is spotty, too, contains the strongly handled "Red Wagon," by Herbert Lindholtz, and the pleasantly Expressionistic "Flowers Will Grow Again," by Leon Marcus. The trio at the Salpeter are Rosalyn Stern, Arnold Herstand, and Harry MacDonald. In spite of their youth, all three show remarkable artistic maturity. Miss Stern's "From a Studio Window" and "The Uninvited" are extremely well-organized canvases, while Herstand ("Two Clowns" and "Blind Minstrel") and MacDonald ("Hillside, Italy," "Neapolitan Youth," and "Crucifixion") combine imaginative power with considerable technical dexterity.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

SISTERS WED BROTHERS,
HAVE BABIES SAME DAY
—*European edition of the Herald Tribune.*

What a mess!

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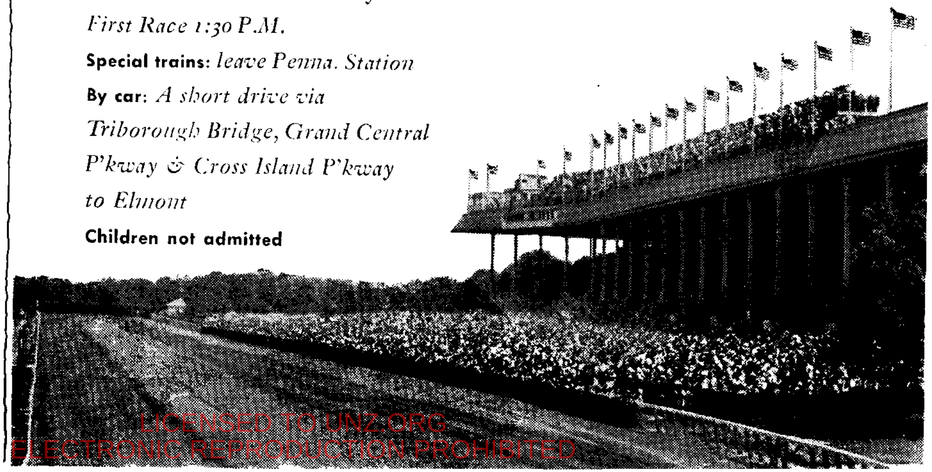
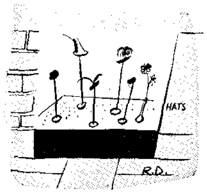


ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

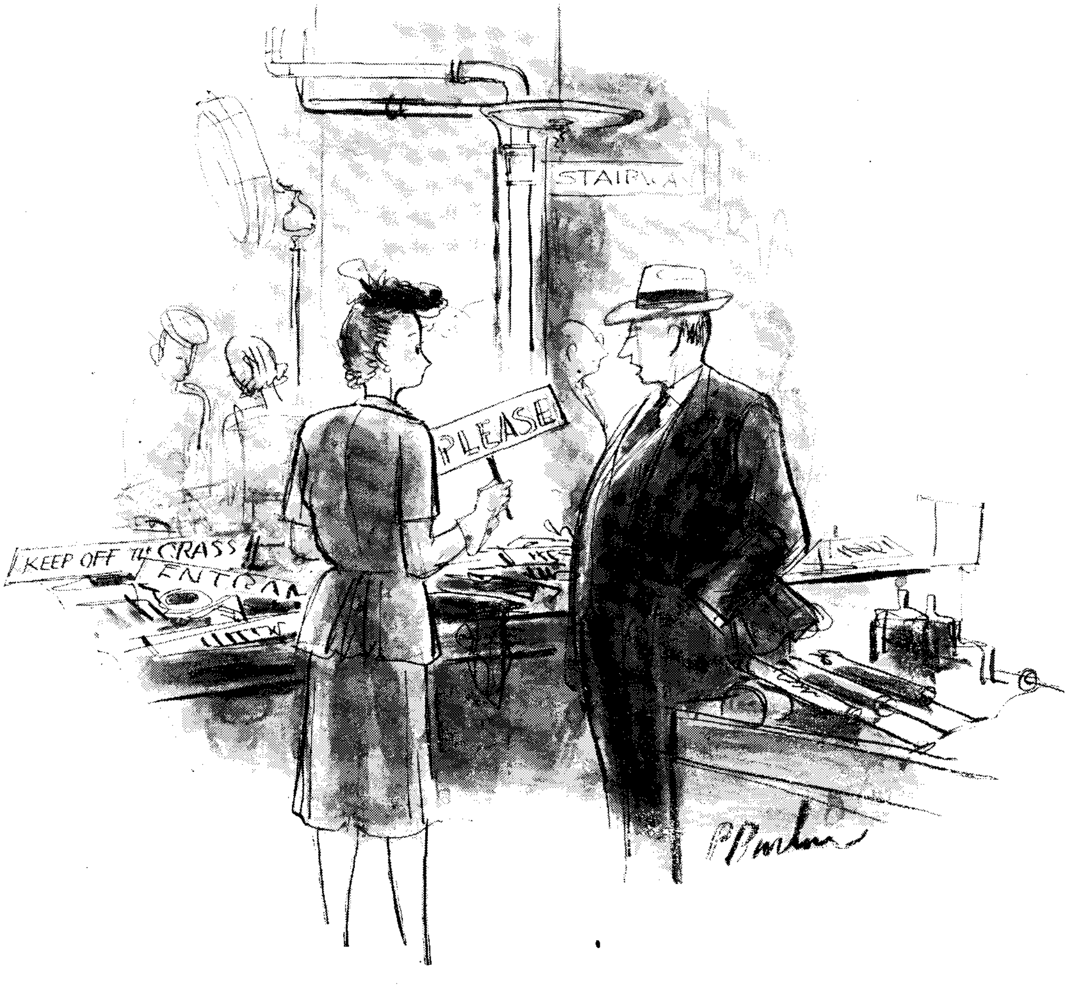


A LOT of women, it seems to me, are much too fond of being unadventurous and cut-and-dried in the wintertime, sticking to a regimen based chiefly on black adorned only with nice detail, but just as soon as it's warm enough for people to spend their lunch hour sunning themselves on the benches in Rockefeller Plaza, these traditionalists start feeling free to express their type again, or even to experiment with changing their type. The shops, which have known all about this recurrent vernal urge for years, are completely ready for any experimenters.

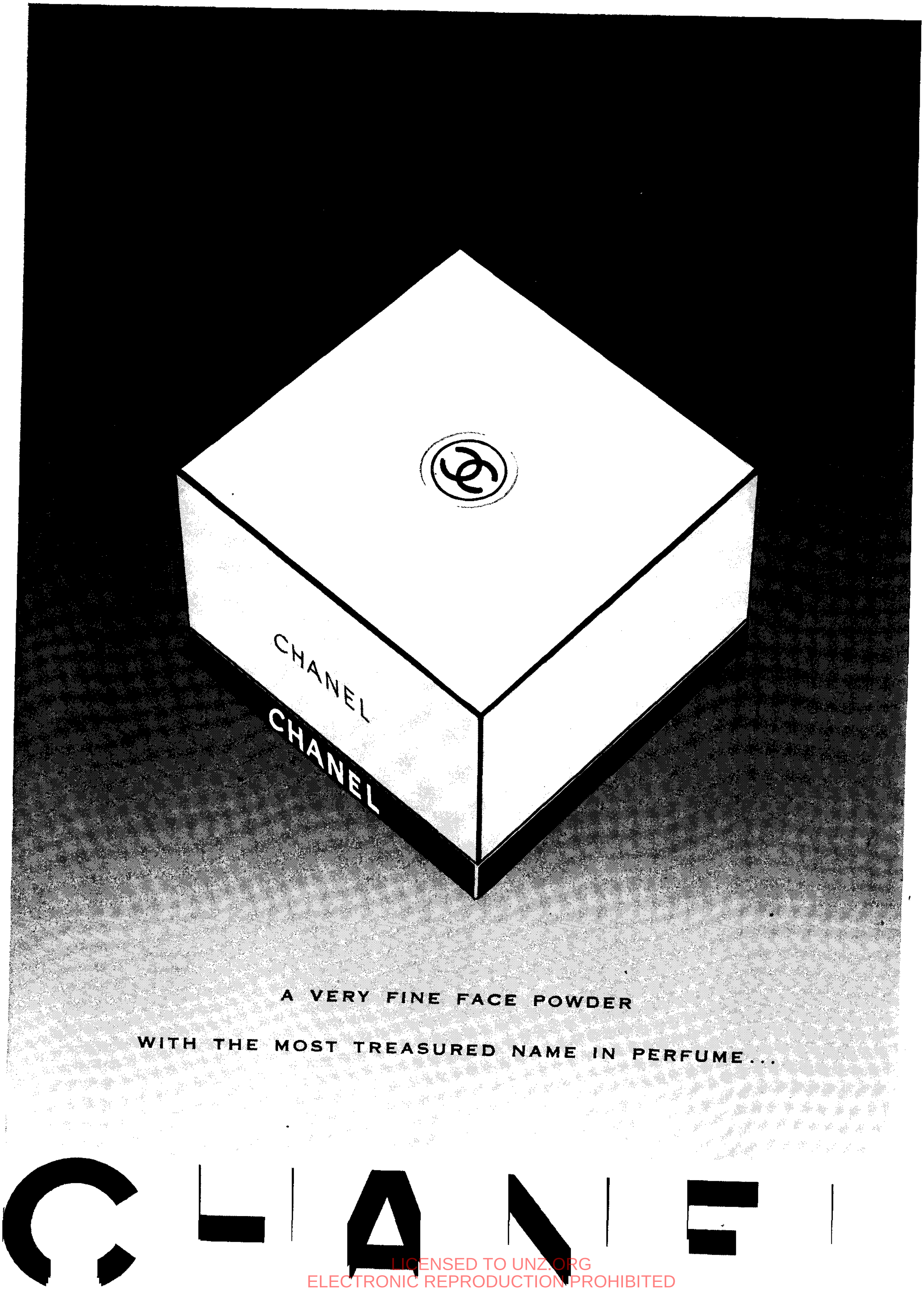
Altman can outfit them with some exceptionally well-tailored rayon sharkskin suits at $25. These have longish, slightly fitted jackets with either turnover collars or cardigan necklines and big patch pockets; the skirts are rather slim. They come in pale pink, aqua, canary yellow, toast, and navy, and look pleasantly crisp and summery. They're in the sportswear department. In Altman's Young Colony Shop, where the size range is 9 to 15, there are charming chambray dresses, in orchid, purple, pink, hyacinth, gray, and so on, often decorated with smocking on the bodices. Some of these are fairly tailored, some are off-the-shoulder afternoon or play dresses. The prices run from $14.95 up to $29.95. A pair of short, ruffled gloves to match costs $3. Altman's Young Colony Hat Bar, taking note of the weird passion for daytime gold-kid shoes, offers you gold-trimmed white sisal hats. A derby has a gold-kid band around the crown and very pale-yellow veiling on the brim; little hats with turned-up brims are wreathed in white-and-gold veiling or have a small gold daisy sticking straight up, Little Lulu fashion, from the open crown. These are $5.95 and $6.95. There are other summertime trifles here, too. For a dollar, you get an expanse of colored grosgrain ribbon with, at either end, a flexible rubber cylinder. The cylinders fit over the bows of your sunglasses, and the ribbon, as if you hadn't already guessed, goes around your neck. It's hard to lose glasses this way. A beige nylon-mesh carryall, fifteen inches high, with a taupe crocheted wool base, is designed for toting small bundles or beach paraphernalia. It folds up to almost nothing when you want to put it in your handbag. Sprays of long-stemmed rosebuds and field flowers have hatpins through them, so that you can pin them wherever you want to wear them; $2.95 to $6.95, depending on their length.

MARY GOODFELLOW, now holding forth in her brand-new salon, at 600 Madison Avenue (57th), is a hatmaker in favor of youth, dash, simplicity, and other cardinal virtues in headgear. She likes little, forward-jutting hats that sit flat on top of your head. Most of her street hats have veiling over the face. There are sailors with wide, flat bows across the front; a black straw, for instance, has a Kelly-green taffeta bow edged with black lace. Another, in white straw, with a round crown and a brim dipped in front, English-boater style, is shown with a navy grosgrain bow, but it should look equally good with your favorite scarf twisted around the crown. Miss Goodfellow makes engaging flat berets; one of gray felt or toast straw is topped with wings projecting forward above the brows. And she approves of the revival of fine felt for the year around. Witness a charming cloche trimmed with contrasting belting encircling the arched brim and ending in gathers on the crown; this would be as successful with a strictly tailored suit as with a giddy cotton. Everything here is custom, and prices start at about $40.

WOMEN who love sports should be getting around to Saks Fifth Avenue, where there are golf dresses that are not only functional but decorative, as well as Alice Marble tennis clothes. Marble's things are fuller through the back and have deeper arm-



"It might work in some places, but it wouldn't work in Yonkers."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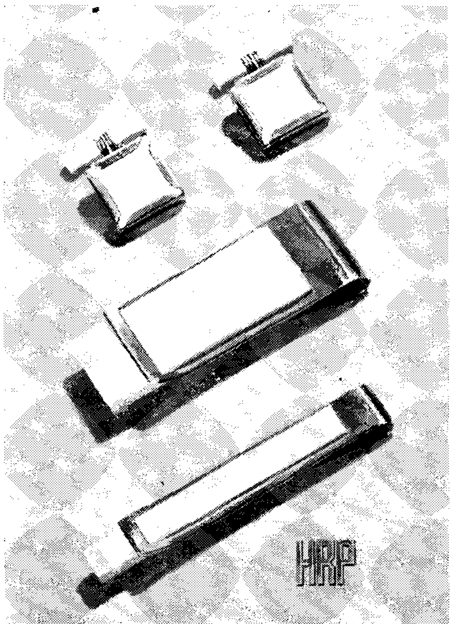

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holes than is usual. A white rayon sharkskin one-piece dress has a round, collarless neck, short, slashed sleeves, and buttons down the front; $25. A longish shirt with a convertible neck and a pearl-button closing appears in rayon sharkskin or piqué. It costs $12.95 and is designed to be worn with straight shorts, which are $8.95 in sharkskin and $9.95 in piqué. Another two-piece costume is of washable white flannel; its convertible-necked shirt is $14.95, and its shorts, which have a stitched waistband, are $17.95. A white sweater, a bit more than waist length, has a convertible neck, short sleeves, and small buttons on its closing; there is also a long-sleeved version, with colored piping. Each is $22.95. Golfers should also like Saks' washable two-piece flannel dresses in white, beige, yellow, or pink, at $39.95. They have convertible necks, short sleeves, and fly fronts; their gored skirts are wreathed by detachable matching cummerbunds. Women who don't know a niblick from a shillelagh but want to look indigenous at a country club might inspect a two-piece dress of Irish linen (white, natural, pale green, or cornflower) with a short-sleeved top, hip pockets, and a natural pigskin belt. The top is $25 and the skirt is $29.95. Sidelines: Saks' white buckskin tennis shoes with crêpe-rubber soles; sunglasses, at from $7.50, which Saks will mark (if you *don't* want to safeguard them by wearing them on a ribbon around your neck) with three identifying gold-plated initials for an additional $6.95.

EQUESTRIENNES should probably be told that English riding shoes and boots, not the easiest things in the world to pick up nowadays, are back at Miller, 123 East 24th Street. There are jodhpurs with elastic sides and jodhpur boots of the strapped type, in black or natural calf; in brown Scotch grain, there are laced Blucher boots. Natural or black calfskin full-length riding boots are also on hand. Sizes of all these run from 3½ to 9½, and prices from $19.50 to $29.50. This shop has excellent belts, too, of black, red, or natural English cowhide. One, at $7.50, has contrasting heart-shaped leather clips forming the buckle. Another, at $4.95, is three inches wide at one end and tapers to a quarter of an inch at the other; the narrow end goes through slits in the wide end to fasten. And if you bring Miller a piece of goods twelve by twenty-four inches, his accomplices will make up a handsome carryall ten inches high on a base of English cowhide in any of several colors, including red and royal blue. This costs $12, including tax.

At this point, I might note that, to enhance our horsewomen's crowning glory, Cavanagh, 247 Park Avenue (47th), again has felt hacking and riding hats, at $15.

PRACTICALLY indestructible topcoats, the kind sporting females like to live in, are on tap at British Tweeds, 727 Madison Avenue (64th), ready to wear, for $99.50. You have your choice of an assortment of imported tweeds, in tartans, solid colors, and herringbones, including the Linton tweed, which involves every possible shade of hyacinth. The coats have turnover collars, single-breasted closings, slight shoulder padding, and set-in or raglan sleeves, and they are cut nice and full, as the breed should be, but without any suggestion of the bathrobe.

AT De Pinna, the country-club girls can get button-down-the-front golf dresses in gray, white, or pale varieties of pink, blue, or yellow self-figured cotton broadcloth. There is a pocket on the bodice and another on one hip, and a contrasting belt loops the waist. One-piece jobs are $25, two-piece jobs are $29.95. More feminine clothes are done in huckleberry-blue Moygashiel linen—suits with fitted jackets and gored skirts, at $65; princesse day dresses with matching cummerbunds, at $49.95; and afternoon affairs with a row of eyelet embroidery at the neck and another one low on the full skirt, at $65. De Pinna makes the wicked suggestion that you wear a short slip with this openwork number.

MABS of Hollywood's Lastex bathing suits, in the sleek, close-fitting, one- or two-piece styles for which she is known, are at Franklin Simon. Some of the fabrics would make a goldfish feel drab—gold metallic stripes on black or white rayon satin, gold rayon lamé with pistachio stripes running through it, and a rayon lamé that looks as if it were sprinkled with nuggets of gold. Suits of these materials range from $18.95 to $25. If things like this seem too glittery for you, Mabs has others, of rayon sharkskin or a wonderful Lastex cotton faille, in several colors, among them flamingo and turquoise; these are $16.95.

Best is presenting a ladylike group of navy-blue or black rayon taffeta dressmaker bathing suits. One, with a flaring skirt, has horizontal and diagonal tucking over the front of the bodice. A two-piece item has a tucked, halter-bra top and tucks at the bottom of the shorts. Ballerina skirts and boned bodices are plentiful at Best this year; I admired a bathing suit with a plaid rayon taffeta ruffle at the hem. Any of the ones I have mentioned so far goes at $10.95. White rayon satin Lastex princesse bathing suits, with full skirts beautifully worked with dull and shiny stripes, cost $15.95; muted-plaid rayon taffeta is used in a princesse suit topped off with a draw-string halter that ties in bows at each side. This is $19.95. There are nice beach coats, notably a white terry-cloth jacket made like a man's shirt, with a turnover collar and cuffs of rayon sharkskin and binding down the front. These are $9.95. A loose jacket of white, yellow, or coral sharkskin has an inverted pleat at the center back; it's a dollar more.

DOTTED swiss has just about overrun Bonwit Teller. It's used in one of the prettiest blouses in town, with a narrow lace ruffle around the high, collarless neck, on each puffed sleeve, and down the center fastening; $7.95. A pink dotted-swiss afternoon dress, whose standing collar ties in a bow at the throat, is equipped with a cap-sleeved bodice that has vertical bands of embroidered white organdie; the skirt of this one is all unpressed pleats. White cotton scallops and fagoting appear on a full-skirted white afternoon dress, which has a narrow blue-and-cerise velvet sash at the waistline. Both dresses are $35. A white dotted-swiss negligee, which could also be an informal dinner dress, has a Little Women shirtwaist top, a turnover collar, and three-quarter sleeves ending in ruffles. The skirt is three-tiered and voluminous, and a mauve moiré sash, a bunch of violets, and a pink rose enhance the waistline; $29.95. For evening, a dress with a sleeveless bodice of pink organdie has a white organdie sash tied in a big bow in back and an accordion-pleated pink dotted-swiss skirt over a rayon crêpe slip stiffened at the hem to increase the frothiness; $49.95. Other dresses at the same price have apron ruffles ascending astern to form a bustle.

GEORG JENSEN's clothes for children are, I think, simply beautiful. Their deep hemlines make them look custom and their details should charm the fussiest little girls. Pinafores of heavy white cotton or organdie have washable hand-painted designs—black-eyed Susans and such—sprinkled across the

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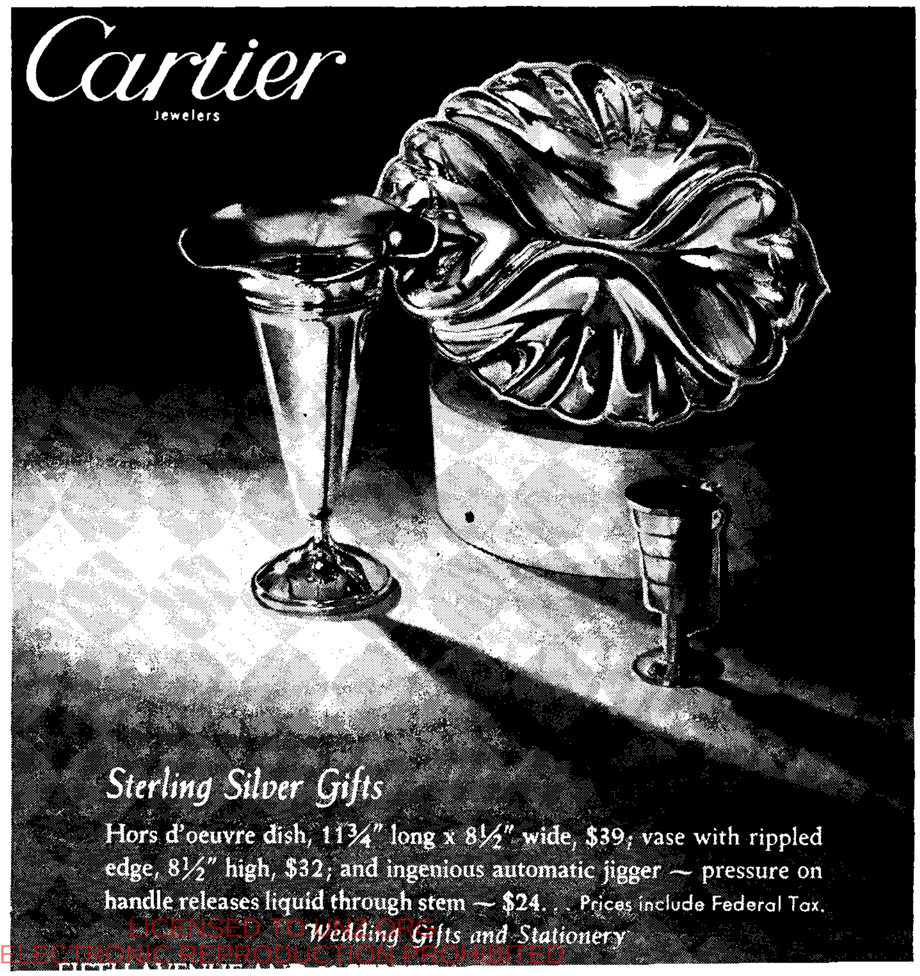

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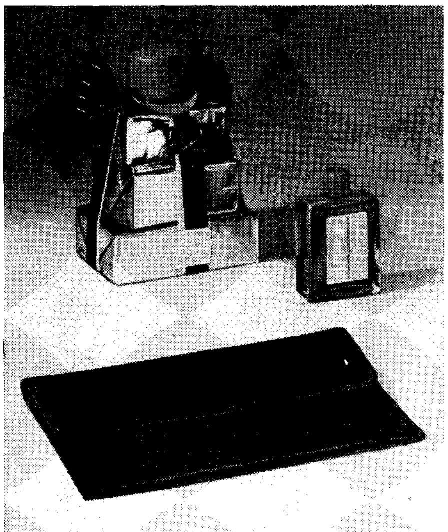

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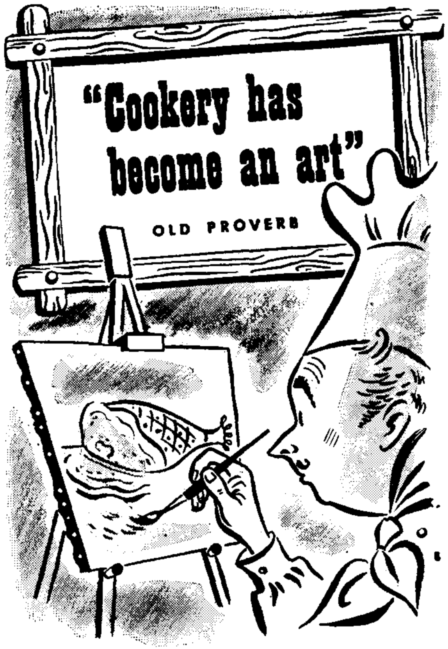
front of the skirts; $29.95, and in sizes 7 to 10. For tots of from one to three, there are handmade dresses of pink, white, or blue organdie, with high, square necks and short, puffed sleeves edged with real Val. These are smocked across the bodices and cost $14.95. Dimity dresses have white tops with red-, blue-, or green-and-white striped yokes, embroidered with green leaves and red-bead currants. The striping is repeated in the skirts. These are $12 in sizes 3 to 6, and $16 when they ascend to the maturity of 10.

Miss L. Brogan's splendid ready-to-wear children's clothes are around at both her own establishment and Jane Engel's shop. There are white dotted-swiss dresses, trimmed with pastel rickrack, in sizes up to 3. In sizes 4 to 6, the rickrack is more vivid; i.e., royal blue or cherry red. These are $9.95 and $11.95, respectively. Fancier dresses come in white self-striped organdie, with square necks, shoulder ruffles, and pockets edged with real Val lace, and have pastel ribbon run through beading at the waistlines. Pink, blue, or yellow cotton broadcloth makes wrap-around pinafores that tie in a bow on each hip. Embroidered white daisies are appliquéd on the shoulder ruffles. The necks are high, so that a blouse is not necessary. These are in sizes 3 to 6, and they cost $14.95. Brother-and-sister sets (for boys two to four and girls three to six) are in white piqué with cherry piping or in striped cotton with white piqué making collars and cuffs on the girls' dresses and buttoned-on pants for the boys; $12.95. A good white piqué tailored robe for either sex has cherry piping at the round neck and on the pointed yoke across the back; sizes 3 to 6, and $13.95. Those brief triangles known as Riviera swimming trunks are made up, for kids of from two to six, in checked seersucker or white piqué with seersucker bindings. Elastic or lacings at the sides hold them on the customer; $2.95.

Little girls between two and six should be happy in De Pinna's white batiste lingerie, which has eyelet embroidery and beading run through with pastel ribbon. There are captivating slips, a nightgown with a drawstring neck and an Empire waistline, and a long, full-sleeved peignoir ending in ruffles at the wrists. Panties are $2.95, and prices run thence up to $10.95 for the peignoir.

THOSE enviable women who are handy with a needle and those even more enviable females who know a "lit-



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tle dressmaker" will have a lovely time at McCutcheon. Washable cloqué organdies in white with a self design of leaves or in a floral pattern are $1.75 a yard and don't require ironing; swiss eyelet-embroidered batistes and organdies in white or pastels are $6.95 to $9.50; and there are fabrics deserving of that exhausted word "exquisite"—white swiss organdies with embroidered matching flowers ($9.50), Tootal voiles ($3.50), and Liberty of London cottons ($2). Irish linens, processed to retard wrinkling, start at $3.50; Italian silk shirting, either striped or plain, is $5.50; what were to have been limited editions of French tie silks (such favorites that the manufacturers can't turn them out fast enough), and silk shantungs in all colors, are around. So are crisp silk taffetas in dark colors. These last are fifty inches wide; most of the rest are thirty-six.

KNICKKNACKS: Mad golfers who go out in the noonday sun early in the season are the best guinea pigs for testing sun-tan lotions. This year, they report good luck with a lotion called Tartan. It also seems to be effective with mosquito bites. . . . Bendel has a new cologne that is everything that a cologne should be. The excellent Bendel floating soap is here again, too, in jasmine and gardenia scents, to name two. . . . Elizabeth Arden has an impressive makeup box, called Top-to-Toe, that is intended to make a harmonious symphony of you. The makeup is called Sun Gold, a nice, bronzy color, with a lipstick that is rich and faintly rust in tone. The box contains Velva leg film, Pat-a-Kake, lipstick, nail enamel, eyeshadow, paste rouge, face powder, a bath mitt, and a buffer; the works is $14.40, including tax. . . . Weil's exotic Cobra perfume is now put up in tiny ampoules swathed in cotton. When the time is auspicious, you crush the thing, apply the cotton wherever you wish, and start smelling magnificent. Enough scent remains on the cotton so that it can be used as a sachet. A box of twelve is $1.80, including tax. They're called Evettes, before I forget. . . . A small bottle (a third of an ounce) of Schiaparelli's Shocking perfume now comes in a leather travelling case; $13.20, including tax. —L. L.

•

The William Ludwigs are adopting their second child any day. He is an MGM writer.—*Louella Parsons in the Journal-American.*

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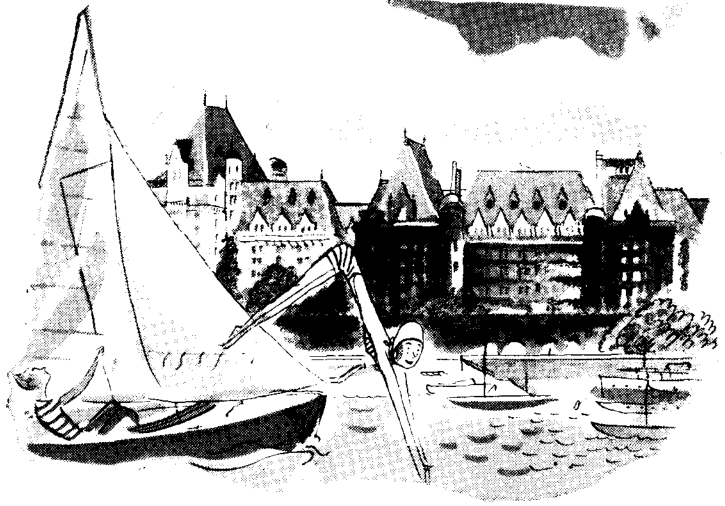

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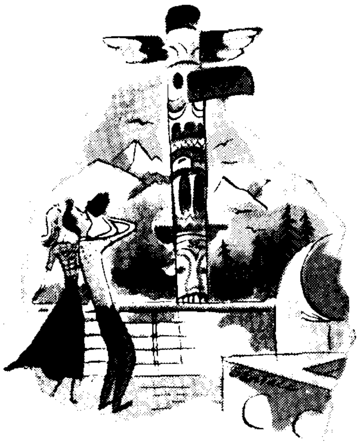

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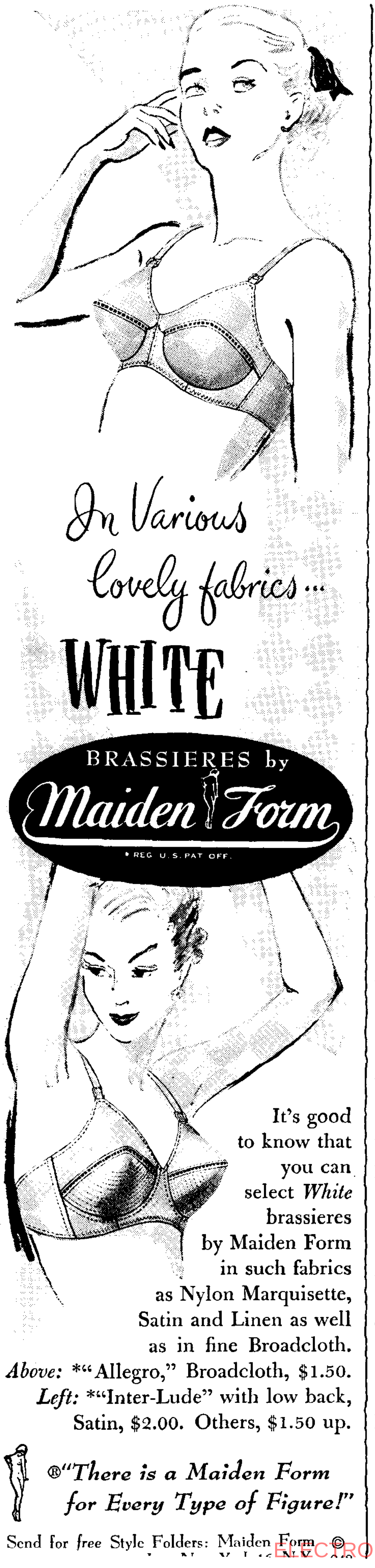

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LETTER FROM THE HAGUE

MAY 15

THE young, totally unofficial Congress of Europe opened its eyes and let out its first lively howls last Friday in a setting of hopeful spring greenery. In the May sunshine, the leafy little Hague appeared to be *en fête*. The tall, seventeenth-century mansions could hardly be seen for the shimmer of green branches, among which cooing turtle doves (one visitor even reported hearing a nightingale while walking back to his hotel after a late session) offered a charming example to the delegates beginning to arrive from the airport at Schiphol on Thursday. Because it was the Feast of the Ascension and a public holiday, family parties on bicycles were streaming home from the country along the wooded banks of the canals, with great garlands of red and yellow tulip heads wreathed around themselves and their handle bars. The day before that had been the third anniversary of Holland's liberation, and thousands of lanterns, patriotically shaped and colored like oranges, were still strung among the trees by the Hofvijver Lake and in the branches of the famous chestnut tree outside the Royal Palace, around which the Dutch gather to hear proclamations of royal births, marriages, and deaths.

The opening and closing sessions of the Congress were held in the Ridderzaal, the ancient Knights' Hall, which in 1904 was made over into the present pepper-pot-towered, fairy-tale building, in which Queen Wilhelmina has opened Parliament every year of her reign, except during the dark period under the baleful domination of Seyss-Inquart, the Netherlands' *Gauleiter*. Its severity was brightened with massed azaleas and the flags of the Netherlands and the Congress. The latter, a fat red "E" on a white ground, was reportedly thought up by Churchill's son-in-law Duncan Sandys, the secretary of the International Committee representing the various movements for European unity, and one of the chief organizers of this officially orphaned but still hopeful conference. According to the irreverent, the white part of the flag looked a good deal like a pair of gentlemen's long underpants hung out to dry. Both standards flapped bravely, however, over the Ridderzaal and the Dierentuin—the botanical gardens, which were also the zoo until the Germans did away with the animals. The various committee meetings took place in the pavilion of the Dierentuin and in the tower rooms of the Binnenhof, the rectangular government building which surrounds the Ridderzaal, and which was turned for four days into a modern Babel, where the official business of federalism was argued mainly in English and French and the off-the-record business in sixteen languages. Appropriately, the Cultural Committee, which was to have had the Italian writer Ignazio Silone in the chair but, in his absence, was skillfully shepherded by gray and dapper little Salvador de Madariaga, the Spanish writer and diplomat, inhabited the highest room of all, an ivory tower in the Binnenhof, at which the intellectuals, the prelates, and the educators arrived panting.

The day before the Congress opened, Mr. Churchill dropped, like a beaming cherub, from the skies. He was a couple of hours late, but the crowds waited patiently, leaning on the ever-present bicycles, to cheer him as he was driven from the military airfield to the British Embassy. From the way the ordinary citizens of The Hague talked about the Congress as they sat in the sidewalk cafés over glasses of Bols gin, it was obvious that their main interest in the historic occasion was the presence in town of Winston Churchill. "His wartime speeches," one Dutch lady said emotionally, "just about kept us alive." The idea of regarding this meeting as Churchill's Congress, however, was rejected by some of the European Union groups, who pointed out that other minds besides that of *le prestigieux homme au cigare* had for some time been working along these lines on the Continent. The more ardently federalist members were also privately skeptical as to how far Mr. Churchill would be prepared to go in heaving British sovereign rights overboard.

It had been thought that many members of the British Labour Party would attend, but the number definitely expected dwindled during the last couple of weeks, like that of the ten little Indians. Most of them finally decided to stay away in deference to the sharp pronouncement of their Party that a touch of Churchill didn't necessarily make the whole of Europe kin and that his presence might, in fact, make the idea of a European union look fishy in certain quarters. A French cartoon showed Bevin saying gloomily to Attlee, "A pity we've abolished the death penalty," as they watched the truants sneaking off with their bags labelled "The Hague" and their coat collars conspiratorially turned up. At least one Labour member who did come said outright at the Congress that he regretted his Party's point of view. Indeed, its attitude was made to look foolish and small by the arrival at The Hague of other countries' Left Wing elements, who didn't seem disturbed by the company they were keeping. On the eve of the Congress, there was a good deal of chat about how the governments of certain countries in the East would react to the number of eastern European political exiles (including Rumania's ex-Foreign Minister Gregore Gafencu, Poland's ex-Foreign Minister Tadeusz Romer, and Rajmund Pilsudski, the Polish political writer and nephew of the Marshal), who came as nonvoting observers but were later given voting rights as full delegates. The subsequent blasts from *Pravda* answered that question.

Everyone's more humdrum speculations about where he was going to lay his head during the four days of the Congress were quickly settled by rows of competent and comely Dutch ladies sitting behind long tables at the airport and dealing trilingually with the delegates and journalists as they trooped off their planes. The various groups were parked in hotels—a French contingent at the Twee Steden, most of the British out by the dunes and salty breezes at nearby Scheveningen, and some of the less fortunate journalists, who couldn't get accommodations even in the suburbs of the bulging Hague, as far afield as Noordwijk or even Amsterdam. The German delegation—the first such to make an appearance in post-war European society—organized itself with rather more speed and neatness than any of the others, lining up a bus to take its members to and from the meeting rooms and holding private conferences almost before the other nations had found a place to hang their hats.

WITH royalty present to give it a blessing, the Congress got off to a dignified start. Mr. Churchill made his fine opening speech clad in a frock coat that looked as though it had been the personal mantle of Gladstone, now fallen on his shoulders. The Dutch seemed about equally fascinated by this elder-statesman garment and by the unprecedented sight of his cigar smoke beginning to curl in the sacred air of the Ridderzaal. The photographers, who

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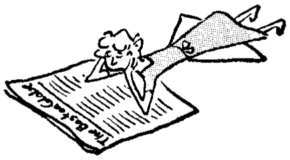

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were one of the major irritations at the Congress, had a wonderful time crawling around recording both these eccentricities.

After Friday's amiable opening formalities, Saturday's meetings, at which the three committees—Political, Economic, and Cultural—got down to their jobs, seemed chaos let loose. Journalists were kept busy scrambling from one meeting to another, under the restless impression that they were missing something good in the way of a speech or a row. There were plenty of both.The three committee chairmen—France's M. Ramadier, Belgium's M. van Zeeland, and Spain's Señor de Madariaga, respectively—must have lost weight during their long and strenuous weekend of office. Their flocks, which they had to guide, in four days of unprepared business, toward the enclosure of a tidy resolution, totalled nearly seven hundred individuals, drawn from twenty-two countries, and from every class and all shades of political and religious belief. In this extraordinary gathering, there were workers and industrialists, soldiers and churchmen, professors and lawyers, editors and economists—many of them eminent and all of them vocal. The weight of their words, pounding in an uninterrupted stream from the rostrum microphones, spilling forth in hundreds of mimeographed pages of countless amendments ("Mr. Manningham-Buller, Great Britain, proposes that after 'any' shall be inserted 'union,' " or "Miss Tendeloo, Holland, proposes that after 'sovereign rights' shall be inserted 'on a basis of equality' "), in time produced a slight amnesia in the listener. The program courageously tackled during those four days was ambitious enough to take up four weeks. At the first, confused meeting of the Political Committee, in the Dierentuin, even M. Ramadier's sonorous appeals for order could hardly cut through the racket of delegates talking and moving around the hall and the clatter of the respectable old waiters ambling back and forth with trays of refreshments. Maybe this Congress didn't dance, but it drank—endless cups of coffee, which were provided by the thoughtful Dutch hosts to sweeten its labors but which occasionally made the solemn assembly sound quite distractingly like Schrafft's.

The Congress's main ideological schism was roughly between those who see the possible federation of Europe as something like that of the United States —a permanent marriage, in which the

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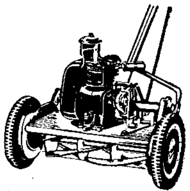

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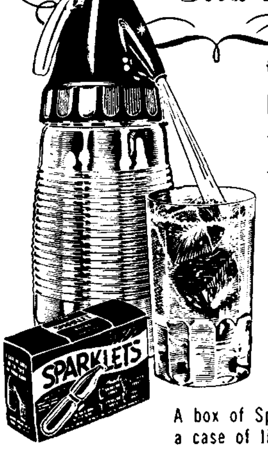

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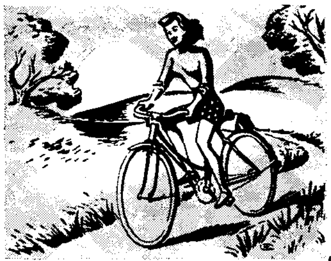
powerful new one—and those who want a more elastic union, like that of the British Commonwealth, which would provide the subscribing countries with a common protector but still allow them to keep their maiden names and the keys to their own front doors. This difference of opinion was tactfully not stressed, however. There were also the school of thought that wants a European assembly chosen by the various national parliaments to get ahead as soon as possible with discussions within the framework of the present Congress, and the far smaller school, headed by M. Paul Reynaud, that wants a European assembly chosen directly by the people and wants it right now. Caution, said M. Reynaud, is all right for a man walking along a road "but not for a drowning man—and Europe is drowning." With Churchill absent from all but the opening and final sessions, the honors for oratorical style and finish certainly went to the large French delegation. Reynaud's proposal was voted down, but his speeches were remarkable both for their content and for the way he delivered them, standing at the rostrum like a diminutive, mocking, preternaturally wise, seventy-year-old child who has been brought down out of bed to confound the grown-ups.

The members of the Political Committee talked themselves to a temporary, exhausted standstill by three o'clock on Sunday morning, when the yawning delegates desired nothing but union with their beds. The Economic Committee won the Congress marathon stakes by keeping on its feet, groggy but game and still volubly arguing, until six on Monday morning, by which time it had managed to draw up resolutions dealing with reduction of customs barriers, a program for basic industries, free movement of individuals throughout the western European area (it spoke of a single European passport for all countries), and the final settlement of the tragic army of displaced persons.

The physical strain of the Congress was not lessened by the social getting together, which was sandwiched between periods of sterner business. The Netherlands government threw an immense cocktail party at one of The Hague's hotels a little way out of town, at which a fierce loudspeaker on the crowded terrace bawled the names of the delegates who were to make their bow to Princess Juliana in an inner room. The next evening, the Netherlands

dorland



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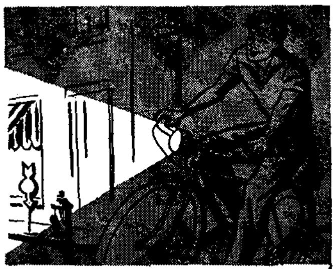

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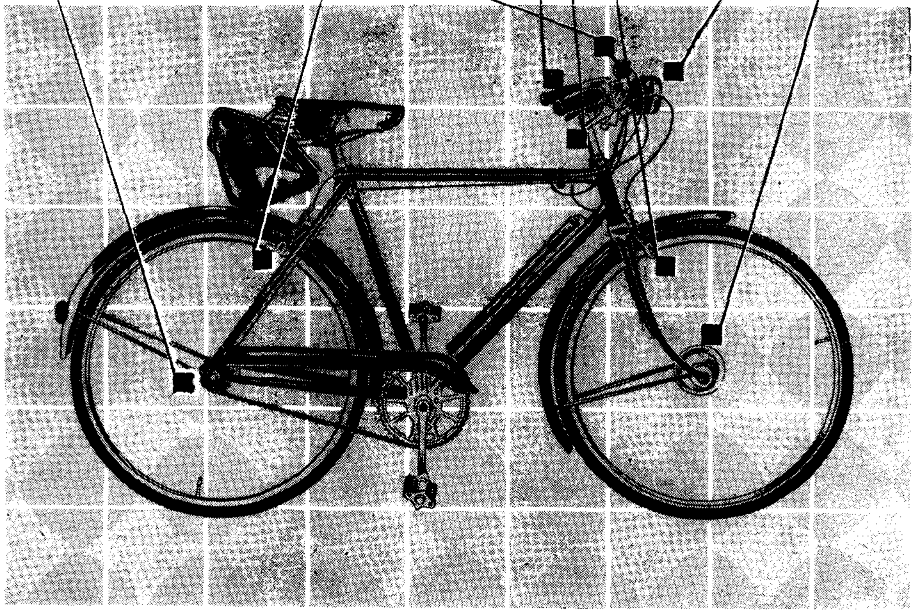

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ists to a whacking banquet, where the guests sat at tables exquisitely decorated with magnificent tulips, ate their way through a fine menu (beginning with *œufs à la russe*, rechristened for the occasion *œufs européens*), and listened to the guest of honor, the Netherlands Minister of Finance. On Sunday, everyone raced into Amsterdam to hear Mr. Churchill and other speakers address the crowds in the Dam, surrounded by flowers, flags, a police band tootling lively airs, and a choir of young men and women stoutly singing a newly composed song, "Europe Unite," with words conveniently translated into four languages—none of which, alas, made them sound anything but trite.

ON Monday, the last day, a tremendous thunderstorm over The Hague wilted delegates' collars and made the Ridderzaal seem like an ark riding the whirling waters. The stifling heat perhaps added to the asperity of the final dustup, between a group of French trade unionists and the Economic Committee. This was eventually straightened out, however, and the concluding speeches were made. John Masefield, the British Poet Laureate, a tall old man with a sad, highly colored face, bayed an ode of farewell. By the time the crowds had streamed out into the courtyard and the last Dutch youngsters had pedalled off after Churchill's car, workmen were pulling down the flags from the standards. The first Congress of Europe was over. Those who organized it are insistent that it is only a first Congress, a primary clearing of the undergrowth from a site on which something may be built. One of its most remarkable features was the number of young people in attendance, either as delegates or among the large staff of Dutch helpers. Some of these bright, serious-looking young men and women may live to tell their children that they were there when it started.—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

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Egg prices are highest from July through December, and caused an estimated 14,000 fires in 1946.—*Palo Alto (Calif.) Times.*

From overheated tempers?

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WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From the Denver Rocky Mountain News*]

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

Onward with Darryl

THAT old Twentieth Century-Fox warrior, Darryl F. Zanuck, charges with boom and camera against the Russians in "The Iron Curtain," and presumably we can now sleep safely in our beds. The film, presented by Mr. Zanuck and directed by William A. Wellman, is to some degree based on the doings of a Communist spy ring in Canada, which was smoked out by the Royal Canadian Mounties back in 1946, after a Soviet code clerk named Igor Gouzenko had rifled the files of the Russian Embassy in Ottawa and put his findings and himself into the hands of the Canadian police. If the Soviet Union weren't involved in this picture, it could be dismissed as a rather slow-paced, fairly well-carpentered cloak-and-dagger piece. But since Russia *is* involved, it might be worth taking a good look at the ideas Mr. Zanuck seems to be expounding. Obviously, he is not opposed to treason *per se*, since the hero of his film is a traitor. He makes his opposition to nationalism, the incubator of treason, manifest by going to some lengths to contrast unfavorably the opinions of the Soviets, who cling to the narrow notion that traitors ought to be shot, with those of the Canadians, who, in this picture, take the international view and admit to citizenship a kind of Benedict Arnold, thereby tacitly agreeing to the proposition that disloyalty to one's country is no indication that one is a bad chap at all. This is fairly avant-garde thinking, even for Mr. Zanuck, who was among the first, you'll recall, to realize that gangsters, like man-eating sharks, had a sympathetic side and were profitable bets for celluloid editorials. Another aspect of the film that gave me pause was its insistence that the intelligence staff of one nation has no business trying to pry into the affairs of another. Only the other day there were numerous complaints about our intelligence for *not* sufficiently prying into Colombian affairs to realize that Bogotá was a hell of a place to hold a Pan-American conference. But maybe Darryl knows best.

Apart from its strange philosophic implications, "The Iron Curtain" is more or less the same sort of thing as "Confessions of a Nazi Spy;" as a matter of fact, both pictures were written by the same man, Milton Krims. Amo

the Russian characters in the film, I noticed Stefan Schnabel, whom you may remember from the days when he was a villainous Nazi. Along with Mr. Schnabel, Dana Andrews, Gene Tierney, June Havoc, and Nicholas Joy populate "The Iron Curtain." Mr. Andrews, in the role of the Russian code clerk who spills everything to the Canadians, wears a crew haircut and a solemn air, and Miss Tierney, as his wife, looks as if she had just rolled in from Scarsdale. I guess "obvious" is the word for Miss Havoc, as a lady spy in the Russian Embassy, and the same will do for Mr. Joy, as an English scientist busy trying to keep the Russians up to date on the atomic bomb. The chatter about the bomb, incidentally, is no more enlightening than what you might pick up from a comic book, but the Russian spies nearly swoon with delight every time somebody slips them the dope that there's such a thing as uranium.

"WILL IT HAPPEN AGAIN?" is a documentary made up largely of captured German films and presented by the Navy Club of the United States of America. The movie gives us a glimpse of the home life of Adolf Hitler at Berchtesgaden, where his ménage included Eva Braun and a couple of children, presumably his. Miss Braun and the Führer seem to have entertained an awful lot of dowdy people, and Miss Braun herself must have been a nuisance to have around, since, although quite *saftig*, she was apparently crazy about scampering through the house in a bathing suit. The picture also shows the familiar consequences of unbridled militarism, but it winds up its apocalyptic portrayal of war with a wild whoop in favor of the biggest military establishment in the world for the United States. We need this, the film points out, to fight any aggressor, like Hitler, who happens along. Then it presents us with a massive closeup of Joseph Stalin, who is plainly the bird we've got to keep our eye on. The Navy Club can hardly be hoping for an award for subtlety.

—JOHN McCARTEN

•

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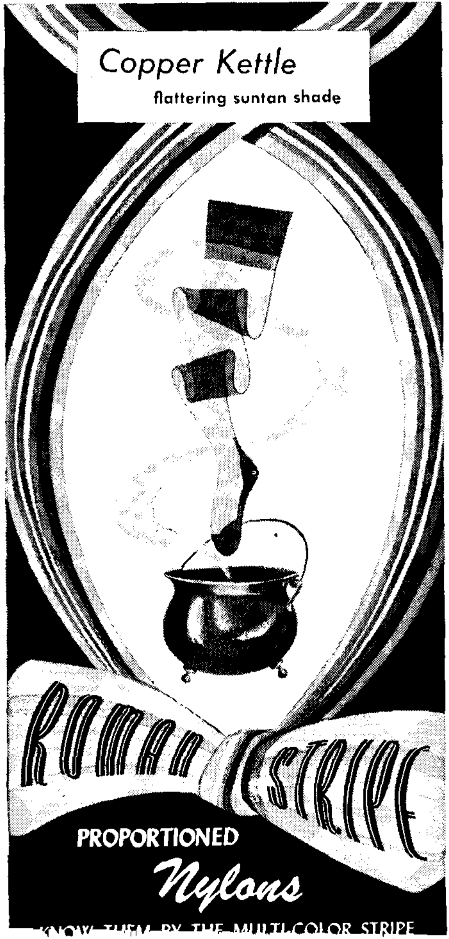
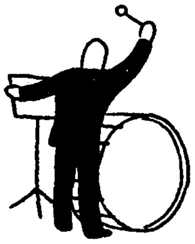


MUSICAL EVENTS

Organs and Guitars



COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY'S fourth annual Festival of Contemporary American Music got under way last week at Brander Matthews Hall with three performances of Otto Luening's opera "Evangeline," which had its première only a few days before and about which I've already had my say. The second offering at the Festival was an interesting program of choral and organ music in St. Paul's Chapel, on the university grounds. The first half of the concert was devoted to six organ works, ranging from Paul Hindemith's thirty-year-old Sonata in E-Flat Minor to Richard Donovan's "Paignion," composed in 1944 and extensively recast by the author early this year. All the pieces are solid ones, and their only important defect, as far as I could see, is that sometimes their content is obscured by the details of their workmanship. They were presented brilliantly by Carl Weinrich, organist and choirmaster of the Princeton University Chapel Choir, which took over, after the intermission, with the première of Roy Harris's Mass for Men's Voices and Organ. The Mass is short, straightforward, melodious, and, except for the fact that the "Sanctus" concludes with disconcerting abruptness, commendably free from theatrical effects.

In the next Festival presentation, a program of chamber music in the McMillin Academic Theatre, the Juilliard String Quartet introduced Lukas Foss's Quartet in G, a bright, neatly devised, and skillfully developed creation. The spontaneity usually found in the products of Mr. Foss, an exceptionally gifted young composer, is evident throughout most of this work, which is marred only by a couple of movements of self-conscious modernism. On this occasion, the Juilliard group also provided a superb performance of Harold Shapero's Quartet No. 1, which was written about eight years ago and is described in the program notes as an early invention that "differs markedly in style from the music the composer has written since that time." I'm afraid that the piece covers too much ground and proceeds in a jerky, stop-and-go fashion,

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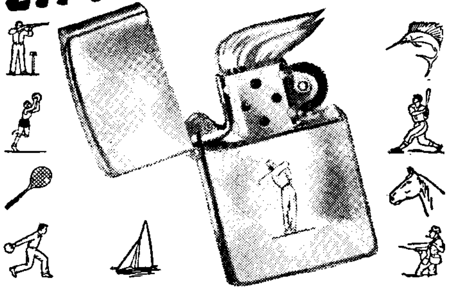

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resourcefulness, wide range of ideas, and mastery of string idiom. On the same bill, Beveridge Webster and Leonid Hambro played Robert Palmer's Sonata for Two Pianos, which was written with firm craftsmanship and considerable ingenuity but which seemed a bit restless and clangorous.

Following these reasonably sedate evenings, Columbia put on a folk-music concert, in the McMillin Theatre, with half a dozen experts in blues, spirituals, ballads, and kindred forms presenting a copious variety of their specialties. The show was long and fascinating. Many of the tunes were good, and the guitarists, banjoists, and singers were lively and competent. Alan Lomax, the master of ceremonies, called for dancing now and then and saw to it that the audience had a chance to participate.

BEFORE the Festival began, the Juilliard Orchestra and Chorus appeared at Carnegie Hall in an all-Beethoven matinée, directed by Serge Koussevitzky. The orchestra started off with an effective version of the "Egmont" Overture and then joined the chorus and four soloists—Mariquita Moll, Margaret Roggero, John Druary, and Harry Wayne—in an exhilarating performance of the Ninth Symphony. The orchestra was especially fresh and delightful, though its tone was not as rich as that of ensembles that have played together for a longer time. Mr. Koussevitzky conducted with his usual intelligence and animation.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

POPULAR RECORDS

Outside Looking In

IN common with many other people, I have been listening a good deal lately to the songs from "Inside U.S.A.," and, in common, perhaps, with some, I have been trying to figure out exactly what makes them seem deficient. Now that I've heard the "Inside U.S.A." album (Victor K-14), featuring Beatrice Lillie and Jack Haley, the stars of the show, I think I've put my finger on the trouble. It is exemplified by a song called "Atlanta," which was scrapped before the show came to Broadway but is included in this group because the album was put together in the closing hours of 1947, before the revue was even in rehearsal and just before the musicians' ban on recordings. "Atlanta" is a good-old-South song, nostalgic and artful; its special satirical point is that it is sung by a person re-

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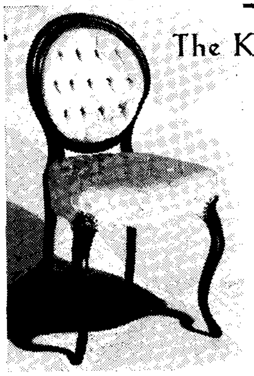

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turning affectionately to a well-known Southern penitentiary rather than to the customary tumbledown shack, and its special charm, in this version, is that the person happens to be Miss Lillie, who sings it in her torchiest manner. In spite of these assets and the smooth craftsmanship of Howard Dietz and Arthur Schwartz, who wrote all the songs for the show, "Atlanta" is unsuccessful. Its satirical imagery—and the satirical imagery of the rest of the score—is oddly antiquated; too many years have gone by since it was possible to get a spark of life from a parody on the little tumbledown shack called home. Dietz and Schwartz have been working for the movies for a long time (they have, of course, occasionally taken time out to do a show), and I get the impression that in considering the exigencies of musical comedy they automatically think in terms of the years around 1930, when they were excitingly productive and when they established their artistic pattern. They are as facile as ever, but they have failed to come up to the contemporaneity implied in the title "Inside U.S.A.," which is, of course, taken from a book published only last year. Furthermore, the writers, who obviously know their way around Broadway and Hollywood, seem to come no closer to the territory in between than the Constellations do.

To get a little more specific, in "Come, Oh Come," sung by Miss Lillie and a chorus, the authors break out a few witticisms about Pittsburgh and its smoky atmosphere. "First Prize at the Fair," offered by Mr. Haley and a female partner, is a rather stale tribute to the pleasures of the simple life. The only sound piece of satire in the set, it seems to me, is "At the Mardi Gras," in which Miss Lillie sings amusingly about her devastating adventures as a New Orleans reveller. The title song, which is handled by the chorus, is glibly patriotic and not very effective. The other items are "Haunted Heart," sung by Perry Como; "Rhode Island Is Famous for You," a contribution by Mr. Haley; and "My Gal Is Mine Once More," done by a male soloist and the chorus. The orchestra is conducted by Russ Case. The songs are engagingly presented, and you may find them more diverting than I did.

I WAS wary, at first, of a piece of chauvinism called "Brooklyn Baseball Cantata" (Victor album DC-42). For one thing, its appearance was timed too neatly to coincide with the start of the baseball season. For another, its

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composer, George Kleinsinger, was familiar to me chiefly as the composer of "Tubby the Tuba," "Pee-Wee the Piccolo," and similar recorded children's entertainment. Nevertheless, I found it an agreeable expression of devotion to the Brooklyn baseball club. It is an uplifting tale of a mythical game, in which the Dodgers defeat the Yankees when Cookie Lavagetto hits a homer in the ninth inning. These developments are chronicled by Robert Merrill, the Metropolitan Opera baritone, and a chorus, to orchestral accompaniment. The cantata, for which Michael Stratton wrote the words, was first performed on a radio broadcast in 1937, when such a game was a wild improbability. Later, the music was worked into a wartime revue that had the discouraging title "Of V We Sing." I don't suppose that since then anybody besides Victor has bothered to assemble the modest forces necessary to take on the cantata, but I think that doing so was a good idea. In addition to the passages that set the scene and build up the last-inning suspense, the piece contains an attractively inspirational love song, "It's Up to You," sung to Mr. Lavagetto by his girl friend as he is about to enter the batter's box, and a fine apologia by an umpire. Merrill was just the man to tackle this cantata.

I'VE run across quite a few interesting new single records that I'd like to mention briefly:

HIGH SOCIETY and BARNYARD REEL—The Squadronaires, an English band, play this spirited pair briskly and with first-rate musicianship. (*London 157*)

RAISINS AND ALMONDS and OL' POPPA ZUDICK—Hal Kipling and the Bell-Aires. The first is a sentimental lullaby—an adaptation of an old Jewish song of that name—and you may find it cloying. It has, however, a very graceful melody in a minor key, and three-quarter time, and it is performed sensitively by a crooning soloist, some keening supporters, and a small ensemble. "Ol' Poppa Zudick" is a raucous, unpleasing affair. (*Apollo 1120*)

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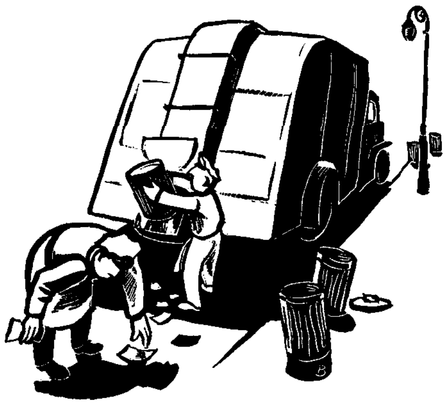

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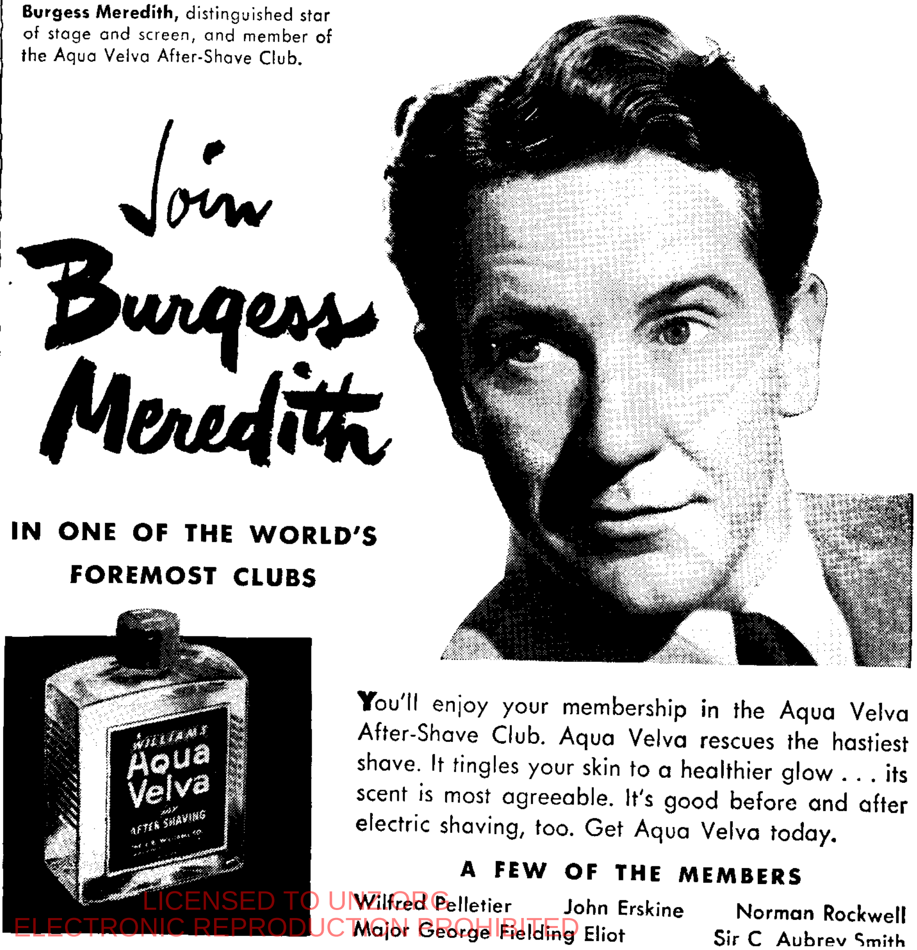
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DESERT—Tommy Dorsey and his orchestra, with vocals. The interpretation of "Mississippi Mud," Harry Barris's invigorating old song, leaves something to be desired, but it's good to hear again, even if "people" has been carefully substituted for "darkies" throughout. "On the Painted Desert" is a long, humorless love song. (*Victor 20-2852*)

'DEED I DO and LOVE OF MY LIFE—Lena Horne with orchestra. Miss Horne's version of " 'Deed I Do" is delightful. It compensates for the other song, a new one by Cole Porter, which wasn't meant for her voice and isn't too impressive anyway. (*M-G-M 10165*)

I SEE YOUR FACE BEFORE ME and LOUISIANA PURCHASE—Kay Thompson is featured on both sides. She delivers the verse and chorus of the former, a pretty Dietz-Schwartz song, expressively, with excellent piano accompaniment. "Louisiana Purchase," the title song of an Irving Berlin musical, has been worked into a long production number, evidently part of Miss Thompson's night-club repertoire, in which she is abetted by the Williams Brothers and an orchestra. It is snappy and tiresome. (*Columbia 38200*)

GABRIEL'S HEATER and I'D LOVE TO MAKE LOVE TO YOU—Erskine Hawkins and his orchestra. "Gabriel's Heater," a driving instrumental number by Russ Case, is played magnificently. The other piece, also stylishly arranged and played, and very well sung by Laura Washington, just misses being worth while. (*Victor 20-2836*)

YOU KNOW WHAT THE TROUBLE IS BABY and LAMMAR'S BOOGIE—Sy Oliver and his orchestra. The first, a long blues sung by Tommy Roberts in an effective, sobbing style, has an arresting introduction. "Lammar's Boogie" is a fast, somewhat conventional, but not uninteresting instrumental. (*M-G-M 10133*)

—D. W.

●

DEPT. OF UNDERSTATEMENT

[*From a New York bookseller's list*]

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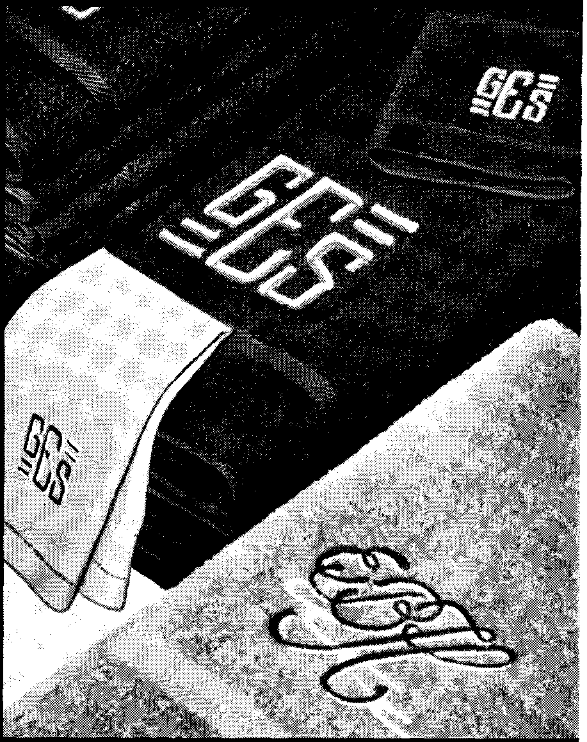

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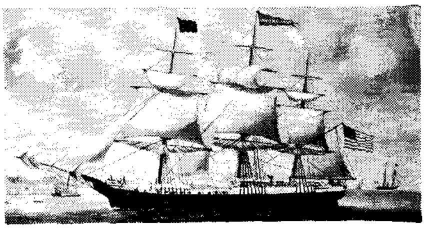

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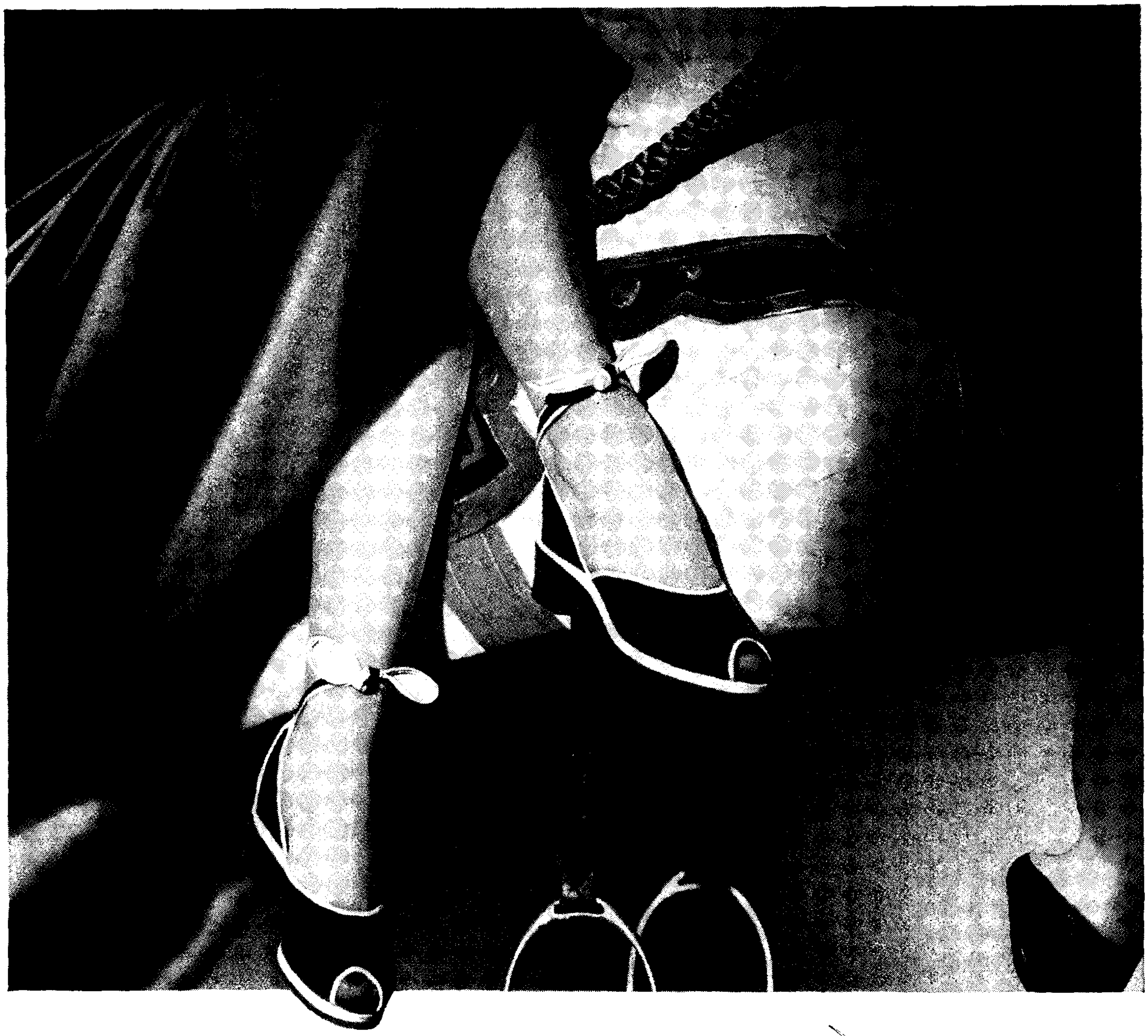

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OF ALL THINGS

THE President's prompt recognition of the new State of Israel has met with approval all over the country. This would seem to be one of those rare and happy occasions when good statesmanship and good politics go hand in hand.

•

With the British withdrawal and the Arab invasion, the problem of how to stop bloodshed in Palestine has become more acute than ever. Everybody realizes that selling guns to both sides would not necessarily lead to peace.

•

The Mundt bill, which appears to have so many supporters in the House, would put the Attorney General in charge of our thoughts, our words, and our deeds. If the sponsors of the measure were not such good Republicans, one might almost call it a step toward regimentation.

•

The American Legion has reversed the stand it took at the New York convention and come out for the Taft-Ellender-Wagner housing bill. Possibly it got some nasty letters from Men in the Street.

•

The House vote to put Cabinet secretaries in jail for refusing to furnish Congress information raises the puzzling question of why Republicans are so anxious to weaken the executive branch. We understood that the G.O.P. had planned to perch on it next January.

•

Louisiana's new governor, Earl Long, has revived brother Huey's old line "Every man a king." At the inauguration, thousands celebrated their return to majesty with hot dogs, buttermilk, and soda pop.

•

Joseph W. Martin indicates that the keynote speeches at the Republican Convention will take up the sins and follies of the New Deal. The G.O.P. is apparently going to ignore the old rule about not speaking ill of the dead.

•

The Protestant Episcopal Diocese Convention, just held in New York, was marred by an internal conflict. The delegates voted down a resolution against using gambling devices to raise funds for the Church, because they did not want to "look like a bunch of old fogies," and then voted down the new-fogy idea of letting women hold church offices. —HOWARD BRUBAKER

"Stop it, Ed—
that man'll KILL you!"

ED: Well, a man's got a right to a little liberty, I guess, my love. And I *won't*—

ANN: Yes! You won't pose unless you can show yourself off in that *wonderful, cool, lightweight* Arrow Shirt, will you? Humph! That man'll KILL—

ED: No dolorous forebodings, my dove. You know how sad I look without that one-and-only Arrow Collar! You *also* know what that streamlined, shaped-to-my-shape shirt fit* does for me!

ANN: I *know*. But I don't want to be a widow just because of your vanity! And when that photographer comes back, Ed, he'll simply EAT YOU UP!

ED: *There!* Now I can sit for our portrait, darling—and do us both justice! If I could only show the *Sanforized* label on my neckband—

ANN: You know something? I think you're *plumb raving crazy!* Mother always said you were. *Sanforized* label, indeed! Everybody knows it means "fabric shrinkage less than 1%," and why you—OH-oh!

ED: Ah, ready now, Sir Flashbulb? I have taken a very slight liberty with your scenery, as you may observe. And I trust—now, TAKE IT EASY!

ANN: Oh *dear!* Run, Ed!

PHOTOG: No-no! No run from Tony. He just want-a looka thees mos' *beautiful* shirt inna world! What ees hees name, Senor? Where can I get heem? How much-a he cost? I paint heem ina my scenery, no? Make much-a money for Tony, heem! $3.50 **Mitoga*

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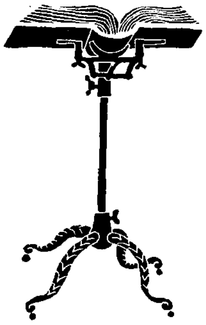
BOOKS

Wodehouse, Past and Present



THERE comes to hand a new book by P. G. Wodehouse, called "Spring Fever" (Doubleday), which demonstrates a decline—it has been demonstrated once or twice before, lately—in the comic powers of this noted novelist and poet. So I prefer not to dwell too long on "Spring Fever." Instead, since I also have at hand a copy of Wodehouse's earlier novel "A Damsel in Distress," which I was rereading the other evening under a bed light, and since there are a number of further examples of the author's middle, or golden, period on a shelf not far away from me, I would like at this time briefly to contemplate *all* of Wodehouse, including the things he wrote before he began to lose his stuff. There's a danger that the uranium-chewing researchers of the future, studying our civilization without digging too far down into its ashes, will judge Wodehouse by such of his recent, postwar work as they find near the top of the pile. "Pretty thin," they might well say, and that would be unfair to one of the great verbal comedians of our time. Unfair to him, too, are the once-over-lightly reviewers of his current books who state, "He hasn't aged a day," and "The old boy is as good as ever." He's not as good as ever. Neither is Charlie Chaplin or Joe Louis. Mr. Wodehouse himself supports the critical heresies every now and then by remarking that some new piece of his is "one of my usual things." "Spring Fever" is one of his usual things in that it has an earl, a butler, young love, a burglary, and an impersonation, but the earl, butler, etc., are anemic and inferior to the old Wodehouse product. That is all right so long as the old books remain available to the reader. "Spring Fever" is not safe reading—not safe for

that is—unless you have read "Leave It to Psmith," "Three Men and a Maid," "He Rather Enjoyed It," "Carry On, Jeeves!," or "Sam in the Suburbs," or all of these, and thus attained a properly mellow and understanding point of view. What I am getting at is that Wodehouse at his best has a comic richness that makes you laugh out loud no matter how often he repeats his plots and characters. To argue, from "Spring Fever," that he's as good as ever is to wrong him grievously.

The work of Shakespeare and Dickens has been divided into periods by critics, so I will do the same for Wodehouse. There was Period I, when he wrote light, ordinary love-and-adventure stories, like "Piccadilly Jim," "The Man Upstairs," and "A Gentleman of Leisure." At the time, he was also turning out, to Jerome Kern music, the neatest and most functional song lyrics of the century. Here and there in his straight novels, Wodehouse produced a funny line or piece of business that panicked the reader. I assume that the author, as a man of taste, was panicked, too. At any rate, he promoted himself without much loss of time to Period II, the golden phase I spoke of before. He wrote comedy, nothing but comedy, laid in special fairylands of his own creation, and built plots only to kid plots. A few of these books, like "Mostly Sally" and "A Damsel in Distress," used songwriters for characters, but for the most part they had no connection whatever with the living world—a fact that added considerably to their popularity, even in the halcyon nineteen-twenties. However, there was a sense of atmosphere in those good Wodehouse novels. The atmosphere of New York City—a romantic New York, mind you, and a limited one, bounded on the north by the Polo Grounds and on the south by Greenwich Village—was very strong in "Indiscretions of Archie." Every Wodehouse reader has his private rating of the novels of the golden age. The big four, for me, were "Leave It to Psmith," "Bill the Conqueror," "Sam in the Suburbs," and "Three Men and a Maid" (known in another edition as "The Girl on the Boat"), closely followed by "Fish Preferred," "A Damsel in Distress," "The Small Bachelor," and "The Little Warrior." Besides these novels, there were collections of short stories, of which "Indiscretions of Archie" was the masterwork—though I have a high regard for the Jeeves books and for "He Rather Enjoyed It," which described the adventures of Stanley Featherstonehaugh (pronounced Foon) Ukridge. My career as a sucker for Wodehouse began when I read "Three

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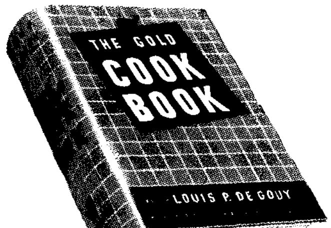

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Men and a Maid." I noted, from the list of his other books in the front of this novel, that the man was prolific, and I learned that a good deal of his earlier writing, already out of print in America, had been published by the house of Herbert Jenkins, Ltd., on York Street, in London, S.W.1. Accordingly, when I passed through London, S.W.1, in the spring of 1930, I paid a pilgrim's call on Jenkins and bought eleven rare titles over a desk from a lady who told me that the trouble with Wodehouse was that he kept coming up with a new book before they had time to give the last one all the selling it could stand. A fast worker he was, in those days, and hot as a pistol.

At this point, I will insert a quotation from the middle Wodehouse period. Looking around, I select at random a passage or two from a burlesque of a rhymed newspaper report—the papers used to do this sometimes with feature stories, and maybe they should do it now—in "Indiscretions of Archie":

> Consider, when your spirits fall, the case of Washington McCall. Yes, cast your eyes on Washy, please! He looks just like a piece of cheese: he's not a brilliant sort of chap: he has a dull and vacant map: his eyes are blank, his face is red, his ears stick out beside his head. In fact, to end these compliments, he would be dear at thirty cents. Yet Fame has welcomed to her Hall this self-same Washington McCall.
>
> His mother (nee Miss Cora Bates) is one who frequently orates upon the proper kind of food which every menu should include. With eloquence the world she weans from chops and steaks and pork and beans. . . . But oh! the thing that makes her sigh is when she sees us eating pie. (We heard her lecture last July upon "The Nation's Menace—Pie.") Alas, the hit it made was small with Master Washington McCall. For yesterday we took a trip to see the great Pie Championship, where men with bulging cheeks and eyes consume vast quantities of pies. A fashionable West Side crowd beheld the champion, Spike O'Dowd, endeavour to defend his throne against an upstart, Blake's Unknown. He wasn't an Unknown at all. He was young Washington McCall. . . .
>
> At last, long last, the finish came. His features overcome with shame, O'Dowd, who'd faltered once or twice, declined to eat another slice. He tottered off, and kindly men rallied around with oxygen. But Washy, Cora Bates's son, seemed disappointed it was done. He somehow made those present feel he'd barely started on his meal. We asked him, "Aren't you feeling bad?" "Me!" said the lion-hearted lad. "Lead me"—he started for the street—"where I can get a bite to eat!" Oh, what a lesson does it teach to all of us, that splendid speech! How can the curtain better fall on Master Washington McCall!

Period III of Wodehouse is one in

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and the author is merely going through the motions of Period II. The props are there but not the old spirit and ease and abundance of comic invention. As I indicated before, there is no need to break into tears over "Spring Fever." All comedians who have worked long and hard run down in time. The fortunate thing is that Wodehouse's best stuff, and a masterly body of work it is, can still be read and reread by those who like it. I hope it will be preserved carefully, so that any time a "Spring Fever" appears, we can make use of the occasion to take an old Wodehouse out of the safe and look it over again—and then, if we want to, we can read the "Spring Fever"s, too.

—John Lardner

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Invaders, by Waldo Frank (Duell, Sloan & Pearce). A distinguished city planner, accompanied by his second wife and their child, withdraws from New York into the New England countryside, where he sets himself the task of concocting a new ideological balm for the world's spiritual lesions. Before he gets very far with his project, an atomic bomb is dropped on New York and his house is overrun by an assortment of refugees, including his first wife and their two children, a young man whose views on politics and morals have been furnished him by the Communist Party, and a writer who has spent most of his adult life tilting at that organization. By the time New York is declared habitable and the gathering breaks up, two of its members are dead of non-atomic causes and the others are more than willing to go their ways, having worn themselves out in a round robin of high-level political conversation. Considering its range and the pressure of external events affecting it, their discussion, which is the core of this novel, is lucid, stimulating, and only occasionally redundant.

No Son of Mine, by G. B. Stern (Macmillan). What amounts to a biography of Robert Louis Stevenson, scattered piecemeal through a novel about an English vagrant who, after being reminded repeatedly of his marked resemblance to Stevenson, decides to pass himself off as an unacknowledged son of the author. After testing his story in Edinburgh, where it keeps him well fed and out of the cold for several weeks, he moves

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on, by way of London, to the south of France, seeking openhanded devotees of Stevenson and honing up on the writer's life and works as he goes. By the time he has filled out a year of successful misrepresentation, he is more than half convinced that he *is* Stevenson's son, which prompts him to return to Scotland, take a job on a farm there, and settle down to meditate on the problem of his mixed personality. He concludes that his recent behavior has been disreputable enough to warrant reform, no matter who he is. More successful than most attempts to combine biography with fiction.

SAVAGE PRODIGAL, by Konrad Bercovici (Beechhurst). Mr. Bercovici's latest effort also involves retelling the personal history of a celebrated literary figure—Arthur Rimbaud, in this case—by recourse to the techniques of fiction. Unlike Miss Stern, who plants bits of the biography of her man in the discourse of a number of his admirers, Mr. Bercovici lets Rimbaud do his own talking, which is rich in both imagery and invective. His conversational foils are his mother, the clients of a café he frequents during his youth in Charleville, his friend Verlaine, Victor Hugo, and just about everybody else who comes within hearing distance of him as he makes his improvident way through most of Europe and a large part of the Orient and Africa. Very lively, whether it's Rimbaud or simply Mr. Bercovici.

THE INTEMPERATE SEASON, by Blythe Morley (Farrar, Straus). Adultery in rural Connecticut during the summer of 1934. The principals are a

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youth of seventeen and a considerably older married woman, whose beauty, aggressiveness, and beguiling talk about her past in Paris are chiefly responsible for their intrigue. In an attempt to break up the affair, the young man's father informs him that the woman he is mixed up with is his cousin, that she has already caused the permanent unhappiness of at least two men, and that she never spent a day in Paris in her life. While the hero is thinking that over, his beloved makes any further consideration of their relationship unnecessary by taking up with another paramour, who assists her in the murder of her husband and then joins her in a wild and fatal flight in a station wagon. An adequate performance that could have been a commendable one if the author had kept in mind the fact that death, even in triplicate, is not necessarily the most effective clincher to a novel.

WOLF TONE, by Lawrence Goldman (Mill). Murder, love, and descriptions of the grating personal relationships between musicians, deftly amalgamated in a novel dealing with a violinist's romantic and professional failures. The decline of the hero's musical fortunes sets in when his colleagues in a string quartet demote him from first to second violin, awarding his vacated position to the husband of the woman he loves. In retaliation, he murders his replacement, which, instead of bringing about the combined business and emotional triumph he anticipated, lands him in the hands of the police, who remove him forever from the maddening distractions of chamber music and amour.

BRIGHT FEATHER, by Robert Wilder (Putnam). Mr. Wilder's notion of how the white man, in the early part of the nineteenth century, gradually nudged the Seminole out of the choice swamps of northern Florida into the second-rate bogs farther south. The opposing sides in the struggle are exemplified by an articulate, unyielding Seminole and his best friend, a white man who, although very fond of the Indians and thoroughly aware of the justice of their claim to the land they occupy, is nevertheless drawn into the movement to drive them elsewhere. Among the less consequential figures are a barbarous landowner, who spends most of his time advocating an open season on Indians, and two beautiful young ladies who serve merely as window dressing for this better-than-average historical novel.

GENERAL

A UNION OFFICER IN THE RECONSTRUCTION, by John William De Forest (Yale). John De Forest, the novelist, after serving in the Civil War, spent fifteen months in Greenville, South Carolina, as an official of the Freedmen's Bureau, whose function it was to protect the rights and provide for the needs of the liberated Negroes. He kept a record of his adventures and observations, which he published as a series of magazine articles and later organized for a book, which is now printed for the first time. It is an accurate and unprejudiced document on a turbid phase of our history. De Forest knew the South well, and he levels upon its collapsed society the steady and searching beam of his dispassionate New England intellect.

FROM THE ASHES OF DISGRACE, by Admiral Franco Maugeri (Reynal & Hitchcock). War memoirs of an Italian admiral who is now Chief of the General Staff of the Italian Navy, and who sounds like a civilized, humane, and humorous man. During the war, he fought at sea, later headed Naval Intelligence, and after the armistice was chief of the Roman Underground. He records the tragic story of Italy's unwanted war ("To end the war, let's even win it" was, he reports, a favorite saying among the Italians), and many of his observations on both Allied and Axis strategy are extremely penetrating. So is his transcript of a conversation with Mussolini that took place in July, 1943, aboard the corvette that was conveying the deposed Duce to exile.

AMERICAN SEXUAL BEHAVIOR AND THE KINSEY REPORT, by Morris L. Ernst and David Loth (Greystone). A brief and clearheaded study of the Report, analyzing its implications and assessing its value, which the authors set very high. The book considers the effects that Dr. Kinsey's findings may possibly have on law, medicine, and the social sciences, and attempts to reach some conclusions about sexual behavior in the United States, which the Report did not.

THE MAN-EATING LEOPARD OF RUDRAPRAYAG, by Jim Corbett (Oxford). A sequel to the author's "Man-Eaters of Kumaon," dealing with a two-year hunt for a leopard that, according to the official figures, in eight years killed and ate a hundred and twenty-five persons in the Indian hill country. (Mr. Corbett is sure that the Rudraprayag killer actually downed many more than that.) An exciting and informative tale, complete with a photograph of the author, looking pleased, kneeling on the body of his quarry.

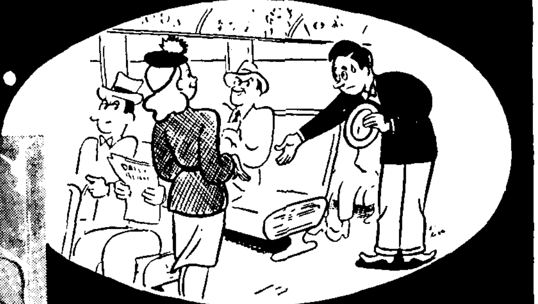
THE PERSONAL PAPERS OF ANTON CHEKHOV (Lear). A new edition of Chekhov's notebook of 1892-1904, containing, in addition, a little-known short story, called "A Moscow Hamlet" (which hardly increases the Master's reputation), a number of his letters, and an excerpt from his diary. The notebook, except for such cryptic entries as "She: 'I see only one thing now: You have a large mouth! A large mouth! An enormous mouth!,' " is as fresh and interesting as ever. The letters are equally fascinating, especially those written from Nice to friends in Russia, in which Chekhov discusses the contemporaneous Dreyfus case and Zola's involvement in it with remarkable perspicacity.

REFLECTIONS ON THE WORLD TODAY, by Paul Valéry (Pantheon). A book of essays and random writings that, though written between 1895 and 1939, perfectly justify the title. M. Valéry's musings on things like dictatorship, history, progress, war, and liberty seem to reaffirm the fact that the poet often perceives more clearly than the sociologist and political scientist what man is all about and what he is up to.

AN ALBUM OF AMERICAN BATTLE ART, 1755-1918 (U.S. Government Printing Office). A hundred and fifty prints, drawings, and photographs, most of them from the collection of the Library of Congress and all of them having to do with the not inconsiderable number of wars that mark our history. The notes accompanying each plate are always informative and frequently very interesting for the sidelights they provide on our social history in wartime.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

I WANT TO GO HOME, by Richard and Frances Lockridge (Lippincott). Jane Phillips, a former Wave, has an eventful journey from California to her home in Westchester, since somebody seems to be intent on keeping her from reaching the bedside of her Great-Aunt Susan, a well-heeled old lady with an allergy to shrimps. Things aren't much quieter after



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Miss Phillips' arrival, either; her aunt has been bumped off, she finds, and both the police and one of her own admirers are having quite a time pinning the job on the right party. An uneven mystery, since the tension drops sharply long before matters are satisfactorily cleared up.

TREMOLO, by Ernest Borneman (Harper). A suspense story of unusual restraint, dealing with a seemingly normal household that is dislocated by a series of practical jokes, each one more vicious than the last. The victim of the unpleasantness, a former clarinettist, finally manages to figure out who is trying to disrupt his domesticity in one of those scenes that are doubtless sound enough psychiatrically but that leave the reader rather skeptical. Above average in most other respects, though.

ILL MET IN MEXICO, by Charlotte Murray Russell (Doubleday). A large number of mystery readers, it would appear, are always ready to burst out laughing at the antics of the spinster detective Jane Amanda Edwards, her sister Annie, and her alcoholic brother Arthur. Here they all are again, this time on a conducted tour of Mexico, a region whose comic possibilities have probably never before been so thoroughly exploited. The plot involves a deposit of uranium, a once-wealthy Mexican family, and a great deal of aimless rushing around. Miss Edwards comes out on top, just as her admirers would expect.

•

Sister Madeleva said she is constantly surprised at the public response to her poems.

"It shows," she smiled, "that what people want is simplicity. That's one of the reasons I always teach that 'Please pass the butter' is really a beautiful sentence."
—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

We would rather have written that line, gentlemen, than take Quebec tomorrow.

•

MOST FASCINATING ANCIENT MYTH OF THE WEEK

[*The following item, reprinted in its entirety, is from the Sun*]

Eurydice, wife of Orpheus, according to ancient myth, died from the bite of a serpent on her wedding night. Her husband followed Eurydice to Hades where by the music of his lyre he won from Pluto, keeper of the lower regions, the promise of the return of his wife. She was restored to him, but on condition that he should not look back at her until they reached the upper world. Near the end of the journey, Orpheus,

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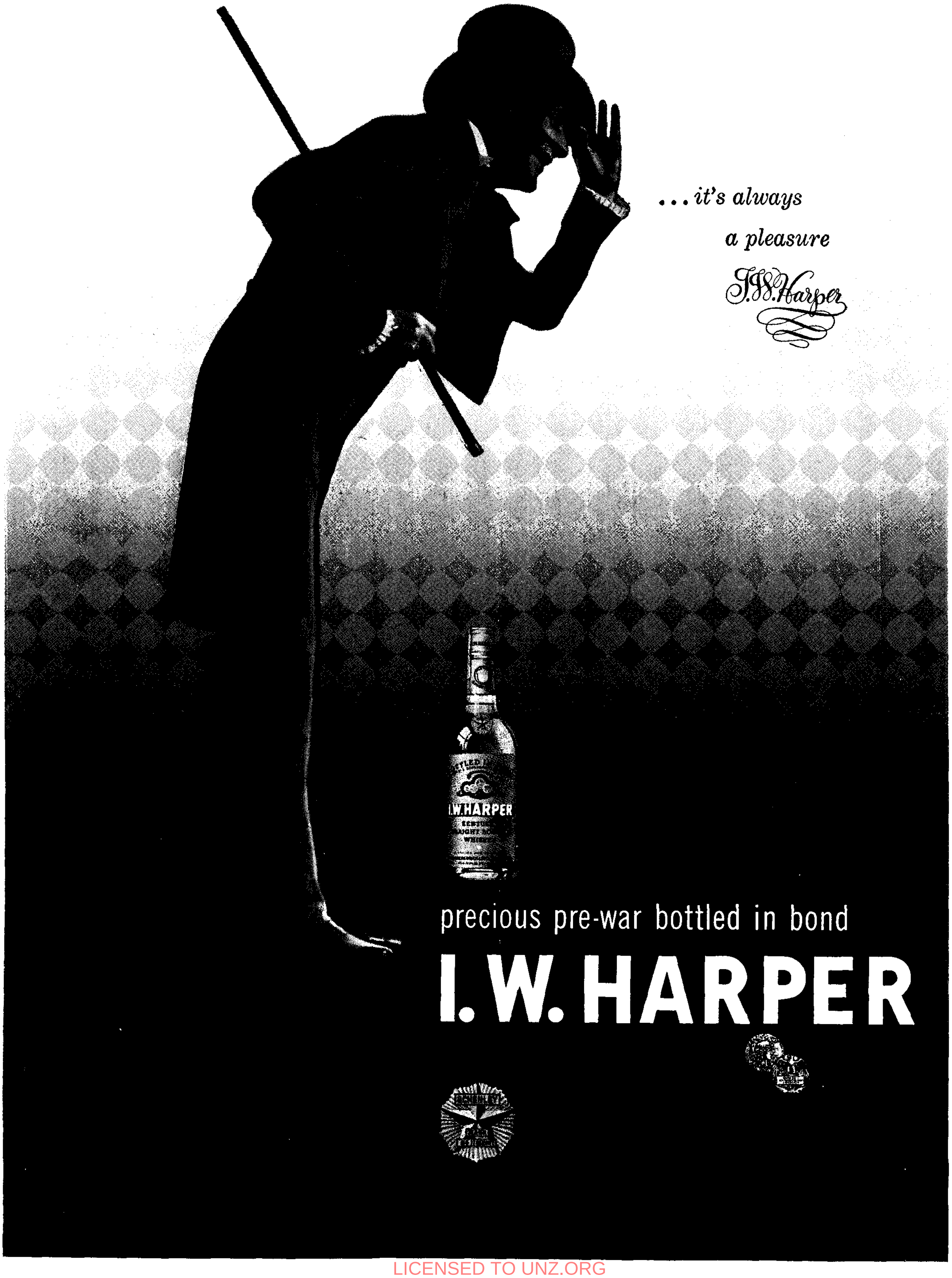

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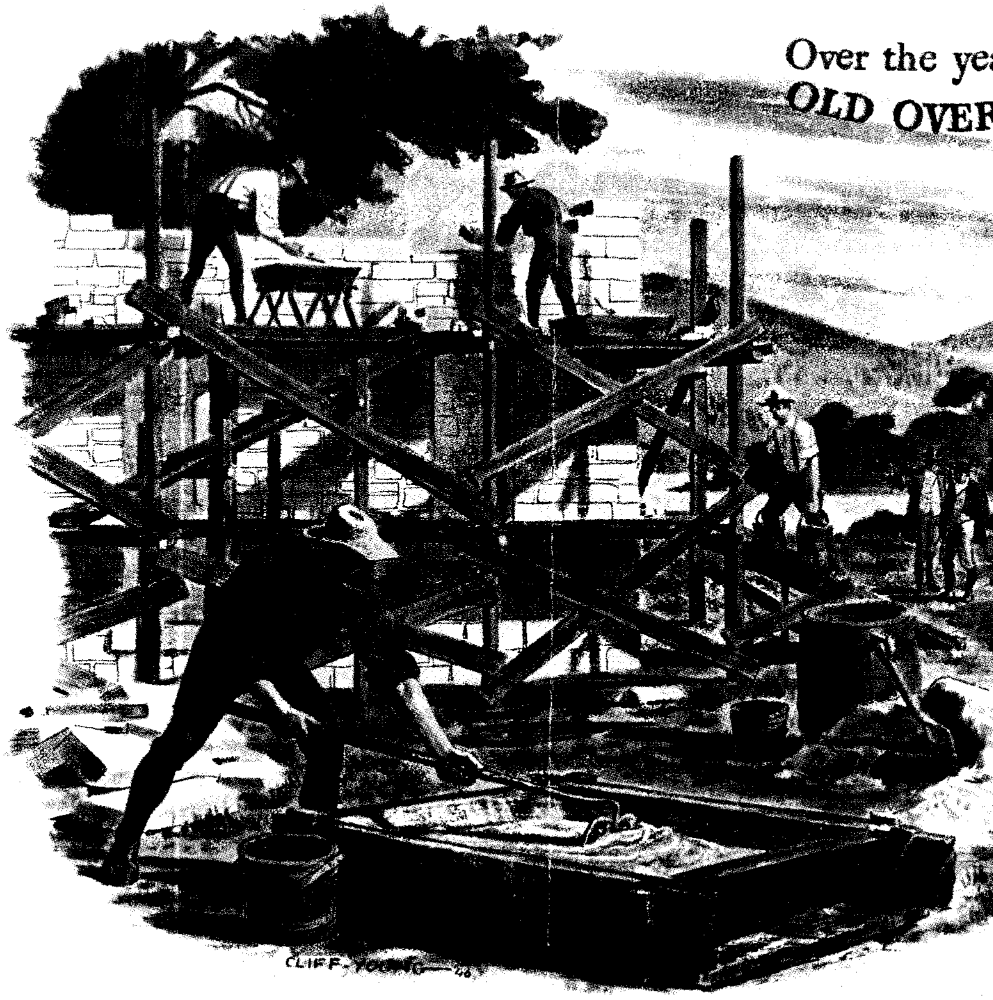
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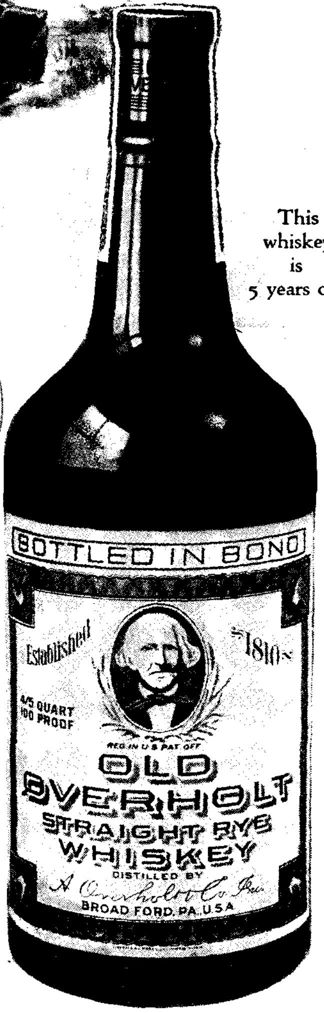
And the robust flavor of Old Overholt—together with its deep, inviting amber color—keeps it a favorite now as then.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